

The Epistle.  
Catastrophe of this worldly Come-  
die, (wherein you play a state-  
lye parte) the glad some  
ioyes of the euerlasting  
Seignorie.

Hackes.

Your humble Orator  
G. Turbervile.







2/19/92

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K. Ovidius Naso (P.)  
ovides Pictalis.

238 m. 44

last

(wants? problem. ...)

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## The Translator to his Muse.

**G**O (Sleender Muse) and make report to men  
That meere desire to pleasure them in deede,  
Made me in hande to take the painefull pen:  
Which if I may, I haue my hoped meede:  
I neyther gape for gaine nor greedie see,  
My Muse and I haue done, if men in gree  
will take this trifling toy.



# To the Reader.

**E**ARNED,  
Courteous, and  
Gentle Reader, I  
had long ere this  
time bid thee to a slender ban-  
quet: Had it not bene that o-  
ther by their good willes had  
preuented my gentle offer and  
good meaning therein. But I  
sawe so many riche and stately  
bourdes couered, so many cu-  
rious carpets laide, such dainty  
elicates deuise, such courtly  
ates & conficts daily brought  
in, as loth I was vpon such iun-  
kets



## To the Reader.

kets & fine fare to procure the  
to a rude reare supper. But cō-  
sidering that mine habilitie is  
not to make ani better or more  
sumptuous: and waying that  
of dutie and good will I ought  
to manifest my well meaning  
with the reast: I haue here at  
length byd thee (I saye) to a  
base banquet, to sharpen thy  
stomack, and procure thy ap-  
petite to fyner fare. Hoping  
that thou wilt not scorne or  
lothe any dishe that shal be set  
before thee. If it be so that thou  
myslike any thing, impute the  
blame

## To the Reader.

blame to the cooke. For doubt-  
lesse the Cates of themselves  
in their kinde, are passing cu-  
rious, but for want of cunning  
in dressing the same, maye ap-  
peare nothing delectable to the  
eye, nor toothe some to the taste.  
The feast was deuised long a-  
gone by *Ouid* at *Rome*, & pas-  
sing wel liked in learned *Italie*:  
no lesse for diuersity of dishes,  
than copie of confictes. May  
be that if thou shewe thy selfe  
friendly in well accepting this  
prouisiō, thou shalt be inuited  
to a better banquet in time at

my

## To the Reader.

my hands, who as soone as occasion will serue, will giue thee to vnderstand of my good wil. Meanewhile plaie a friendfull guesstes part, and mislike not anye thing that shall be serued thee, without iust cause. Challenge not vnto thee an ouercurious mouth & taste. Thus loth anye longer to withhold thee from thy vitales, I wishe thee to feede and farewell.

*George Turberuile*

# The Argument of the Last People considered

This is the first of the two  
parts of the work. The  
second part is a continuation  
of the first. It is a  
very interesting and  
important work.

The first part of the work  
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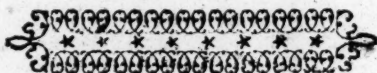
The third part of the work  
is a very interesting and  
important work. It is a  
very interesting and  
important work.

# The Argument of the first Epistle, entituled *Penelope to Vlysses.*

**T**He angrie Greekes for Helens rape prepared  
To Troie: when wise Vlysses marryde late  
A furie sainde, in hope to haue bene sparde:  
But Palamede lothing to lose a Mate  
So needefull as Vlysses was, bewrayde  
The fraude of him that gladly would haue stayde.

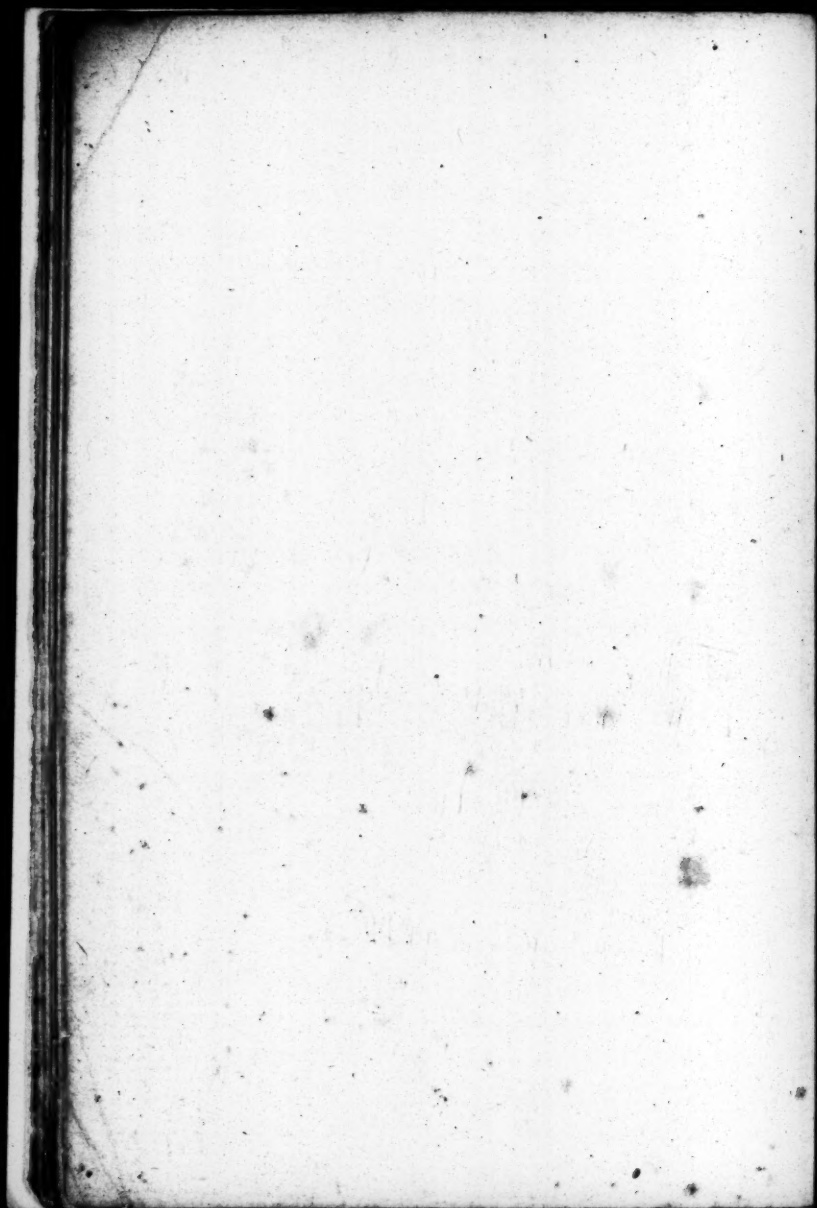
Away he goes. When ten yeares warre was spent,  
And flaunting Troie troden to the ground:  
With other Greekes to shippe Vlysses went,  
But Pallas then the wrathfull Goddesse fround,  
And made the Grecians greedie of their home,  
Full ten yeares space on surging seas to rome.

Which absence long Penelope aggriued,  
That little space hir husband had enioyde:  
(For saken wight) she verilie belieude  
Some other Lasse Vlysses had acoyde.  
And this procured the louing wife to wright,  
That she his cause of absence learne might.



A.1.





# The first Epistle.

## Penelope to Ulysses.

**T**hée that lingrest all to long,  
thy Wyfe (Ulysses) sendes:  
Wayne wyte not, but by quick returne,  
foz absence, make amende.  
So we ransackt are the Trojan towres,  
which Greekes haue lothed long:  
Scarce Priam, with his Trojan wealth,  
may well acquite the wrong.  
That the surging Seas had drencht,  
that lustfull lecher tho:  
When he to Lacedæmon came,  
imbarkt and wought our woe:  
Then shoulde I not haue layde my limmes,  
in desert couitch alone:  
He made complaynt, that Phoebus steades  
to slowe, to glade had gone:  
Then shoulde his Widdowes distaste made,  
my Wyf do wishe hande so faynt:  
Whilst, I to waight the wearie night,  
with spinning was attaynt:  
When thow I not in woer art,  
in dede than was befell:  
Aye loue is passing full of feare,  
though every thing be well.

# Penelope

We thought I saw a swarming troupe  
of Troians thee aboute :

No soner Hectors name I heard,  
but Hector made me doute.

If brute had blayde Amphymachus  
of Hector to bene slaine :

Amphymachus by such report  
procurede my dreade againe.

When Menetius sonne was falde  
in forged armes to die :

I sorrowde that the Troians did  
Patroclus craft espie.

When Tlepolemus lost by force  
of Lycian launce his life :

By Tlepolemus death were made  
my slackd sorrowes rise.

In fine what so they were of Greece,  
that died amid their foes,

A feare within my breast more colde  
than Mountaine yse arose.

But righteous God that Hymen hight,  
and true loue hath in care :

Hath kept Vlysses free from scath,  
and Troians caught in snare.

The Greekish Chieftaines are returnde,  
the sacred Altars flame :

Of barbarous spoyle the Gods haue part,  
that well deserude the same.

## to Vlyſſes.

2

The Patrones for their ſalued Feares,  
moſt gratefull giſtes prepare :

And they, how Troie by their toyle  
atchieued was declare.

The ſage with ſiluer haireſ do muſe,  
and daintie Damſels eake :

The wyues about their huſbandes hang  
when they begin to ſpeake.

And lo when Tables once are laide,  
one ginneth ſtraight to ſhow

The weakefull warre, and drawes with Wine  
the Trojan Tents arow.

Here Symois (ſayth he) did ſlowe,  
here is Sigeian lande :

And here the aged Priams Hawle  
and Princely houſe did ſtande.

There fierce Achylles pight his Tents,  
there wiſe Vlyſſes lay :

Here Hector rent in dolefull wiſe,  
the horſes did affray.

Thus auncient Neſtor made report,  
who tolde thy ſonne the ſame :

And he (as was his part to doe)  
declarde it to his Dame.

Holve Rheſus thou diſt make to rue,  
and Dolon peelde to death :

Th'one ſleeping, th'other by thy guile  
did loſe his vitall bzeath.

The

A.ſ.

And

# Penelope

And didst thou dare (thou retchlesse man  
and ouerboldded wight)  
To Thracian tents to shape thy course,  
in bgly shade of night :  
And onely by the ayde of one,  
so many men to slaye,  
That wonted were to be so ware,  
and minde thy wedlocke ayre :  
With quaking feare my heart was colde,  
and bisage passing pale :  
When thou didst passe along the Host,  
and Thracian hozles stale.  
But what to me, vnhappie feme  
auayles the Trojan wzacke :  
And walles which you by bzeach haue bzought,  
to vtter spoyle and sacke :  
If I in wydowes state remaine,  
as I tofore hane done :  
And must for ayre Vlysses lacke,  
as when the bzoyl begonne :  
To me that Troie sole doth stande,  
though Souldiers had the spoyle :  
And they that *Victors* were with Plough  
for lucre tourne the soyle.  
Where stately buildings were to see,  
and Trojan towne did stande :  
There sprouteth corne, with Phrygian bloud,  
so fatted is the lande.

False buried bones of warlike wightes,  
the crooked culters teare :  
Both grasse, and graine with hearbes doe grow,  
where haughtie houses were.  
Thou Victor euer art alacke,  
ne once wilt make me shewe,  
By louing lines, or message meanes,  
what cause of stay doth growe.  
No straunger stumbles on our stronde,  
or brings his Barck to bay,  
But I enquire him of thy health  
or ere he passe away.  
And so his fortune fauour, that  
on thee he chaunce to light,  
I pray him yelde those louing lines,  
which I to thee endight.  
I sent to Pylos to inquire,  
(where aged Nestor dwelt)  
No certaine rumoz of a truth,  
from Pylos haue I felt.  
From thence I sparde not for expence,  
to Sparta me to hie :  
But Sparta can not make accompt,  
where thou doe liue or die.  
More better were for me (in faith)  
if Troie stode againe,  
(But I vnconstant wight am wath  
with these my wishes paine.)

A. iij.

Then



# Penelope

Then should I certaine be and sure  
where thou didst lead thy life :  
Then onely should I dreade the warres,  
and stormes of thy red strife.  
Then should my deareie dolefull plaint  
coniorned be with mo :  
That in the absence of their makes  
should take some taste of wo.  
I fraughted am with feare, but what  
I dreade I know not well :  
My cares encrease, the way is wide  
that leades me to this hell.  
No perill on the tossing Sea,  
or on the lande is scene,  
But I surmise that they forthwith  
thy cause of stay haue bene.  
Whilst fondly thus amaze I stande,  
(such is thy pleasures plight)  
Thou mayst bestow thy loue a fresh  
vpon some other wight.  
To whom thou makste a shew perhaps,  
howe homely is thy wife :  
And howe at Distaffe she delights  
to leade a Rusticks life.  
But (Gods) O let me be beguilde,  
let whisking winds transpote  
Such thoughts, and thou that mayst retyze,  
dislodge not in such sozte.

Icarius

# to Vlyffes.

4

Icarius my grutching Sire  
 would force me breake my heart,  
 And blaming this thy slacke returne,  
 would make newe mariage feast.  
 But as I am, I will be thine  
 let ranco? feede his fill,  
 Penelope will be the wife  
 of hir Vlyffes still.

Yet naythelesse my endlesse sute  
 at length hath moude my Sire:  
 Who rules his rage with reasons brake,  
 and Masters wrathfull ire.  
 From Ilandes rounde about doe flock  
 of suters manie one :

Zacinthus, Samus, with the rest,  
 by sute encrease my mone.

Those roysing rufflers beare the sway  
 within thy Wallace gate :

With cratching clawes they wast thy wealth,  
 and seeke t'impeach thy state.

Pyzander, Medon, Polybus,  
 Eurimachus yfere :

With Antynous t'is no neede,  
 for to recite as here.

What should I these, with others name,  
 who seeke to spende thy good :

Which thou by manly Marte hast got  
 in daunger of thy blood :

A. iij.

The

rius

# Penelope

The raskall eke, doe rule the roff,  
Melanthius, and Ire,  
(Which sounds to thy dishonour most)  
together doe conspire.

We are by tale, but thine, God wote,  
thy weake and wretched wife;

Telemachus, thy little sonne,  
Laertes, lothing life.

Thy sonne not long ago was like  
by craft to bene consumde:

Whilst he, to passe, against their wills  
to Pylos had presumde.

But Gods I grate this onely boone,  
that he by course of kinde,

His fathers eyes and mine may close,  
and liue himselte behinde.

This is the crooked Purces worke  
and clownish colwards care:

And he that daily serues the swine,  
a like is wont to fare.

Laertes ouerlode with peares,  
vnable to the warre,

Amid these states can strike no stroke  
when they begin to farre.

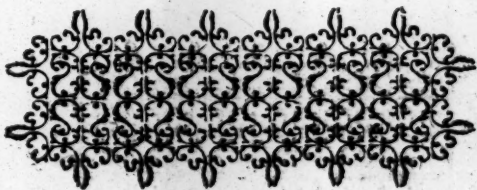
Thy sonne (so Gods doe lende him life)  
to mans estate will growe:

But thou, in these his childish peares,  
should garde him from the foe.

## to Vlysses.

3

Miser twight, am not of force,  
to banishe them the place:  
Wherefore, see thou who art our ayde,  
that thou returne apace.  
Thou hast (long mayst thou haue) a sonne,  
that in his tender age,  
should follow on his fathers steppes,  
and life for woorthip gage,  
Live not aye retchlesse of thy wyre,  
whose eyes thou oughtst to shutte:  
His dying date drawes on apace,  
the twine of life is cutte.  
And I that at thy parture was,  
a Gyle to beholde:  
Of truth am warr a Patronne nowe,  
thy selfe wilt iudge me olde.



# The Argument of the second Epistle, entituled

*Phyllis to Demophoon,*

**D**Emophoon minding after Trojan broyle  
To long desired Countrie to retowre :

For all his force, for all his paine full toyle,

Was brought to Thrace by meane of stormie showre,

Where Phyllis raignde, who likee hir guest so well,

As first to boorde, and then to bed they fell.

Within a while Demophoon gan to faine

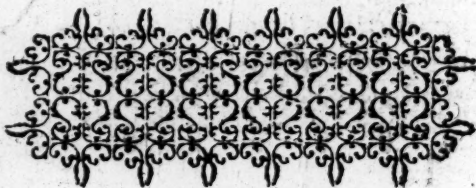
And forge excuse to Athens to repaire,

With gaged sayth to shape retorne againe

Within one Month, and bid hir not despaire :

But when the fixed tyme was gone and past,

Thus Phyllis wrote vnto hir guest at last.



# The seconde Epistle.

6

## *Phyllis to Demophoon.*

**T**hat thine Hostesse, Phyllis was,  
a Rhodopeian Mayde:  
Mislike that thou my guest, beyonde  
thy fixed time hast stayde.  
Thy plighted promise was with shippe  
here to arryue againe  
Before, or nere about the time  
the Iwaren Mone should waine.  
But Phoebe fourthly hath repayde  
hir wasted hornes a newe:  
Yet may I not on Thracian coast  
take once of thee a belwe.  
Though thou accompt the fleeting time,  
(which louers note by trade)  
Thou shalt not finde that Phyllis hath  
to soone hir plaint ymade.  
And long inough I fed on hope,  
soe such is louers guile:  
We hardly creedit hurtfull happes  
till damage doe arise.  
I haue oft flattered with my selfe,  
and thought the Southren wynde  
Had stufte thy sayles, and brought thy Barke  
which yet I can not finde.



## Phyllis

I haue accursed Theseus off,  
that was thy cause of stay:  
And yet may be, that he at all  
bred not this long delay.  
Another while I stode in awe,  
least thou to Hæbrus Lake  
Directing course, in middle Seas  
by wracke thy hane hadst take,  
Full often haue I for thy health,  
in milde and humble wise,  
With Incense made request to Gods,  
that lodge in loftie skies.  
And sundrie times, when Eole had  
his broyling impes inclosde:  
That if thou were alieue, thou wouldst  
haue commen, I supposde.  
Thus loyall loue (what so might breeds,  
and be a cause of stay,  
To such as trauell) did deuise,  
excusing thy delay.  
But thou not forcing on thy fayth,  
ne counting of thy hest,  
Not dreading Gods to witnesse coulde,  
dost minde thy Phyllis lest.  
Demophoon to the winds ingagde  
his promise with his saile:  
I sorrow that the ones returne,  
and th'others fayth doth faile.

Denounce

# to Demophoon.

7

denounce to me what I haue done,  
but loude thee all to well :

By mine offence I haue deseru'd  
that thou with mee shouldst dwell,

in me one haynous fault is found,  
that harborde such a guest :

But this my guilt hath force of blame,  
and merit there both rest.

Where nowe thy solempne sacred othes,  
thy plighted trowth, with hande

And Gods appeale as true recorder  
to witnesse of thy bande :

Where is that holy Hymen nowe,  
that vs as chosen seares,

By free assent conioynde in one,  
I feare to wast our yeares :

First sworste thou by that gallie goulfe,  
where winde and waue doe roze :

By whome thou were in poyn't to passe,  
as oft thou hadst before.

Then Neptune was to witnesse calde,  
thy graunde and worthise Dyce,

Unlesse thou faile) who quayles the surge,  
and swelling waters pry.

Then Verus, with his winged wight,  
(that bred mee all this teene :

Was sommond, whose reuenger toles,  
are bowe and arrowes beene.

Dame

# Phyllis

Dame Iuno, that hath spousal charge  
and wedlock, shewed hir face :  
And Ceres with hir solempner rites,  
was cyted to the place.  
If eche of these sozenamed powers  
and witnesde thus in vaine,  
Should seeke on thee to wreake their wrath,  
couldst thou endure the paine :  
My selfe (least thou should want at needs  
a Barke to leaue my lande)  
Infounded, did repaire thy shippes,  
that ragged lay on sande,  
I trimde vp all thy broken Dares,  
whereby thou mightst depart :  
And thus my selfe haue forgoe the toles,  
that thy led haue my heart.  
Thy many smoth and filed wordes  
did purchase creédits place :  
I did beleue thy stocke, thy Gods  
stode all in Phyllis grace.  
I thought thy teares had bene of trouth :  
can they be forgoed too ?  
Thy teares which at commaundment are,  
from flattering face to flo.  
Thy Gods did make mee iudge the best,  
these pledges were in vaine :  
God wote one parcell of them mought  
a siely Mayden traîne.

That

That I supported thee at neede  
 It moues mee nought at all :  
 So that thy harbour all had bene,  
 The matter had bene small.  
 But shamelesse, and with blinde forecast,  
 From bonrde to bed to goe :  
 And there to passe in Venus toys  
 Doth agrauate my woe.  
 O that the last forepassed night  
 Befoze that cursed tyde  
 Had bene my last : then Phyllis might  
 With spotlesse sayth haue dyde.  
 I hoped better, by deserte  
 Who had thy friendship wonne :  
 The hope, which made and right procures,  
 They say is well begonne.  
 The glozie is not great, by guile  
 To circumuent a Mayde :  
 Thou rather shouldest my simplenesse  
 With friendly fauour payde.  
 A woman, and a louing wight  
 Thy forged fraude hath made  
 To be intrapic : God graunt thy prayse  
 By Phyllis spoyle to bade.  
 Among th' Athenian noble wightes  
 Thy seate shall be assignde :  
 Thy Syze amto his spoiles shall stande,  
 And thou his sonne behinde.

When

When shamefull Scyron shall be reed,  
 and fell Procastes death,  
 And Scynis with the Minotaure,  
 whom Theseus rest his breath:  
 When Creon conquerde shall appeare,  
 and Centaures there be scene;  
 And be recorded that thy Syre,  
 at Plutos Court hath bene:  
 Beneath thy fathers manly faces,  
 shall stande this stately stile:  
 (Lo this is that brislythfull guest,  
 who Phyllis did beguile)  
 Of all thy fathers noble actes,  
 and worthie seates of fame:  
 Thou onely dost resemble one,  
 which he accomptes a shame:  
 For he king Minos daughter rest,  
 and hir forewent at last:  
 And thou (as heyre of all his guile)  
 dost frame a iugling cast.  
 But shee hath made a wise exchange,  
 (A spite not) for the best:  
 Upon hir Tygers bybled byanie,  
 shee rydes at quiet rest.  
 But now such suters as in Thrace,  
 of me were scornde before,  
 Doe scorne to be espoused to hir,  
 who loues a straunger more,

# to Demophoon.

9

Than such as were my Countrie men;  
to Athens let hir go,

(Say they) to weare the Thracian crowne  
we want not one I trow.

The ende is it that tryes the fact,  
God sende him sozie haps,

That alway thinkes it best to iudge  
the cause by after claps.

But so my Countrie waues were cutte,  
and sundred with thy keale,

Then might I haunt my loue imployde,  
to tendre to publike weale.

But slender was the loue I bare  
to this my natie soyle :

My Pallace moues thee not a mite,  
ne Bytons pleasant goyle.

The countenance and the gesture both,  
are yet imprinted fast

Within my breast, that thou didst vse,  
When Phyllis saw thee last.

And didst thou dare with clasping armes,  
imbrace hir carkasse so ?

And touch hir churrie lippe with thine,  
a thousande times and mo ?

And to confound thy brackish teares,  
with Phyllis salted byrne ?

And that the weather serude so well,  
a fault with Eole finde ?

15.

AND

# Phyllis

And when thou tookste thy last farewell,  
adewe how darst thou say ?

Demophoon will retyze againe,  
that (Phyllis) is no nay.

Shall I expect his gainercome that  
hath minde on nothing lesse ?

O? gape for sayles that shonne the port,  
wheré was their chiefe redzesse ?

And yet I can but long to see  
thy continuing, though be long ;

Though fired day be past, reuert  
and quite some part of wrong.

But what doe I unhappie wishe ?  
an other daintie dame

Both thee, and all thy loue hath wonne  
to thy reprochfull shame.

I thinke that Phyllis is forgot,  
that vsde hir guest so well :

Fie, fie, of Phyllis make not it raunge,  
ne aske the place I dwell.

I am that Phyllis (would thou wilt)  
who harbourde thee at néede :

And gaue thee porte that long on Seas  
hadst wandred all in dreede.

Whose goods inricht thy poore estate,  
and hauing wealth at will

Did succour thee, and woulde haue done  
if thou hadst tarped still,



# to Demophoon.

10

Euen shee, that made thee Lord and Prince  
of all Lycurgus lande :

And yelded thee a Scepter farre  
vnfit for womans hande.

As farre as chillie Rhodope  
to busshie Hæmus goes :

And sacred Hebrus with his stre : m  
and weltring waters flowes.

Euen shee that gaue thee leade to pluck  
hir Maydenhead all beshroude :

And with thy craftie hande to let  
hir honest belt abroade.

At that synister time was prest  
Tisiphone in place :

And eke the Mole, with dolefull shriekes,  
and monstrous ugly face.

Not farre from thence with shakie bushes,  
the fell Aleto lay :

Who with hir gaskly glowing eyes,  
the presence did affray.

Yet naythelesse to ragged rockes,  
and shore I vse to hie :

And all about to ken the coast  
I cast my gazing eye.

When starres in roling skyes doe raunge,  
or Phœbus yelde his light,

I go to see where Eols windes

with Neptunes waues doe fight.

Euen

B. y.

And

## Phyllis

And whatsoeuer shippe I be lve  
come cutting on the sea  
To Thracia warde: I iudge it straight  
our natiue Gods to be.  
Then like a Bedlam wight to waues  
and drenching seas I runne:  
As farre as swelling waters flowe,  
when ebbing tyde is done.  
But how much more the Barke arriues,  
and nearer is to lande:  
The more amaze, and from my wittes  
estrauched doe I stande.  
Then gyn my senses all to faile,  
my liuely parts to faint:  
And (were not for my Maydes) I should  
with swooning be attaint.  
A creeke that standes, that is by kinde,  
not farre vnlike a bowe:  
Whose picked pointes, with ruthlesse rocke,  
and hardned stone doth growe.  
I was determd with stayd minde,  
and vnappalled heart,  
From thence to cast my corps adowne,  
and will if thou depart.  
Then restless floude, and fleeting waues,  
my carkasse will applye  
To shore, and thou thine Hostes shalt  
vnterred see with eye.

Thought

# to Demophoon.

II

Though Adamant thy rage then  
and stubburne stile excede,

Yet wilt thou say, fie Phyllis, fie,  
this pursute had no neede.

Sometime my fantasie serues me well  
with venoms drench to die:

And straight with sword to hast my death,  
I am at point to trie.

Then with a string to stoppe my breath,  
I thinke it passing fit:

And with a ruthlesse hande, a corde  
about my throte to knit.

For certaine fully bent I am,  
with speedie leauing life,

To recompence my spotted fame,  
in choyle shall be no strife.

And thou that didst procure my bane,  
for thy desert shalt haue

This verse, or some such other like,  
insculped on my Graue.

Demophoon, that guilefull guest,  
made Phyllis stoppe hir breath:

His was the cause, and hirs the hande,  
that brought hir to the death.



# The Argument of the third Epistle, entituled

*Briseis to Achylles.*

**T**He Greekes arinde at Phrygia, fell to sacke  
The neighbour townes to aged Priams walles :  
When fierce Achylles brought to waileful wracke  
Cilicias both, and tooke two virgins thravles :  
Th'one Chrysis bight a passing goodly dame,  
And Briseis th'other, not much vnlike the same.

Chrysis Atrides chose to sporte withall,  
Achylles, Briseis had for like intent,  
But when at last the Prince forewent his thrall,  
He Briseis rest, whome erst Achylles bent :  
Which done, he left his Launce, he fled the field,  
And would no more his wonted weapons wield.

The Chieftaine sawe at length Achylles lacke,  
And former fight in fiede with furious fo,  
To stint the strife, he sent him Briseis backe,  
But he refusde to take the Ladie tho :  
Which when the Virgin sawe, this following verse  
Faire Briseis sent his brasen breast to pierse.



# The third Epistle.

12

## *Briseis to Achylles.*

**T**he dolefull lynes you reade  
from captiue Briseis came :  
Whose Troian fist can scarcely yet  
with Greekish figures frame,  
My flushing teares did cause  
the blots and blurres you see :  
Yet in these drierie droppes I know  
the weight of wordes to bee.  
If lawfull be to plaine  
of thee my Lorde and Fæere :  
Of thee my Fæere and Lorde the plaint  
thy selfe shall quickly heare,  
I deeme it not thy guilt,  
that I fro thee was sent :  
Yet in some part for yeelding mee  
sosome thou mayst be shent.  
No sooner Eurybate  
with Talthybius came :  
But I was yeelded to their handes  
my tourney forth to frame.  
And they with glaunsing eyes  
ytossed to and fro,  
In secrete silence did consult,  
my fancies plight to knowe.

B. sig.

3

## Briseis

I might haue stayde a while,  
deferring of my wo  
Had earned thankes, I did not kisse  
my Lorde Achilles tho.  
But teares beraynde my cheekes,  
I retchlesse rent mine heare :  
And leaft I had bene rapte againe,  
I stood in gaskly feare.  
Oft minded I by breach ,  
and scape to haue retournde:  
But scoutes and warders lay in walte,  
that me my purpose woynde,  
To issue out by night  
of foes I stood in dread :  
Though if I had bene caught, I should  
to Troian Dames bene lead.  
But yeldded vp, I haue  
bene many nights alack :  
Not rescude by thy haughtie powre,  
thy malice is to slack,  
Patroclus did enquire,  
(when I from thee did go : )  
What bred my dole, since quick retyre,  
should some abrydge my wo?  
Thou dost not onely cease  
to sue for me againe :  
But aye procure the most thou mayst,  
the Captaine shoulde detaine

# to Achylles.

13

hy Briseis from thy clummes:  
 go now I say and boast  
 Thou hote and earnest louer) of  
 thy loue in euerie coast,  
 To thee Amyntors sonne,  
 and Ajax came yfeare:  
 Thy fellow Phœnis, Ajax was  
 by bloud to Achyl neare.  
 Vlysses was the thirde,  
 which should haue brought me back:  
 Of gentle wordes and guerdones great,  
 thou shouldst haue founde no lack.  
 Atrides Tables sent,  
 twise tenne of glowing Brasse;  
 so finely wrought as to beholde  
 their matches rare it was.  
 heauen stoles of semblant art  
 and weight, with Talants fīue  
 Of golde, a dosen stately heades,  
 to gallop passing bliue.  
 And (more than needed tw,  
 or than Achylles lackt)  
 troupe of daintie trilles that came  
 from Cities lately sackt.  
 With them a pretie peate,  
 (of Agamemnons three  
 faire daughters, but thou needed none)  
 thy louing wife to bee.

3

Of

The



## Briseis

Of like the summe is small  
Achylles woulde bestowe  
Upon my ransome, if he scozne,  
the things he should forgoe :  
That hauing proffer made  
of me with heaped gaine,  
Refuseth mee and all the wealth,  
and barres me by and maine.  
Aye me, by what desert  
hath Briseis losse thy loue ?  
Achylles, why so sone from hie  
shouldst thou thy heart remoue ?  
Doth cankred fortune still  
persist in yrefull rage  
To Myser wightes : will neuer calme  
these hurling boyles allwage ?  
I by thy manly Part  
salwe Lyrnes brought to sack ;  
And I in Lyrnes had a share,  
which now is gone to wack.  
I salwe with ruthfull eye,  
of myne allvance thre,  
(Of thre my mother deere was one)  
there lyked lyues to fle.  
I salwe my husbände eke  
on bloudie soyle, with gore  
Besprent, with wide and gaping wounds  
in vgly wise to roze.

For all these losses endure  
 on thee I made my choise:  
 That thou my Lorde and louer art,  
 and brother I reioyce,  
 Thou swareste by Tethys tho,  
 that I shoulde scape annoy:  
 And that my bondage should not breede  
 my damage, but my ioy,  
 Euen to this fine it tendes  
 that I with all this dowre,  
 shoulde of Achylles be refused  
 for Agamemnons polwe,  
 Dozeouer brute hath blazde,  
 that when the morning light  
 hath clearde the pole, that thou on Seas  
 with shippe wilt take thy flight,  
 Which fell repozte no so-  
 ner came vnto mine eare,  
 But I by sodaine chaunge of hue  
 declarde my chaunge of heare,  
 and wilt thou thus depart:  
 to whome wilt thou me leaue:  
 Who will relieue my vile estate,  
 or succourlesse receyue:  
 et gaffly gaping gulfe  
 and quaking earth deuoure:  
 let me feele of Vulcanes boltes  
 the stroke, and scathfull scoure.

Let

## Briseis

Let flasing flame of fire  
and lightning Briseis burne,  
And so by sodaine clappe hir corpes  
to parched cynders turne;  
Ere thee from Pthia see  
hir Lorde Achylles wende  
Imbarckt, and leaue his thzall behinde,  
which mightie loue sozefende.  
If my returne may like,  
o? countrie Gods thee please:  
My burden shall not breede the Warcke,  
o? thee such great diseale.  
The *Victor* as a thzall,  
(not as a spouse hir make)  
I will attende: my hande to spinne  
and carde shall vndertake.  
In all the Achaian soile,  
to wise the brauest Dame  
Receiue, let hir with Achyl lodge  
Cupidos feates to frame.  
A wo?thie daughter laue  
fo? Pelius, Eacus sonne:  
To whom, olde Nereus to become  
a seignour would not shonne.  
The while, I sielie wench  
prompt to obey thy best,  
Will doe my taske at turne and Cards,  
o? Distaffe with the rest.

# to Achylles.

15

so that I craue hir nought,  
 but onely that thy wise,  
 which would torment my heart full soze)  
 will cease from grutching strife.  
 he banish me myne ease,  
 he suffer hir to teare  
 in spitefull wyse, my golden lockes,  
 and rent my crysped heare.  
 in silence to thy selfe  
 say : this was once my loue,  
 as th' other is my wedded spouse,  
 whose rygoz I reprove.  
 soze not what I bide,  
 so I with thee may stay :  
 But Briseis hath a doubtfull drede,  
 that puttes good hope away.  
 What dost thou moze expect :  
 Atrides wyath is gone :  
 and Greece, in dolefull wise, before  
 thy fæte doth make hir thone.  
 repress thy raging yre,  
 that dost the rest subdue :  
 how cruell Hector makes the Grækes  
 their restlesse rage to rue.  
 Achylles take thy loue  
 and Briseis once againe :  
 and then with luckie Mart, thy fist  
 with Trojan bloud distaine.

Let

# Briseis

Let hir, that was the cause  
of wrath, appease thine yre :  
Let hir, that forst thy griefe, be cause  
that thou to ioy aspire.  
Pe doe thou this, be disdaine  
to graunt me my request :  
Since Melcager yelded him  
to Cleopatras hest.  
I speake it by repozte,  
thou knowest the matter well :  
How Althæa sought to spoyle hir forme,  
O Achyl thou canst tell.  
Who was a valiant wight,  
and noble for his Mart :  
And yet he did renounce his armes,  
and from his Countrie start.  
At home onely milde request  
of Cleopatra bowde :  
But Briseis wordes are of no weight,  
hir sute is not alowde.  
At hereof I ne disdaine,  
who may not lustly craue  
The title of a spouse, but am  
a vyle and bounden slaue.  
For sundrie tymes when thou  
were bent to Venus play,  
Then wouldst thou bid vnto thy bed  
thy seruant come hir way.

mong thy captiues one  
a Madantis name me gaue,  
those are vnfitting tearmes (quoth I)  
not gréeing to a slaue.  
By my good husbands bones  
laide in vntimely pit,  
Which bones I minde to honour ay  
till liuely twine vnknit)  
and by my brothers gost  
which did resist till death,  
and in defence of natiue Gods  
to lauish were of breath :  
By both our heades which wee  
haue often led yfeare :  
and by thy weapons, which my friends  
haue tryde to much, I sweare,  
that none of all the Greekes  
my secret parts doe know :  
I forsake and as an abiect scozne  
mee, if it proue not so.  
But if I should demaunde  
an othe of thee againe,  
that thou hadst with none other Lasse  
but with thy Briseis laine.  
and say : thou valiant wight,  
hast thou not past in play  
since I to Agamemnon went ?  
Achylles would say nay.

## Briseis

The Greekes surmise that thou  
dost lead thy life in wo,  
And mourne for want of Briseis : but  
I see it is not so.  
Thou rumblest on thy Lute,  
Sweete musicke lykes thine eare,  
Some lustfull Lasse will not permit  
Achylles couth be leare.  
If question were, why thou  
didst stynt from wonted fight :  
Thou wouldst auouch that Venus were  
with greater pleasure freight.  
More safetie is to lincke,  
and rowe in Venus Barge,  
Or with a pleasant Thracian Lute  
all sorowes to discharge :  
Than in thy hande to haue  
a shielde with bloudie spcare,  
Or heauie Helmet on thy head,  
and feltred lockes to beare.  
But worthe works of warre  
were more embraced earst,  
Than such a safetie, when thy brest  
with glories Launce was pearst.  
What ? were thou onely skoute  
when I by fight was womme ?  
Is all that courage quayled quite  
now Lyrnes siege is donne ?



# to Achylles.

17

May, Gods forbid that thou  
should seeke thy fame to lose :  
Yet rather let thy Launce the breast  
of haughtie Hector bryse.

Send me (you Greekes) to treatē,  
as seruauant will I sue  
Unto my Lorde, and all my wordes  
my kisses shall ensue.

For Briseis will preuaile  
farre more than Phœnis can :  
And more than wise Vlysses tale  
or Ajax with the man.

It is much with folded armes  
his neck to haue imbrast :  
And louing looks by fanſie soft,  
with glauncing eye to cast.

Though thou Achylles be  
with rigor and with rage  
Replete, yet naytheles with teares  
thy wrath I will asswage.

And may they now take place :  
If so, Gods graunt thy Syre  
The worthe Peleus) to his yeares  
and hoped age aspyre.

If so thou heare my sute,  
gods graunt that Pyrrhus may  
Thy worthe forme) to battayle go  
in good and luckie day.

C. 1.

Beholds

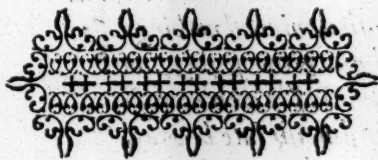
## Briseis

Beholde thou manly wight,  
thy Briseis clad with wo :  
Abandon rygor in good time  
that paynes thy louer so.  
Or if thy loue be chaungde,  
from loue to lothsome hate :  
Force hir that lyues in heauie plight  
to yelde hir due to fate.  
The fine will proue it so,  
my corps and colour fade :  
The soule to keepe his former force  
thy onely hope hath made.  
Which hope, when so shall faint  
and be debarde his hyre :  
Thy Briseis to hir husbands soule  
and brothers shall aspire.  
To force a woman die,  
no glozie mayst thou gaine :  
But so thou long to haue my death  
let me with sword be slaine.  
Some bloud as yet remaines  
in carefull corps inclosde,  
Which would flush out, if with thy sword  
the vaine were once disclosde.  
With selfe same weapon pierce  
my weake and feeble side,  
Wherewith (if Pallas had not bene)  
Atrides should haue dyde.

Set rather saue my life  
as thou tofoze hast donne ;  
And thou that were by pittie moude,  
by humble sute be wonne.  
On Trojan weake thy wrath,  
thy fierce vnfayned foe :  
So bath in Phrygian bloud, thy blowes  
on Priamis friends bestow.  
Achylles say the worde,  
and where thou come or stay,  
if thou wilt haue me make returne,  
thy Briseis comes hir way.

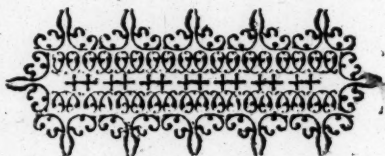
C.ij.

The



# The Argument of the fourth Epistle, entituled *Phædra to Hippolytus.*

**T**He frantick Phædra, Theseus wedded make,  
In absence of the Duke hir husband fell  
In loue with Hippolyte, and did for sake  
The worthie wight that loude his wife so well.  
But he delighted with Diana more  
Than crancking Cupid, or dame Venus plays  
Aye kept the chase, and slue the sauage Bore,  
Not forcing what his mother law did say.  
She naythelcse attacht with glowing gleede,  
To wynne the chaftefull youth to filthie lust:  
In subtil sort his humors sought to feede,  
Perswading him hir sute to be but iust.  
With sundrie sleighes she went about to winne  
The retchlesse youth, that minded nothing lesse  
Than shamefull lust and filthie fleshy sinne.  
The mothers minde this Pistle doth expresse,  
These suing lynes hir sluttish sute bewray,  
Wherin to Hippolyte thus gan she say.



# The fourth Epistle.

19

## *Phædra to Hippolytus.*

**T**he health and græting that she sendes,  
the same shall Phædra want,  
Unlesse thou (Hippolyte) such health  
bouchsafe to Phædra graunt.

Receave, and read what so is sent,  
what damage may ensue ?

In these perhaps there lurkes that may  
thy pleasures plight renue.

As well by lande, as surging seas,  
such wrightes are wont to wende :

And foes that feede on rancour, reade  
the lines their foes doe sende.

Thise was I bent to haue disclosde  
to thee my couert sute :

But thise my foltring tongue was tyde,  
I stode as one were mute.

A mingled bashfull shame with loue,  
till loue surpassed shame,

wherefore the words I blusht to speake,  
in wytyng reade the same,

For what so Cupid giues in charge  
t'is madnesse to dispise :

For he doth conquer God and man  
as nature did deuise,

# Phædra

He when I stode in gaskfull dreade  
to penne my earnest sute,  
Said, write on Phædra, he shall yeelde  
and pay thy paynes with fruite.  
We prest thou mightie Prince of loue,  
and as thy feruent fire  
Doth burne my brest: so cause him fric  
with Phædras hote desire.  
I minde not by enormous guilt  
to breake my spousall knot:  
For (would thou wilt) my life as yet  
is free from shamefull blot.  
How much the longer t'is ere loue  
inuades a womans brest:  
The sozer is the cruell gaish,  
and breeds the moze disrest.  
My inward parts are all inflamde,  
my bowels boyle with heate:  
My scorched heart forepinde with wo,  
a lurking wound doth create.  
As Bullocks may not well abide  
the crooked yoke at furst:  
Nor trampling Colts with bit or brake  
to haue their salues phurst:  
So fares it by my skilleste brest  
that hardly may endure  
Unwonted loue, or such vnrest  
as Cupid will procure.

# to Hippolytus.

20

In youth when skill by practise comes,  
the knowledge is profounde :

But who so loues when youth is spent  
can not with Arte abounde.

The first tast of my spotlesse fame  
vnto thy share shall fall

And eche of vs at once shall be  
to sinfull lust in thrall.

'Tis somewhat from the fraughted boughes  
to pluck the fruite at full,

And Primrose with a nimble nayle  
from slender stalke to pull.

Euen so the former brightnesse of  
my passed age was cleare,

Obscured with no cloudie crime,  
as doth in proufe appeare.

But well it chaunceth that I am  
attacht with woorthie flame,

A foule Adulter, than the fact  
doth bzeede a fouler shame.

Though Iuno would to Phædras vse  
of Ioue renounce hir right :

Yet Phædra would Hippolytus  
preferre with all hir might.

And now (which thou would scarcely deeme)

I am not as I was :

I haue delight in quechie groues,  
by brutish beastes to passe.

C. liij.

Polo



# Phædra

Now Dian with hir bended bow  
 and shafts is all my care :  
 I yeelde me wholly to thy will,  
 in wꝛack and wealth to fare.  
 My pleasure is to haughtie hilles,  
 and bushie bzakes to hie:  
 To pitch my hay, or with my hounds  
 to rayse a lustie crie,  
 Or else with weake, and willing arme  
 a trembling dart to throwe,  
 Or wearie lymmes in grasse and greaves  
 with pleasure to bestowe,  
 Tis oft my practise in the plaine  
 a Charret for to guide :  
 And with a bit, to wrest and winde  
 the horse from side to side,  
 Sometimes by restlesse raging fittes  
 much like to Bacchus Runne,  
 Or to Cibeles bzainsicke Pimphe,  
 in Ida Mount, I runne.  
 Resembling those whom Dryades,  
 and Faunes doe force to flee :  
 At home semigods we demen and  
 halfe heavenly wightes to bee.  
 This tale is tolde to me at large  
 when furious fits are past :  
 To me I say, whose couert parts  
 with silent loue doe walk,

# to Hippolytus.

21

He may perhaps vnto the fate  
 and fortune of our kinde  
 Impute this loue, and Venus longs  
 by tribute vs to binde,  
 For first the faire Europa was  
 of mightie Ioue imbrast:  
 Who in the figure of a Bull  
 did play a fluttish cast.  
 A nother brutish Bull my Dame  
 Pasiphae beguilde:  
 Who with an vgly monster was  
 by him begot with childe,  
 False Theseus by my sisters shifts  
 and track of silken twine,  
 The crooked cane and doubtfull denne  
 of Dedalus fled in fine,  
 And last of all, least I should seeme  
 to swarue from Minos trade,  
 The remnant of that noble race  
 the like attempt haue made,  
 And that by fatall doome procurde,  
 one house two Pimphes hath wonne:  
 By sister loude the father well,  
 and I embrace the sonne.  
 Two sisters were alway conuayde  
 by thee, and by thy Syze,  
 Erect two Trophæes of one house,  
 whereto you did aspyze,

That

# Phædra

That time when we in Athens did  
 to Ceres incense yeelde:  
 Would Gods that Gnosian quiet soyle  
 in Creta me had helde.  
 Than most of all (but euer well)  
 thou stoodste in Phædras grace,  
 And chiefly tho thy piercesant loue  
 my yeelding heart did race.  
 Thy besture was as white as snow,  
 and head with garlands deckt:  
 Thy visage swarth, was seemely then  
 with rosie red infect.  
 Thy countnaunce, which to other Femmes  
 so clownish seemes and grymme,  
 For clownish, comely Phædra thinks,  
 hir eye doth iudge it trymme.  
 Fie on those sonde vnmanly men  
 that seeke in nice attyre  
 Against their kinde, the curious tricks  
 of women to aspyre.  
 Thee Hippolyte thy warlike face  
 and staring locks commend:  
 Thy countnaunce grymed all with dust  
 a comely shape doth lend.  
 Where thou with Raine dost rule thy horse  
 and gallop in the fielde:  
 I maruell at thy Arte, that so  
 canst force a courser yeelde.

Where thou with thy nymble arme  
a thyrling Launce dost cast :

I muse how such a slender part  
should pierce the eye so fast.

Where thou holde thy hunting staffe,  
ptipt with stubburne steele,

Ought dost else, it glads my minde  
my heart the ioy doth faile.

Wherefore, this rygoe to the woods  
and knarrie trees expell,

I am not shee, that doth deserue  
to die for louing well.

To what purpose wilt thou put  
Dianas seates in prouise,

And take from Venus all hir due  
and stand from hir aloufe ?

For what so lacks successiue rest  
and respite after toyle

Which should refresh the fainting limmes,  
must needes sustaine the foyle.

For tryall, take thy crooked bow  
and let it stand ybent,

And neuer cease to shote, and thou  
shalt feele his force relent.

Though Cephalus in silent woods  
were wont to wast his time,

And kill his game with dexter hande  
when sauage were in prime :

# Phædra

Yet naythelesse to Auroras couch  
and cabbin would he wende :  
In lothed Tythons wonted roome  
the ioyfull tyme to spende,  
Not once, nor twice, but sundrie times  
the Goddess Venus lay  
With Adon in the waylesse woods  
hir pleasures to assay.  
So with the faire Atlantas loue  
sir Meleager glowde,  
Whome he, in prouise of perfect loue  
the monsters spoyle allowde.  
So let vs now at length I pray,  
be numbred with the mo :  
The rudenesse of your chase appears  
if Venus it forgo.  
My selfe will follow at a foote,  
though rockie hilles say nay :  
No gnawing Boare with threating tuskes  
thy Phædra shall affray.  
Two seas there are that with their waues  
environ Isthmos so,  
That all the Iland heares the flouds  
on eyther side that flo.  
There I with thee in Trezen will  
soiourne in Pytheus raigne :  
For now that soyle contents me more  
than all my countrie baine.

# to Hippolytus.

23

How loytring Theseus doth dislodge,  
 not minding to retire  
 As yet, Perithous his friend  
 his presence doth desire.  
 And least we should apparant truth  
 with frowarde will denie :  
 That Pyrrith he preferres befoze  
 our loues we may espie.  
 And not this onely wrong (though this  
 were much) we both endure :  
 But he in greater matters doth  
 our open wrong procure.  
 By brothers bones with balefull blowes  
 of knarrie clubbe he brake :  
 By sister eke suspecting nought,  
 this Theseus did forsake.  
 The chiefe of all the Amazons  
 for prowes and for fame  
 Thy mother was, who well deserude  
 great fauour for the same.  
 But if thou chaunce of hir what is  
 become, demaund to make :  
 Thou shalt descrite that she hir death  
 by Theseus sworde did take.  
 And that befoze she was conioyned  
 in marriage. Wote you why ?  
 For thou base borne shouldst not raigne,  
 and Princes ronne supplie.

And

# Phædra

And more than that, on me he gat  
some impes, whome Theseus wrath,  
Not mine (I witnesse all the Gods)  
to soone bereued hath.

O Lord, what so she were alive  
that would thy spoyle intende :  
Amidst hir trauell, would hir lyfe  
by shamefull death might ende.  
Wherefore go too, doe reuerence  
vnto thy fathers bed :

Which he by his vn honest meanes  
and saythlesse flight hath fled.

Be not surprisde with foolish feare  
no: rapt with gaskfull awe,  
That I thy lotted stepdame am,  
and thou my sonne in lawe.

These rytes and superstitions  
by Saturn were maintaine :  
But all such lawes in future tyme  
are like to be restraine.

That rustie Saturn now is dead,  
his statutes are all gone :  
Now follow Ioue, who gouerns all,  
and raignes as Prince alone.

For Ioue as lawfull hath allowde  
what so may breede delight :  
And now the brother may his sayth  
vnto his sister plight.

They



They whom Dame nature hath allyde  
and linckt by law of kinde,  
By mutuall loue, and friendly league  
the knot more firmly binde.  
To keepe in couert such delightes  
it is but slender skill,  
The cloake of kinred will procure  
the worlde to iudge no yll.  
When so our kissing shall be seene,  
or clipping close be knowe:  
That I a stepdame am so kinde  
to both our prayse will growe.  
Thou shalt not neede to come by darke  
or bleare the Porters eye  
By comming to thy lodging late  
where I am wont to lye:  
As we haue soiournde long yfeare,  
so we hereafter will:  
And as we haue in open kist,  
so may we franckly still.  
With me thou mayst be safe and sounde  
thy fact shall purchase fame:  
And though thou in my bed were seene  
it will not breede thy shame.  
Therefore expell all fond delayes  
and hast to Venus ioy:  
O Cupid that on me doth rage  
procure thee none annoy.

Thou

# Phædra

Thou seest I take not in disdain  
in humble sort to sue,

Lord, where is all my pride become  
and haughtie wordes that sue :

I was in minde and full y beitt  
resistance to haue made,

Reuolting aye : but now I see  
no stay in louers trade.

Thus conquerd, with erected hands  
and falling at thy knees

I sue for grace. What best becomes  
we louers can not see.

How honest shame hat h fled my face  
and makes no longer stay :

Relent, and since I doe confesse,  
ride rygo: cleane away.

Since Minos that doth owe the seas  
my stately wyre is knowne,

Since from my Grandfathers weakefull hands  
the thundring boltes are throwne :

Since Phædra that doth make request  
of Phœbus line discendes,

Who to the soyle his blazing brandes  
for earthly comfort lendes :

(In this my loue great honour lurkes)  
let noble stocks dissent,

(If Phædras fate may not be heard)  
enforce thee to relent.

# to Hippolytus.

25

All Creta, where the mightie Ioue  
was fostred, is my doloure :

Which I will wholly yelde to thee  
to vse thereon thy powre.

Erile this ruthfull rage my Dame  
a sauage Bull could moue :

More cruell than a brutish beast  
wilt thou thy selfe approue ?

For Venus sake, I craue remorse,  
whome I doe honouraine :

So graunt ye Gods that Hippolyte  
may neuer lōue in vaine.

Diana chaste in silent woods  
so prest be at thy call :

And Lawndes so lend thee store of game  
to glad thy minde withall.

So Satyres, friendly shew your selues,  
and Mountaine Panes eake,

So on the cruell tusked Boare  
thy Iauelain mayst thou breake.

So, (though thou hate the hurtlesse Nymphs)  
let Nymphs from Christall fload,

Alowe the lynces to expell  
thy thirst in desert wood.

Unto these milde requestes of myne  
I added teares withall :

When so thou read the lynes, surmise  
thou saue the doops to fall.

D.j.

The

# The Argument of the fift Epistle, entituled

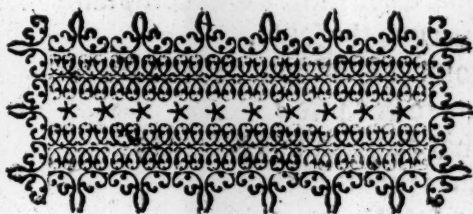
Oenone to Paris.

**K**ing Priams wife with childe,  
and neere hir time, did dreame  
That she was brought a bed with flash,  
and flaming fire streame.  
The doubtfull Syre demaundes  
the Oracles aduise,  
Which tolde that damage by the babe  
to Troie should arise.  
The father gaue in charge  
the childe should die the death,  
The Dame deliuerde sought the meane  
to saue hir babe his breath.  
A Hyard had the childe,  
that growne to mans estate,  
Of Oenon was enamoured,  
and tooke hir to his mate.  
But when the Ladies stroue  
for beautie, Paris gaue  
His verdict on Dame Venus side:  
that promise he should haue  
In guerdon of good will,  
a passing wench for hewe:  
Meane while the Syre by secrete signes  
his sonne sir Paris knewe.

# The Argument.

26

To Greece the gallant goes  
and scales Atrides wife,  
That was the cause of wailfull warre,  
and roote of ranckling strife.  
Which when Oenone knewe  
(Report had blazde it so)  
Agriude shee made hir iust complaint:  
and prayde him to forgo  
The wrongfull Greekish rape,  
and take hir to his Feere,  
The wordes shee wrote with painefull penne,  
began as you shall heare.



# The fift Epistle.

## Oenone to Paris.

**L** Paris that was once hir owne  
though now it be not so,  
From Ida, Oenon græting sendes  
as these hir letters shew.

May not thy nouell wife endure  
that thou my Pistle reade?  
That they with Grecian fist were wrought  
thou needste not stand in dreade.

Pegasian Nymph renounde in Troie,  
Oenone hight by name,

Of thee that were mine owne complaine  
if thou permit the same.

What froward God doth seeke to barre  
Oenone to be thine?

O: by what guilt haue I deserude  
that Paris should decline?

Take patiently deserued woe  
and neuer grutch at all:

But vnderferued wrongs will griene  
a woman at the gall.

Scarce were thou of so noble fame,  
as platly doth appeare:

When I (the offspring of a floud)  
did chouse thee for my Feere.

# Oenone to Paris.

27

And thou, who now art Priams sonne,  
(all reuerence layde apart)

Where tho a Byard to beholde  
wihen first thou wanest my hart,

How oft haue we in shadow laine  
whilst hungry flocks haue fed :

How oft haue we of grasse and greaues  
preparde a homely bed :

How oft on simple stacks of strawe  
and bennet did we rest :

How oft the dewe and foggie myst  
our lodging hath opprest :

Who first discouerd thee the holtes  
and Lawndes of lurking game :

Who first displayde thee where the whelpes  
lay suckling of their dame :

A sundrie times haue holpe to pitch  
thy toples for want of ayde :

And forst thy Houndes to climbe the hylles  
that gladly would haue stayde.

The boysteous Beech Oenones name  
in outwarde Barke doth beare :

And with thy caruing kniue is cut  
Oenon, euery where.

And as the trees in tyme doe ware  
so doth encrease my name :

So too, grow on, erect your selues,  
helpe to aduaunce my fame.

D.ig.

There



# Oenone

There growes (I minde it very well)  
vpon a banck, a tree  
vpon hereon there doth a fresh recorde  
and will remaine of mee.  
Liue long, thou happie tree, I say,  
that on the brinck dost stande ;  
And hast ingraued in thy barke  
these wordes, with Paris hande.  
When pastoz Paris shall reuolte,  
and Oenons loue sozgoe :  
Then Xanthus waters shall recople,  
and to their fountaynes floe.  
So w Ryuer, backward bende thy course,  
let Xanthus streame retier :  
For Paris hath renounst the Nymph  
and proude him selfe a lier.  
That dreerie day bred all my dole,  
the winter of my ioy,  
With cloudes of froward fortune fraught  
procurde me this annoy :  
When cankred craftie Iuno came  
with Venus, (Purce of loue)  
And Pallas eke, that warlike wench,  
their beauties pride to proue ;  
So sooner heard I of that hap  
which thou thy selfe didst tell,  
But streight through all my quivering bones  
a trembling feare there fell.

And plunged all in doubtfull dread,  
of aged folkes I sought  
What might this gaskly matter meane;  
some haynous thing they thought.  
Then with a trice the trees were cut,  
the timber went to wrack:  
And tallowed Beales did forrow seas  
and made the Cabels crack.  
At parture saltish teares were shed  
thou canst but say the same:  
In sayth this latter loue of thine  
deserues the greater shame.  
Then sholwres of brackish byne began  
of eyther side to raine:  
And both repleate with grieve alike  
at parture gan to plaine.  
Not Bacchus bzaunches so imbzae,  
ne lymber limmes of byne  
Enuiron that whereto it growes,  
as thou this neck of mine.  
How often were thou wzath with windes  
when windes did serue thee well?  
Thy iourney Dates began to smoule  
when they thy sleighes did smell.  
How oft didst thou me swæetely kisse  
and then unkisse againe?  
How did thy (last adue) procure  
thy soltring tongue to paine?

D. iij.

With

# Oenone

With wished winde thy sayles were stute  
that honge vpon thy mast :

The waters ware as græne as grasse  
th' Dares went on so fast,

With sight as long as sight would serue,  
thy Barke I did pursue :

And when myne eye might see no more,  
my heart began to rue,

To græne Neriades I did sue  
that thou mightst sone retyze :

And I (to further this my woe )  
thy gaine come did desire,

Whose comming is to others vse  
procured by my sute :

(Aye me) of all my traueling toyle  
a harlot hath the fruite.

A huge and haughtie hill there is  
that gapes into the flood,

Repelling all the waltring waues  
that beate his banck a good.

From thence I toke my prime prospect  
and knew full well thy ship :

A sodaine ioy well nighe had made  
me from the mount to skip,

But whilst I stayde, I sawe in toppe  
a purple banner shine :

Which colours made me sore adzadde,  
I knew they were not thine.

The shippe that slacked not to sayle  
came by and by to shore,  
With quaking heart I sawe a seeme  
I neuer knewe befoze,  
He yet coulde that perdie suffice,  
(but wherefoze made I stay ? )  
The hatefull harlot out of hande  
hir manners did display,  
Then mourning gan I rent my Robes,  
then beate I on my brest :  
And with vnfriendly fist my face  
in waylesfull wise was drest.  
By yelling clamors I da heard  
and witnest all my wo :  
I earred thyther to my Cote  
my teares, that fell as snow.  
So graunt ye Gods that Helen rue  
and spoyled of hir Make,  
Of these my griefes procure by hir  
the greatest share may take.  
How hast thou brought them home by seas  
and ouer wandred waues.  
That haue their loyall husbands fled  
and left as lothsome slaues :  
But when thou were in vile estate  
and led a Hyards lyfe :  
Howe Paris had but Oenon tho  
to his approued wife.

## Oenone

I am not she that weighes thy wealth  
thy Wallace moues me nought ;  
Be to be Priams daughter I  
by earnest sute haue sought.  
Yet needelesse is that Priam should  
of such a daughter shame :  
What should procure olde Hecuba,  
to blush to be my dame ?  
I well deserude, and very faine  
a Princes sponse would bee :  
A scepter would beseme my hande  
and passing well agré.  
Though I with thee in open holte  
amid the greaues were seene ;  
Disdaine me not, a purple bed  
were fitter for a Queene.  
In fine my loue is boyde of dreade  
thou needste not warre at all :  
Reuenger ships are not in sight  
to sack the Troian wall.  
But hatefull Helen is requirde  
with weakefull warre againe :  
This is a daintie dolore in deede  
where bloudshed is the gaine.  
Aske Hectors counsell in this case  
where thou shouldst hir restore :  
Deiphobus, Polydamas,  
with other Troians more.

Let sage Antenors tale be hearde,  
let Priam giue aduise :

For they by long expence of yeares  
haue gotten to be wise.

It is a shamefull thing in dede  
a strumpet to p̄ferre :

The goodnesse of thy cause appeares,  
the Gr̄ekes doe iustly warre.

Mayst thou assure hir to be true  
or ought in hir affie,

Whome thou so quickly wantst with words  
and made hir countrie flie ?

As yong Atrides doth lament  
and sorow this his fate,

And takes in grieve a straunger should  
enjoy his wedded Mate :

So Paris shall in processe proue  
and sweare that gaged fayth

Once falsed, may not be restorde  
till life doe ende by death.

But case thee loue thee (Paris) well,  
so did thee loue the Gr̄eke :

But now the siely man is sole,  
his Helen is to seeke.

Thise happie was sir Hectors wiffe.  
hir luck was passing good :

Thou shouldst haue followde Hectors trade  
and to thy bargin stood.

# Oenone

More light art thou than parched leaues  
When suck and sappe is lost,  
That with the winde for want of weight  
from place to place are tost.  
In thee lesse suretie to be found  
than weight in bærde of wheate,  
That is surprisde with sunnie rayes  
and Phœbus feruent heate.  
I call to minde thy sisters salues  
which tho I tooke as vaine:  
The prophetesse pronounst in proufe  
that now is passing plaine.  
What madnesse makes thee thus inrage  
to sow thy seede in sande:  
O Pymph (she saide) with bootlesse Plough  
thou breakste a barraine lande.  
A Greekish Wayfer comes to Troie,  
that both thy countrie soyle  
And thee, thy house, (which Gods forsend)  
will bring to vtter foyle.  
With speede go sinke that shamefull ship,  
let drowne the beastly Barke  
That fraughted is with Phrygian bloud,  
replete with Troian carke.  
No sooner had this Sibyll sayde,  
hir vassels thought hir woode:  
But I with quaking feare was rapt,  
my haire erected stood.



Thy wordes (Cassandra) were of weight,  
thou art a Sibyll true :

The Haifer leapes within my leaze  
that makes my heart to rue.

Surpassing though hir beautie bee  
dishonest is hir life,

That leaues hir countrie Gods, and is  
become a straungers wife.

Once was she earst alway conuaide  
from Greece by I heleus theft :

I wote not by what Theseus, but  
by I heleus was she rest.

Might shee with Maidehead make retyre  
from such a wanton guest ?

No, no I know the trade of loue  
as well as doth the best.

Well, pose it to be rape and stealth,  
so cloake the crime with name :

Yet shee that was so often wrongde  
assented to the same.

Oenone neuer swarude hir best  
though Paris were vntrust :

Of right thou shouldst haue bene beguilde  
in whome was slender trust.

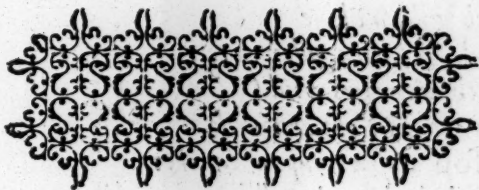
Sage, swift, and seemely Satyres would  
with me bene coupled faine,

At home they in leaue woods haue sought  
with great and grieffull paine.

# Oenone

The fonded Faunus oft in Ide  
my friendship did request :  
Whose head with hurtlesse hoznes and boughes  
of Pine was brauely drest.  
The saythfull Phœbus (Troians trust  
and rampire) loude me well:  
Untill such time my daintie fruite  
vnto sir Phœbus fell,  
And that by force: in prouise whereof  
I rent his golden haire,  
And scracht his face with frowarde fist,  
the signes as yet appeare.  
No Jewels I, ne Gemmes receyde  
for filthie lukers hyze :  
Tis beastly so t'ingage the corps  
for greedie mucks desire.  
He deemed it guerdon great ynough  
his Whisick to bestowe :  
My skillesse hande and barraine skull  
he taught his Arte to knowe.  
What hearbe soeuer were of powre  
or vertue to recure,  
To learne his force and lurking might  
I could my selfe assure.  
Aye me, the most unhappie wench,  
vnluckiest vnder Sunne :  
Though I in Whisick haue good fight  
by loue my skill is wunne.

Apollo that founde Physick first  
Admetus flock did feede :  
And had his godly best intent  
with Oenons partching gléde.  
But Paris wottst thou what : the health  
that neither hearbes may lende,  
Pe Gods may graunt, thy friendly fist  
at once to me may sende.  
Thou canst, and I haue well deserue,  
take mercie of a Maide :  
I come not like a Greekish foe,  
Atrides powze to ayde.  
But thine I am, and from thy youth  
thy louer haue I béene :  
And will while(lungs shall lende me breath)  
thy saythfull friend be seene.



# The Argument of the sixt Epistle, entituled Hypsiphyle to Iason.

**T**He Oracle pronounste  
to Pelyas, that hee  
Should then in daunger stand of death  
when he did chauce to see  
One barefoote, doing rites  
vnto his fathers ghost:  
T'was Iasons hap to meete him,  
that by hap his shooe had lost  
In floud Auaurus ford.  
The vncke waying than  
The prophcie, to stand in doubt  
of dreadfull death began.  
To Colcos he perswades  
the lustie youth to fleete  
To fet the golden Fleese  
a spoyle for such a gallant meete,  
In hope the daungers would  
the wanton weight deuourde.  
Sir Iason with a troupe of Greekes  
through chocking chanell scourde.  
At Lemnos he at length  
and all his rowte arrinde,  
An Ile where curst women had  
sheir husbandes lyues deprinde.

Hypsiphyle

# The Argument.

33

Hypsiphyle the Queene  
did intertaine the Greeke  
And all his traine; for courtesie  
they neuer sawe the like.  
There two yeares he sojourned,  
his Mates at last bespake  
Their Captaine; and perswade him thence  
his voyage on to take.  
The Queene was great with babe,  
away the Grecians go,  
Arinde at Colche he warne the Elcese  
Medea loude him so.  
The conquerour conueyes  
the Mayde with him to Greece,  
Which Queene Hypsiphyle hearing off,  
and of his prettie piece:  
Repynde at Iason sore,  
that Medea had possest;  
The plate which shee had wonne before  
by vsing well hir guest.  
She ioyes at his retourne,  
the Wytch shee felly hates,  
And thus with ioyfull Iason in  
hir Pistle shee debates.



E.j.

The

# The sixt Epistle.

## *Hypsiphyle to Iason.*

**T**he flickring fame reports  
that to Thessalia soile  
Thou art with luckie Barck returnde,  
enrich't with golden spoile.  
I loy (as much as thou  
wilt giue me leaue to doe)  
To heare thy health, but yet I should  
thereof by letter knowe.  
For that thou shouldst not leaue  
my lande at thy returne  
Vnsene: thou couldst not haue the windes  
to serue thy hoped turne.  
Thou shouldst haue sent me lynes  
though weather did not serue.  
I stande assurde, that Hypsiphyl  
a gréeeting did deserue.  
Why came report befoze  
thy letters made me shoue,  
That bluddie Mars his sacred Bulles  
the pinching yoke did knowe?  
And that of sacred sēde  
there weapned twights arose?  
And that thy balefull hande was prest  
to deale them deadly blowe?

And

# Hypsiphyle to Iason. 34

And that the waker fennie  
the glittering spoyle did keepe :  
Which thou in fine with manly hande  
hast rest the shining sheepe :  
To such as hardly would  
beleue the wonders tolde,  
How blest were I, if I might haue  
thus Iason wrought. Beholde.  
What shall I say thou hast  
not playd the husbands part :  
So I be thine, my guerdon farre  
surmounts my small desert.  
The brute doth blast there is  
a barbarous witch artide  
With thee, who hath me of my spouse  
and brydely bed depriude.  
None lightly will beleue :  
Would God I might be sed  
rashfull dame, and false reports  
of Iason to haue spred.  
A guest of Thessal came  
from Hemus parts of late,  
Who scarcely had set foote within  
my vnaquainted gate.  
How fares my loue (quoth I)  
Olde Ælons sonne I pray :  
But he with countenance cast to ground  
for shame had naught to say.

E.g.

Then



# Hypsiphyle

Then forth I skipt in hast,  
and renting mine attyre :  
Lives he (quoth I) or doe the fates  
my death also requyre ?  
He liues (quoth he) an othe  
in prouise thereof I craue :  
I made him sweare, yet to his Gods  
I hardly credit gaue.  
When to my selfe I came,  
thy manfull actes to knowe  
I long : and he how Mars his Bulles  
had turnde the soyle did shewe.  
He sayde, that snakie teeth  
for seede were cast on lande :  
And vpstart men with armour clad  
both sward and shield in hande.  
And that the earthly broode  
in ciuill warre was slaine :  
And in a day lost sodaine life  
by sodaine death againe.  
And of the Serpents fall.  
again where Iason liues  
I aske. So hope and doubtfull dreame  
for chiefest credit strives.  
Whilst he eche thing displays  
desirous for to prate :  
He makes me shew how thou hast wrongde  
thy loyall spouse of late.

Where is plighted fayth :  
 Where nuptiall othes and bande :  
 And that which should bene cast in flame,  
 I meane the spousall bande :  
 Thou knowste me not by stealth,  
 Dame Iuno was in place,  
 Who hath the marriage charge : and there  
 did Hymen shew his face,  
 But neyther Iuno did  
 nor Hymen holde the light :  
 Some furie fell with bloudshot eyes  
 did frame the cankred spight.  
 Why I with Minyes did deale :  
 or Pallas sacred pine :  
 Or Tiphus what hast thou to doe  
 with any soyle of mine :  
 Here was no famous Ramme  
 with fleece of glowing golde :  
 In Lemnos was no Pallace for  
 your aged Prince to holde,  
 First was I fully bent,  
 (but destinie me withdore)  
 By womans powze to put them off  
 and wandring guesstes subdore :  
 For Lemnian Ladies know  
 too well to warre with men :  
 My life with such a valiant troupe  
 should haue bene garded then.

# Hypsiphyle

I gaue the man at once  
my hostage and my heart :  
For two yeares date thou wast with me,  
and neuer didst depart.  
When thirde Autumne came on  
that thou of force were faine  
To hoyste thy sayles : these wordes thou spakste  
with gushing teares amaine ;  
Mine owne I must depart  
if Fortune say amen,  
From hence I passe thy spouse, and will  
thy spouse repasse agen,  
The impe within thy wombe  
gods graunt that it may liue :  
And we his parents both yfeare  
a decent name may giue.  
Thus much (I minde) thou spakste  
when salted teares beaunde  
Thy falsed face, the remnant of  
thy sermon was restrainde.  
The last of all thy Dates  
thou clambst the sacred Arge,  
That spinde along, thy sayles did stroute  
they had so great a charge.  
The ship was shoude apace  
vpon the grayish floud :  
Thou threwest thine eyes to shore, and tooke  
to seaward lookte agood.

When

Where standes a Turret by  
that ouerlookes the place :

To whome I ranne, and did with teares  
imbzue both brest and face.

I looked thzough my teares,  
mine eye as friendly light

Had larger kenning than of course,  
and farder stretcht his sight.

Adde therebnto my bolwes  
and prayers ioynde with dzed :

Which sacred bolwes I will perfit  
since thou hast haply sped.

But shall I pay my bolwes :  
shall Medea them enioy :

My heart doth ake, and wzath with loue  
combyned doth annoy.

Shall I beare giftes to church  
or be at charge at all :

To lose my louing Iason should  
there any Hayfer fall :

I was not calme in minde,  
I alwayes stode in aue,

Thy father would not entertaine  
in Greece a daughter laue.

Of Greece I was in dzeede,  
but other worke my woe :

I haue receyde a hurt of one  
whome earst I did not knowe.

# Hypsiphyle

I gaue the man at once  
my hostage and my heart :  
For tyeo yeaeres date thou wast with me,  
and neuer didst depart.  
When thirde Autumne came on  
that thou of force were faine  
To hoyle thy sayles : these wordes thou spakste  
with gulhing teares amaine ;  
Mine owne I must depart  
if Fortune say amen,  
From hence I passe thy spouse, and will  
thy spouse repasse agen,  
The impe within thy wombe  
gods graunt that it may liue :  
And we his parents both yfeare  
a decent name may giue,  
Thus much (I minde) thou spakste  
when salted teares beraunde  
Thy falsed face, the remnant of  
thy sermon was restrainde,  
The last of all thy Dates  
thou clambst the sacred Arge,  
That spinde along, thy sayles did fronte  
they had so great a charge,  
The ship was shoude apace  
vpon the grayish floud :  
Thou thze wste thine eyes to shore, and we  
to seaward lokte agood.

When

There standes a Turret by  
 that ouerlookes the place :  
 To whome I ranne, and did with teares  
 imbue both breast and face.  
 I looked thzough my teares,  
 mine eye as friendly light  
 Had larger kenning than of course,  
 and farder stretcht his sight.  
 Adde therebnto my bolwes  
 and prayers ioynde with dzed :  
 Which sacred bolwes I will perfit  
 since thou hast haply sped.  
 But shall I pay my bolwes :  
 shall Medea them enioy :  
 My heart doth ake, and wzath with loue  
 combyned doth annoy.  
 Shall I beare gistes to church  
 or be at charge at all :  
 To lose my louing Iason should  
 there any Hayser fall :  
 I was not calme in minde,  
 I alwayes stode in awe,  
 Thy father would not entertaine  
 in Greece a daughter laue.  
 Of Greece I was in dzed,  
 but other worke my woe :  
 I haue receyude a hurt of one  
 whome earst I did not knowe.

# Hypsiphyle

By beautie no2 desert  
she wonne thee, but by charme:  
With socerers Sithe she sheares the grasse  
whereby she workes thy harme,  
She sayes from wonted track  
the wayward Moone to wzie:  
And dimme with duskie cloude the skyes  
that prauince in open skie.  
She biddles running streames  
and fleeting flouds doth stay:  
She makes the holtes and ragged rocks  
for ioy to skip and play.  
Disheuled with hir locks  
she walkes by buriall graues:  
And certaine of the lothsome bones  
from wasting flame she fanes.  
She curseth absent wightes,  
of Ware she pictures makes:  
And prickes with pynnes the pensue lunge  
wherewith the bowels akes.  
Thus loue that should be wonne  
with beautie and desert:  
Is got (which would I had not tryde)  
by herbes and hurtfull Art.  
And canst thou coll and clip  
o2 sleepe in selfe same bed  
With hir, deuoyde of waking care  
and free from carking dzed?



As erst she yoked the Bulles  
 so hath she bound thee fast :  
 And tamde thee, as the Dragons fell  
 were conquerd by hir cast.

To that she spoyles both thee  
 and all thy Wakes of prayse :

And by the meane of such a wife  
 the husbands fame decayes,

In Thessalie are some  
 to poyson that impute

Thy factes : and there will be ynough  
 which will belene the hate.

Not this olde Acons sonne  
 but Oetes daughter wynght :

It was she, not Iason, that the fleeces  
 of golde from Colchos brought,

Aske Alcimedes aduise,  
 thy dame doth this dyslike :

Thy father eke from chilly pole  
 who did a daughter seeke.

Let hir to Tanaes go  
 and seeke in Scythian soyle

Hir louing spouse, and gape for him  
 from Phasis farthest goyle,

Fie, saythlesse Iason, fie,  
 more light than windie blasse :

Why dost not thou thy painted wordes  
 with deepe confirme at last :

Thou

# Hypsiphyle

**T**hou partedst hence my spouse,  
Why art not so returnde?  
**O** barre not that at gaine come, which  
at parture was not wounde?  
**I**f noble line thou like  
and gentrie moue thy minde:  
**T**hat I King Thoas dearling was  
and daughter mayst thou finde,  
**M**y Grandfire Bacchus was,  
and Bacchus wife ycrownde  
**D**oth farre surpasse the lesser lights:  
that hir enuiron rounde.  
**L**emnos shall be my dowre,  
as fruitfull as the best  
**N**o such as there sojourne; and me,  
accompt among the rest.  
**W**ho now am brought a bed,  
let dubble ioy possesse  
**T**hy heart, the father made the thowes  
of trauaile seeme the lesse.  
**T**he number gladdes my minde,  
Lucina thancked bee  
**O**f good successe, a luckie twinne  
to light are brought by mee.  
**W**hose shape and shew they beare  
if thou demaunde, I vaunt  
**T**hou mayst be knowne by them, saue they  
the fathers fraude doe want.

W. H. H.

At home I was enen at poynt  
 by Legates to conuaie,  
 Haue that the cruell stepdame was  
 the onely cause of state.  
 Medea made me dzeede  
 who iustly may be thought  
 More than a stepdame, with hir hande  
 eche cursed fact is wrought.  
 She that hir brothers bones  
 and flesh coulde sling in fieldes,  
 Kent first with cruell fist : would shee  
 haue ruth vpon my childe ?  
 Yet hir the same reports,  
 (A woode and wretched wight)  
 That thou before thy Hypsiphyl  
 preferst with all thy might.  
 She goyng for a Mayde  
 hath playde a harlots cast :  
 But with vnspatted bridely chaine  
 we two were lyncked fast.  
 Hir father she betrayde,  
 I saude King Thoas life :  
 Shee fled from Colche, in Lemnos I  
 remaine thy louing wife.  
 But whereto ? if a drabbe  
 an honest woman winne :  
 And that hir crymes for ioynture haue  
 and stead of dowrie binne :

# Hypsiphyle

I blame the Lemnian Wapdes,  
I muze not at their deede:  
For dolour to the angrie will  
bzing weakefull toles with speede,  
Say on, if fozt with windes  
(as right did will thee doe)  
Both thou and all thy troupe at once  
my Port had commen to:  
And I with this my bzode  
had met thee at the doze:  
Than wouldest thou not haue wisht the gas-  
ping soyle thy corps deuoure:  
Withzistie with what face  
vpon those babes and mee  
Wouldest thou haue lookte: sic trapt: what  
had bene fitte death for thee:  
Thou mightst haue lude at ease  
and safe by my consent:  
Not for thou didst deserue so well,  
but cause I did relent.  
I with that witches blond  
my face should haue imbrude:  
And Iasons eke, which with his hearbes  
the harlot did delude,  
To Medea I should  
haue bene Medea then:  
(And if in skies be any Ioue  
that will giue eare to men)

# to Iason. 39

As Hypsiphyl doth plaine  
 and sobbe alone hir fill :  
 So let that beast Medea mourne  
 plagude with hir handie skill.  
 And as I lose my impes  
 and am bereft my Wake ,  
 So graunt, that hir as manie babes  
 and husband may forsake.  
 Be that she may retaine  
 but leaue with wooser hap  
 All gotten goodes : and banisht begge  
 hir bzeade with dishe and clap,  
 As louing sister she  
 and daughter eke hath bene  
 To father and to brother both :  
 Gods graunt she may be seeme  
 So spitefull to hir spouse,  
 and arme with yrefull rage  
 Euen to hir tender children whome  
 she ought to garde in age.  
 When sea and lande she hath  
 consume, vp to the skie  
 Let hir go rangle like a roge  
 and by selfslaughter die.  
 Thus I bereft my spouse  
 king Thoas daughter pray :  
 In cursed Cabbin lead your lynes  
 you beastly folkes I say.



The

# The Argument of the vij. Epistle, entituled

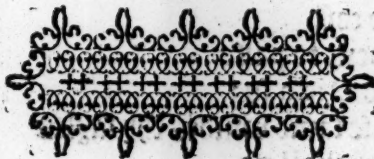
*Dido to Aeneas*

**W**Hen Priam was opprest  
and Troie brought to sack,  
Aeneas with his aged Syre  
and reliques on his back,  
Engagde him selfe to seas  
and sboope his course aright:  
But yet at length it was his luck  
on Libie lande to light  
By force of frowarde floud,  
where Dido gan to raiſe  
A stately towne. The curteous Queene  
the wandring Troian prayes  
To make abode with hir,  
ſhee lyke Aeneas ſo,  
As boſtage with hir heart at once  
on him ſhee did beſtow.  
The meſſenger at length  
from mightie Ioue was ſent  
To newe Carthago, to demaunde  
the Troian what he ment  
In Lybie lande to lodge  
and loyer ſo in loue,  
And not to ſeek the lotted lande,  
that was for his behoue.

*Away*

# The Argument. ¶ 40

away the Troian trudge,  
whose will when Dido knew  
as sulky bent to leaue hir lande:  
the Princes gan to sue,  
bat eyther he would staye  
according to his best,  
r graunt hir space to banish grieve  
from hir agriued brest.  
then she had wasted wordes  
and manie teares yshed,  
at poynt of death the quivering Quene  
thus to Æneas said.





64 The.vij. Epistle. 17

*Dido to Aeneas.*

**E**uen so when fates doe call  
ystrecht in moysted spring,  
Upon Mæanders winding bankes  
the swith swains doth sing.  
Not so: I thinke my wordes  
may ought preuaile, I write:  
For why I know the haughtie Gods,  
at this my purpose spite.  
But since my fame, my corpe,  
and spotlesse minde are lost  
By cankered hap: to wast my wordes  
I reckt it little cost.  
Now art thou bent to passe  
and leaue poore Dido so:  
And with the selfe same windes thy sayles  
and sickle sayth shall go.  
Enea thou art at poynt  
thy Hauie with thy bolue  
To lose: and seeke Italia lande  
but where, thou doste not knowe.  
Not Carthage built ane we  
ne yet the ryling wall,  
No not my stately Scepter may  
conuert thy minde at all.

# Dido to Æneas.

41

Thou fleest the thing atchiude:  
 for things that are not donne:  
 Thou hast bene in one lande, and now  
 wilt to another runne:  
 Suppose thou finde an Ile,  
 who will giue thee the place  
 To rule: will any yeelde his soyle  
 to men of forrainerace:  
 Bewe loue remaynes for thee  
 another Dido eake:  
 With other troth to be impaunde  
 which thou againe mayst breake:  
 When wilt it bee that thou  
 wilt buyld Carchagos poere:  
 Or be we from Turrets top a troupe  
 of such as sojourne heere:  
 Though all these came to passe  
 and thou hadst wishe at will:  
 Yet where wouldst thou haue such a spouse  
 to beare thee like good will:  
 Euen as a wahren Torch  
 with Sulphure toucht I burne  
 Both day and night to Didos thought  
 Æneas makes retorne:  
 Euen that vngreatfull guest  
 that scornes the gifts I gaue:  
 And he, whom I might want full well  
 as wisdomes loare doth craue.

F. j.

Net

# Dido

Yet hate I not the man  
though he deserue dispight :  
But make complaint of his vntruth  
and lesse embrace the wight.

O Venus, vse hir well  
that married with thy Sonne :

O Cupide friend thy brother, let  
him in thy number runne ;

O else let him (for why  
I ne disdaine to loue)

Whome I began to fancie, force  
me greater cares to proue.

I see I am deceyde,  
his Image bleard my sight :

He differs from his mothers trade  
and swarues hir manners quight.

The rocks and ragged Hilles  
and Okes in Mountaines bred  
Begot, and thou of brutall beasts  
in desert hast bene fed,

O of the goulfe, which now  
thou seest turmoyle with winde :

On whome (though waues rebell) to passe  
thou fired hast thy minde.

Why : whither fleest : the stormes  
doe rage : let stormes haue powre

To ayde my case, see how the seas  
doe surge with Eurus scowre.

Let me indebted be  
 to stormes, for that which I  
 had rather owe to thee : more iust  
 than whome the waues I trie.  
 I am not so much worth  
 (though thy desert be small)  
 That fleeing mee by waltring seas  
 thou lose thy life and all.  
 Thy hate is deare in deede  
 and of no slender price,  
 If whilst thou go from me, to die  
 thou recke it but a trice.  
 Within a while the seas  
 will cease their swelling tyde :  
 And Triton with his grayish sheades  
 on calmed waues will ryde.  
 Would thou wouldst with the windes  
 exchange thy ruthlesse minde :  
 And so thou wilt, vntlesse of Dikes  
 thou passe the stubburne kinde.  
 What if thou didst not knowe  
 how raging seas could roze ?  
 Let thou that hast so often tryde  
 wilt trauaile as before ?  
 Though waues were neuer so smouth  
 when thou shouldst leaue the bay :  
 Let dure and dolefull things God wote  
 might happen by the way.

## Dido

And further they that false  
their sayth in daunger are  
On perillous seas : the place with them  
for treasons guilt doth warre.  
And most when loue is wrongde,  
cause Venus hath bene thought  
I haue had hir offspring of the waues  
that in Cytheris wrought.  
I feare least I vndone  
shall be thy cause of woe :  
Or least by wrack of ship I should  
endaunger thee my foe.  
I pray thee liue, for so  
I may reuenged bee  
Farre better than by death : thou shalt  
be saide to murther mee.  
Put case, that thou were caught  
with sway of whirling winde :  
(But vaine be this abodement fell)  
what then would be thy minde :  
Then wouldst thou oft reuoke  
to thought the Phrygian tongue,  
That did pronounce the periurde talke  
which wrought poore Didos wrong.  
Before thine eyes the forme  
and Idoll of thy Feere  
Deceyde, would stande in saddest sort,  
with bloudie feltred heere

Thy selfe wouldst graunt, thou hadst  
deserude these torments all :

And thinke the thunder cast on thee  
what so should hap to fall.

Wherefore giue time to wrath  
and rage of roaring floud :

Great is the price of little stay  
thy passage will be good.

Hast no respect to mee :  
yet spare Iulus breath :

Sufficeth thee to haue bene thought  
the Authoꝝ of my death.

What poore Ascanius hath  
oꝝ countrie Gods deserude :

The sea shall sinck the Saints, which were  
from Phrygian flame prelerude.

But neyther thou thy Spye  
ne priuate Gods didst beare

Upon thy back : thy vaunting crakes  
these to Elisa were.

Thou lyeest at euery worde,  
not now thy tongue doth ginne

To gloze, ne I the first in trappe  
and guilefull snare haue bene.

If question were what of  
Iulus dame became :

Hir cruell husbände hir sorowke  
to his eternall shame.

# Dido

This thou to mee displayste,  
which made my brest to bende :  
Much sooner will my torment finde  
than this my cryme an ende.  
And I doe nothing doubt  
but that thy guiltie minde  
Will thee condemne, Thou seauen yeares space  
no resting place couldst finde.  
At length I gaue thee porte,  
cast vp on blissfull shore :  
And did infesse the with my realme  
thy name scarce tolde befoze.  
Would Gods this had bene all  
the friendship I had showane :  
And that report of bedding had  
not bene so lightly blowne.  
That day procurre my bale  
in which for sodaine raine  
That pourde adowne, to couch in one  
selfe cause we both were faine.  
I hearde a voice I thought  
the Nymphes had holde for toy :  
But they were furies that forespake  
of this my fell annoy.  
Nowe broken sayth I olde  
to olde Sichæus name,  
On me take vengeance, that to Hell  
must go bereft of shame.



In thine of Marble made  
 I haue Sichæus bones,  
 Whome boughes and snowwhite féesles shroude  
 appointed for the nones.  
 Foure times with wonted mouth  
 he calde me to the place :  
 To whome with whispering voyce, he sayd  
 come Dido, come apace.  
 Without delay I came  
 sometime thy wedded Fiére :  
 But this my shamefull fact procure  
 me slacker to appéere  
 Forgiue my fault, alyke  
 loe man hath me betrayde :  
 And one that hatred of the fact  
 and foule despight hath stayde.  
 His dame a heauenly wight  
 his Wyze on shoulders borne,  
 Did force me iudge he would haue stayde,  
 and not haue bene forsworne.  
 If needes I must haue erde,  
 this error hath a sholwe  
 Of iust pretence, be true and then  
 I shall not irke it so.  
 But as my life at first  
 unluckie was begonne ;  
 Euen so the tenour of the same  
 to latter day doth runne.

# Didon

At sacred Altars slaine  
 my husband fell to ground;  
 And of the fact the spoyle vnto  
 Pigmalion did redound,  
 I as a wight exile  
 my native soyle did lose:  
 And left the cynders of my spouse  
 pursude by weakefull lose.  
 At length escaping seas  
 and brothers wzath, was brought  
 To coast vnknozne, where all the soyle  
 I gaue to thee I bought,  
 I framde it vp a towne,  
 and with farre stretching wall  
 Enuironde it, to neighbour townes  
 which was a deadly gall.  
 Then battayles bzoye began,  
 with warre a foraine wight,  
 And sielie woman was pursude  
 when gates were scarcely pight,  
 A thousand suters came  
 which ioyntly did complayne  
 That I a raskall had pferde,  
 and had them in disdaine.  
 Why staggerest thou to yelde  
 mee to Hiarbas handes?  
 My selfe will stretch mine armes abode  
 t'abide thy cursed bandes.

I haue a brother eke  
 whose hungrie hande doth long  
 For Didos bloud, as earst it did  
 Sichæus life to wrong,  
 Lay downe thy Gods prophande  
 and Reliques brought to lander:  
 It fittes thee not such sacred things  
 to touch with hurtfull hande,  
 If thou of force were he  
 that should transport the same;  
 Reserue from fire: no force had beng  
 if they had burnt in flame.  
 Anthzist perhaps thou leaust  
 thy Dido great with childe:  
 And in my wombe is parte of thee  
 whome thou hast so beguilde,  
 The Miser impe will adde  
 vnto his mothers death:  
 So thou shalt kill a liely babe  
 that neuer tasted bzeath,  
 Iulus brother with  
 his dame shall so be flaine:  
 And one selfe torment shall bereue  
 the liuely powres of twaine.  
 But God doth force thee flee,  
 would God had kept away:  
 Such guilefull guesstes, and Troians had  
 in Carthage made no stay.

# Dido

No doubt that God procures  
the wayward windes to blowe :  
And makes thee waste the wearie time  
in sandie seas so slowe.  
As (when that Hector liude  
if Troie stood againe)  
To passe to Troie thou scarcely shouldst  
endure a greater paine.  
But not to Semois thou  
but Tiber mindst to passe :  
Arriued there yet shalt thou be  
a straunger naythelasse.  
Thou seekst a lurking lande  
and vncouth place to holde ;  
Which scarce will be thy lot to finde  
tyll thou be waren olde.  
Ambages layde aparte,  
more better were for thee  
Pigmaliions wealth to haue in hande  
and sojourne here with mee.  
With luckie hap to Tyre  
thy Troian stocke transport :  
And sacred Scepter holde in hande  
in place of Princely port.  
But if thou long for warre  
or yong Iulus seeke  
By manlie Mart to purchase prayse  
and giue his foes the gléeke ;

Cause

Cause naught should want, he shall  
haue foes to weake his wrath:

This place of lawes and armes good store,  
and bꝛopling battayles hath.

For olde Anchises sake  
and bolwe of Venus boie;

For all those sacred Gods which thou  
hast safely bꝛought from Troie:

So Gods agræ that they  
which from thy countrie came,

May *Victors* be, and all mishap  
conuert to gladsome game;

And yong Ascanius liue  
white siluer locks to haue,  
And olde Anchises bꝛosed bones  
may lodge in quiet graue:

I pray thee spare the house  
that yeeldes it selfe to thee,  
Haue that I loude, what cryme at all  
mayst thou impute to mee?

Not I from Phthia came,  
ne from Mycenes lyne,  
My husband ne my father were  
no spitefull foes of thine.

Thine Hostesse let me bee  
if of thy spouse thou shame;

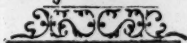
So I remaine thy Dido still,  
I force not on thy name.

# Dido

The waues on Afrus bancks  
 that beate I knowe full well:  
 Some time they fauour passengers  
 some times they doe rebell,  
 Then launch thy ship from shore  
 when weather doth applie,  
 But now the wædes will let thy Barks  
 on waltring seas to hie,  
 Giue me in charge to marke  
 the tyde, and then be bolde  
 To furrow flouds: though thou wouldst stay  
 then will I not withholde,  
 Thy wearie wandring Hates  
 doe lack, and looke for rest:  
 Thy Hauie faine would stay, till tyme  
 hir tackle were adrest.  
 For my deserts, and that  
 which after I shall owe  
 To thee, for mariage hope doe not  
 as yet thy thral forgoe:  
 Till surge of seas doe cease  
 and loue doe temper trade:  
 Meane while for to sustaine the worst  
 I stronger shall be made.  
 If not, I minde to waite  
 my lothsome lyfe ere long:  
 It is but for a time that thou  
 shalt worke poore Dido wrong,

Mine ymage whilst I wryte  
 And that thou salwste with eye :  
 I wryte, and in my lappe the while  
 thy Trojan sword doth lye.  
 Downe by my cheekes the teares  
 vpon the weapon fall :  
 Which now in steade of byrne with bloud  
 shall be imbryed all.  
 Full well thy gifts agré  
 to this my wretched fate :  
 My graue shall be small charge to thee  
 vnfitting to my state.  
 For now my brest at first  
 with cruell Launce is pierst :  
 That place with dure and deadly dinte  
 hath Cupid crased earst.  
 Thou sister Anne that wast  
 of counsell in this case :  
 Now offer vp thy latter boone  
 to Dido in the place.  
 When that my corps is burnt,  
 I will not then be sed  
 Sichæus, Dido : on my Verse  
 this scripture shall be red.

*Æneas gaue the cause  
 and sworde wherewith I dyde :  
 But desperate Dido on hir selfe  
 hir ruthlesse hande hath tryde.*





# The Argument of the viiij. Epistle, entituled

*Hermione to Orestes.*

**B**Efore the styrre at Troie to Pyrrhus was  
Hermion by sir Menelaus behigh: *the*  
The father hauing cause from Greece to passe  
To quaille the courage of his foes in fight,  
Left all the rule to Tyndarus, that than  
Despousde Hermion to another man.

Orestes had a promise of the peece,  
Who thought him selfe assured of a Mate:  
But when proude Pyrrhus made retourne to Greece  
He rest the Mayde, whome she pursude with hate:  
For that in deede shee looude Orestes so,  
As loth she was with Achyls sonne to go.

But choyse was none to choose: shee may helasse  
By secret stealth aduertise him that she  
Might rescude be, and from his prison passe.  
Which fell in fine: for when Ægy thus he  
The lecher had despoyle and mother eake,  
Orestes gaue Achylles sonne the gleake.



*Hermione to Orestes.*

**T**o him that both my spouse of late  
and brother was I wright :  
My brother now, for of my spouse  
another hath the right.

That Pyrrhus, that Achylles steppes  
for courage doth ensue :

Gainst law and right hath closde me vp  
and keepe me fast in mure.

As much as lay in me to doe

I stoutely did withstande :

But I could doe no more than might

a weake and womans hande.

What dost thou (Pyrrhus) now quoth I :

Will none reuenged bee

Thinkest thou : I am but as a May

den seruant vnto thee.

Be deffer than the ruthlesse waues

when I (Orestes) coulde :

Be by the locks with cruell hande

into his cabbin haulde.

If Trojan dames me thall had tane

or Lacedemon wonne :

Should no worse haue bene abusde

than now by Achyls sonne.

# Hermione

More friendly founde Andromache  
Achaïas famous foyle :  
When with the gassly Grecian flame  
the Troian wealth did boyle.  
But oh Orestes (if to mee  
thou haue respect at all )  
Lay handes on that which is thine owne  
and to thy bootie fall.  
What : if by falsehode from thy folde  
thy flocke be bozne away,  
Wilt thou take armes : and for thy spouse  
to fight in fielde wilt stay :  
Let Menelaus myrrour bee  
that for his rapted wife  
Did undertake such honest warre  
and stirde such stately strife.  
Who if had slept and slugoe at home  
or loytrcd like an Asse :  
My Dame had bene to Paris linckte  
as to my Syre shee was.  
Thou hast no neede a thousand shippes  
or bending sayles to haue,  
Nor any Greeklis Souldiars helpe,  
thy onely ayde I craue.  
Yet rather so (than not at all)  
I should be fet againe :  
Tis famous for a man to fight  
if wedlock suffer staine.

What

What : was not Grandfire to vs both

Atreus king Pelops sonne :

At least thou art my brother, if  
the marriage were vndonne.

I pray thee brother helpe thy si-  
ster, husbände helpe thy Fêere,

A dubble title will procure  
thee in my cause to stêere.

My Grandfire for his aged yeares  
and wisdomè passing grane,

Who of his Pêere had all the rule  
me to Orestes gaue :

To Pyrrhus not acquainted with  
the match, my father bowde :

But most of both my grandsires deade  
as ealdste should be allotted.

When I with thee consoynde, I wrongde  
none by my spousall right

But if I lincke with Pyrrhus, then  
from thee I am not quight.

My father Menelaas will

winke at my faut I knowe :

For cause himselfe hath felt the force  
of winged Cupids bowe.

That will he graunt his sonne in lawe

which he himselfe hath loude :

My Dames example aydes my case

that Venus sportes hath proude.

# Hermione

Loke what my Syre is to my dame,  
euen that art thou to me :

The slipper practise Paris playde,  
with Pyrrhus doth agree.

As he is skoute and stately for  
the factes his Syre hath donne :

So thou mayst bragge and bolste vpon  
the spoiles thy father wonne.

Who all the trowpe of Tantalus trayne,  
Achylles eke did leade :

A chystayne he among the Dukes,  
a souldier skoute at neade.

Thy grandsire great King Pelops was,  
and Pelops worzhie Syre,

And if thou compte aright from Loue  
thou art the fift esquire.

Thy manhodde is well knowne inough,  
thou foughtste I wote well whan :

But what shouldst thou doe in that case  
thy mother slewe the man.

Would God vpon a better cause  
thy skoutnesse had bene wrought :

Yet dare I vaunte the cause was giuen  
to thee, and neuer soughte.

But thou didst bring it to effecte  
that Egisthe did with goze

Of gaping wounde defile the floure  
as had thy Syre before.

And

And thereof Pyrrhus often prates,  
 and to reproche doth wyse  
 Thy earned prayse, and yet endures  
 my presence with his eye.  
 I create, and as my face doth pufte  
 so swelles myne inwarde mynde :  
 And burning breste with silente flams  
 of doloꝝ scorcht I fynde.  
 Befoꝛe Hermions face imbray  
 ded shoulde Orestes bee :  
 I wante but foꝛce and braynslicke blade  
 to be reuengde foꝛ thee.  
 But weepe and wayle I may my fill  
 which lessens parte of woe :  
 And do wne on eyther side my face  
 my teares as conduites flme.  
 Them onely to commaund I haue  
 and out I powꝛe them still :  
 Alongste my stayned cheekes eche houre  
 the welling teares doe trill.  
 This fortune folloves all oure race  
 and to oure age is broughte :  
 And all that are of Fantals line  
 a semely rape are thought.  
 I will not here alleadge the lies  
 of false and fayned swan :  
 He yet complayne that Loue in plumie  
 did lurke both God and man.

# Hermione

Wherewith Isthmos stretching out at length  
two seas did so deuide;  
Hippodamie on wauen wheeles  
and counterfaite cart did ryde.  
Faire Helen once conuaid away  
by craftie Theseus fraine,  
By Castor and sir Pollux was  
in fine restorde againe.  
The selfe same Ladie through the seas  
by Trojan guest was brought:  
For whome the noble Greekish Peeres  
in weakefull maner fought.  
I scarce remember, yet I minde  
how tho the people wept,  
In mournfull mode: and dismall bread  
into their hearts it crept.  
The Grandfire gronde, the sister sobde,  
the brothers gan to bzoyle:  
Lamenting Leda with the Gods  
and Ioue did keepe a coyle.  
And I with lockes not long as then  
rent all about my hedde  
Exclande, O mother leauste me thus:  
and from thy chylde art fledde:  
(For then hir husbände was a lacke.)  
and least I shoulde be se  
No impe of Pelops brode, I am  
a praye by Pyrrhus led.

That



O that Achylles had bene free  
 and scape Apollos bowe :  
 Then woulde he blame the beastleie rage  
 of Pyrrhus pride I knowe.  
 It neuer pleasde, ne now would like  
 Achylles, if he liude,  
 To heare a wise bounde wighte lament  
 of liked loue dep?iude.  
 What gylt of mine hath made the Gods  
 and heavenly powres so rage :  
 What cursed starre might I accuse  
 to gouerne thus my age :  
 My dame I was bereft in youth,  
 my father waged warre :  
 And though they both did liue, yet I  
 from them was kept as farre.  
 Not I to thee in tender yeares,  
 nor cradell clowtes did crye  
 Deare mother mine : nor from my lipps  
 the lisping wordes did flye.  
 He did I with my pliaunt armes,  
 thy seemelie neck enfolde :  
 Nor thou vpon thy louing lappe  
 thy babling bzat didst holde.  
 No carke of clothng me, ne care  
 did pierce thy pensue bzest :  
 He didst thou cause a marriage bed  
 for bzide wife to be drest.

C.ig.

But

# Hermione

But when thou didst retorne againe  
( the trowth I not denie)  
I met thee, but my mothers face  
I coulde not then descrie.  
But for thy beautie did surpasse,  
for Helen thee I toke :  
And thou didst make enquirie then,  
and for thy daughter looke.  
Good hap in one respecte I had,  
that Oreste was my Wake :  
But he, vnlesse he fighte it out  
Hermion must forsake.  
He Pyrrhus as a bassell keepe  
though victor be my fire :  
This goodly guerdon haue I gaynde  
for Troie burnt with fire,  
When golden Tiran giues to guide  
his glistring steades by day,  
Then I (vnhappie wenche) some ease  
of pensive payne assay.  
No soner blackfaste night doth growe,  
in howling sort I hie  
Vnto my cankred carefull couch  
appointed there to lie.  
In place of swéete and slumbring sleepe  
mine eyes with teares doe flowe ;  
And from the man in all post hast  
I flee as from a foe.

Ofttimes

Oft times mishaps doe make me muse,  
 vnmindefull of my case  
 I touch with hande proude Pyrrhus parts  
 vnbitting of the place.  
 I leane to touch the man as long  
 as euer I know the fact;  
 And thinke my handes polluted straight  
 with such a shamefull act.  
 Oft times for Neoptolems name  
 Orestes doe I call:  
 And loue the errour of my tongue,  
 right well content withall,  
 I sweare by this vnluckie lyne  
 and Lorde of all the race,  
 That lande and seas yea haughtie skies  
 asrayes with frowning face:  
 And by the bones of him that was  
 myne vncle and thy Syre:  
 Who owes thee for reuenge of those  
 that did his death conspyre:  
 O I will in these flowring yeares  
 abandon lothsome life:  
 O I that came of Tantalus hnde  
 will be Orestes wife.



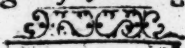
# The Argument of the ix. Epistle, entituled

Deianeira to Hercules.

**T**He beauiie siepdame Iuno by hir fraude  
And friende Eurytheus, purposde to destreye  
Alcides: for the Prince of Mycene lande  
Stirde him to conquer Monsters. But with laude  
And life he scapt away, nor had annoye  
By any beast the Champion tooke in hande:  
Bulles, Dragons, Dogges, and Semitaur he slewe,  
And aye more greane his gotten glorie grewe.

He conquerd all, till filthie loue at length  
Of King Eurytus daughter made him thrall,  
Whose Syre and Countrie he had earst atchiude:  
Fled was his force, stint was his stately strength,  
To spinne and carde he thought no shame at all,  
Nor of his Lions spoyle to be deprinde:  
Which Deianeira bearing by report,  
(His louing wife) sent to him in this sort.

Amid whose lynes and letters that shee wrought  
Came newes (a dolefull thing to written here)  
And tidings, that the shirt the wife had sent  
Alcides bane, and spitefull spoyle had brought,  
The louing wife had slaine hir manly Feere,  
Which shee poore sielie woman neuer ment.  
But to requite hir busbands death with paine,  
At point to hang hir selfe thus gan shee plaine.



The

*Deianeira to Hercules.*

**D**Echalia to be wonne  
 I tope to heare the same:  
 It grieues me that the *Victor* should  
 haue yelded to the same.

Report was brought of late  
 to Grecia that agréés

Full yll with any fact of thine:  
 the tales we heard were these,

That whome not Iuno could  
 nor dreadfull trauels foyle,

The selfesame man had Iole made  
 in seruage yoke to toyle.

Eurytheus would it so,  
 and Iuno passing faine

Would learne that thou with such a crime  
 thy former facts would staine.

What: 't'was not thou I trowe,  
 that could not be conceyde

In one whole night: I thinke herein  
 my selfe to be deceyde,

More damage Venus doth  
 than Iuno earst to thee:

This rayde thee vp by spitefull hate,  
 she makes thee bende I see.

Beholde

# Deianeira

Beholde the worlde by thee  
that liues at quiet ease,  
As wyde as wattrie Nereus girdes  
the ground with frothie seas.  
The greater part of earth,  
and all the floods as farre  
As both Apollos lodges reach  
to thee indebted are.  
The skies thou hast sustaynde  
that shall thy carkas beare :  
And Atlas holpe thee at a pynch  
when thou to wearie weare,  
But what saue open shame  
by these thy facts is got ?  
If those thy valiant feates of armes  
with balwdie rule thou blot ?  
Doe men report that thou  
(for Ioue a worzhie childe)  
In Cradle crashte two crawling Snakes :  
in fayth they are beguilde.  
That babe was better farre  
than is this bourly man :  
Thou nothing makste an ende so well  
as thou thy deedes began.  
Whome not a thousand beastes  
nor Stereclus atchiude,  
Nor Iuno could for all hir spite :  
hath craftie Cupid giude

But for I am the wife  
 of Hercules, and hee  
 by fatherlaw that guides the skies  
 and lettes the thunder flie:  
 am surmised a happie dame  
 and married well to bee.

How ill vnegall sheares  
 in painefull Plough accorde:  
 so ill a simple woman matcht  
 with such a stately Lorde.

So honour comes thereby  
 but burthen and debate.

Who so wilt well be wedded, wed  
 with one of thine estate.

My husband is alack,  
 my spouse is absent aye:

A stranger better knowne to me,  
 he dreadfull beastes both slay.

In my desert home

doe nought but wishe afright,

And sore tormented least my spouse  
 be spoyle of foes in fight.

Amid the Serpents I

and greedie Lyons pawes,

And tusked Boares am tost, in feare

I stand of gaping iawes:

Of Dogs, that with their teeth from bones  
 will rent thy flesh by clawes.

And



# Deianeira

And me debowled beastes  
and idle dreames of night,  
With grieſly pictures of the dead  
doe maken ſoze aſright.  
For fleeing fame I hunt  
and rumors raſhly ſped:  
By doubtfull hope is feare erilde,  
and hope by feare is fled,  
Thy mother is alack,  
and grieuouſly doth grutch  
That to haue likte the mightie Ioue  
hir deſtinie was ſuch.  
Amphitryon is away,  
whome men ſurmiſde to beene  
Thy Sire: and Hyll the ſtripling eake  
of vs can not be ſeene.  
Euryſtheus that doth forge  
the cruell Iunos wzath  
Is felt of vs: endure to long  
the Goddeſſe anger hath.  
But theſe are triſles, oh,  
thou addeſt foraine loue:  
And eche may be a mother made  
by thee that liſt to proue.  
I ſpare to ſpeake as nowe  
of Auge whome ere while,  
(Alcide) amto Parthenian vales  
thou ſowly didſt deſile.

}

And thee (Aftydame) I minde  
 of purpose to concile.  
 He meanes thy wife God wote  
 Teuthrancian truls to name,  
 Of whome there scape not one vntoucht)  
 to bzeede thy farther shame.  
 A recent crime there is  
 a foule yll fauourde iade,  
 That vnto Lamus me of late  
 a mother lawe hath made.  
 Meander (that so oft  
 in one selfe circle runnes,  
 And eke rebounding waues againe  
 vpon his shoulders, thornes)  
 saue when about thy neck  
 there hong a chaine of golde :  
 That neck that thought the burthen light  
 the Welkin to vpholde.  
 What : didst thou nothing shame  
 those bzauned armes of thine  
 With Goldsmithes work, w glittering Gemmes  
 and oluches bzaue to bine :  
 euen those selfe armes (I say)  
 the Lions lyfe that rest :  
 whose noble spoyle for mantell serues  
 vpon thy shoulder left :  
 hat : didst thou dare aloft  
 vpon thy curled heare,

# Deianeira

(For which a Ropple sifter was)

a mytred Hat to weare :

He didst thou blushe in gypse

of Lydian Lasse to don

A silken Scarfe, and Riband fine

thy bonrlie wast vppon.

Was Diomede forgot

that cruell Carle then :

That fatted vp his trampling steades

with flesh of murthered men :

In such a nice attire

if Busyre thee had seene :

No doubt he would haue scoinde of thee

yconquerde so to beene.

Let Antæus loose for shame

these ieiwels from thy throte,

For feare he loth that thou the palme

in wrestling collars got.

It is blasted that thou stoddste

of womans threates in alwe,

And eake amid Meonyan Maydes

the twisted twine didst draue.

What : didst thou nothing shame

that hand with Flare to soyle,

That had long earst in balianut fight

ygot so many a spoyle :

With thwacking thombs thou drauiste

a very boyseous threde :

And to thy stately Maystresse yeldste  
a iust accompt with dæde.

How often while thou sponne  
with fingers nothing fine,

Amid thy crabbed crushing hands  
hath crackt the twisted twine :

And standing of the whip  
in trembling feare, they say

That thou before thy Maystresse sate  
in dæde of lashing lay.

And spoyles plaide a part  
of gotten prayse the pryce,

Thou toldste thy dædes that should bene tho  
concealde in any wyse.

To witte in cradle holwe  
the crawling Snakes thou due :

And rent their gaping iawes in two  
and did their force subdue.

And how Tegeran Boare  
in Erimanthus lyes :

And with his weicht doth wrong the ground,  
so monstrous is his sics.

Thou dost not let to tell  
of Diomedes hed :

Firſt on his Thracian gate, his Steedes  
with flesh of man that fed.

And of the triple beaſt

Geryon thou didst boast :

That

# Deianeira

That for his hearde the welthiest was  
in all the spanish coast.

And of the Hellish hounde,  
that Cerberus was height

Thre headed Curte, whose pate with locks  
of Snakes was sololy freight.

The Serpent eke, whose woundes  
reserude him from the death,

And gashing scotches giuen afresh  
infest with better breath.

And how Antæus hving  
with broken iawes betwixne

Thy left side (an pflanourde weight)  
and shoulders right behynde.

Pe dost thou then conceale  
how Centaurs thou didst chase

(That double shaped were, and darste  
not trust their legges in place)

Athwart Thessalian craggie clifles  
and made them runne apace.

And canst thou clad perdie  
in Sidon soft araye,

And womans nyce atyre, for shame  
haue any worde to saye?

Beside the Iardan Pymph  
vpon hir shoulders thine

Thine armour, and did conquer thee  
that Monsters didst subdue.

# to Hercules.

57

Go now, and proudly vaunt  
thy noble daedes of fame :  
A man thou shouldst not bene of right  
the bett deserude the same.  
Than whom so much thou art  
inferiour, how much moze  
Thou stronger were than such as thou  
had slaine with hande before.  
Shee hath atchiude the same  
of all thy former daedes :  
To hir, as to thy lawfull heyre  
thy purchasde prayse proceedes.  
Oh, shame : the shagheare case  
the Lyons rybbes bereft,  
Enuironed round a womans corps  
and to hir carkas cleft.  
Tulke, thou art so wile deceyde,  
no Lyons spoyle it is,  
But thine : thou slewest the beast, and shee  
hath conquerd thee plis.  
A woman bare thy darts  
with venom ranck that weare  
And Hydras beaulty blood imbryde,  
in hande that scarce could beare  
A Distaffe fraught with dar :  
thy knarrie clubbe shee held,  
And gazing in a shining Glasse  
thine Armour she behelde.

H. J.

The

## Deianeira

This brute I hearde, but gaue  
no credit to the same,  
But yet from eare some part of griefe  
vnto my senses came.  
But now befoze my face  
the hatefull Whore doth ride ;  
Po? I the secret smart I feele  
haue farther powze to hide.  
Thou wilt not haue hir gone,  
Shee passeth thzough the stréete  
A captiue : whome of force we see,  
not as a captiue méete :  
With tresses hanging downe  
declaring hir estate ,  
And hidden face to shew that chaunce  
hath giuen hir the Date :  
But braue in beaten golde  
shee passeth to and fro :  
As thou ere this in Phrygia were  
accustomed to goe.  
From stately seate shee yeeldes  
the people such a chéere,  
As though Oecalia stode againe  
and eake hir father déere  
Did liue, and thou (Alcides) by  
Eurytus conquerd wéere.  
Perhaps denozement made  
twirt Deianeire and thee,



So more thy drabbe this hatefull Whore  
but wedded wife shall bee.

Th'abodement makes me feare,  
the chillie colde my corse

Doth ouerrunne, my hande doth lie  
in bed withouten force.

And me among the rest  
as wife with honest zeale

Thou hast pursude: I causde thee twice  
with warlike toles to deale.

For Achelous vppre  
his broken hornes did take

With deerie chere, that lay disperst  
and hid in durtie Lake,

Hys maymed fronte and crowne ycrackt  
for Deianeiras sake.

The monster Nessus with  
thy deadly darte was slaine,

And with his horses gozie bloud  
the waters did distaine.

But whereto write I this?

for tidings now is brought,

The shirt I gaue my husbände hath  
his cruell death ywrought.

Ay me, what haue I done?

what forst me this to trie?

O Deianeire, O cursed wench,

why dost thou doubt to die?

H. J.

And

# Deianeira

And shall thy noble Feere  
in Oeta Mount be rent ?  
And thou suruyue that were the cause  
and wrought that foule intent ?  
What now remaines to make  
a perfite proufe that I  
Was Hercules wife : the truth therein  
my dolefull death shalt trie.  
Thou Meleager in me  
thy sister shalt descrite :  
O Deianeire, O cursed wench  
why dost thou doubt to die ?  
O lynage of mishappe,  
O haplesse house I say :  
My aged Syre Oeneus lyues  
at poynt of last decay.  
Tydeus my brother is  
a poore exiled Squire,  
The tother fryde by mothers meanes  
aliue in fatall fire.  
My dame vpon hir Corps  
the cruell Sworde did trie :  
O Deianeire, O cursed wench,  
why dost thou doubt to die ?  
By gensall rightes I craue  
this onely thing of thee  
Not to surmise this wicked death  
of purpose ment by mee.

# to Hercules.

59

For Nessus stroke with Dart,  
declare me that his bloud  
Would frozen loue, and sayd it was  
for that excæding good,  
I sent a shirt to thee  
imbzude therewith to trie:  
O Deianeire, O cursed wench,  
why dost thou doubt to die?  
Now crooked Wyze farewell,  
and sister Gorge adewe:  
Thou countrie with my brother exilde,  
farewell I say to you,  
And thou that art so like  
to be the later light  
Mine eyes shall see: and Hercules  
my spouse (O that thou might)  
And little Hyl my prettie boy  
I bid you all good night,



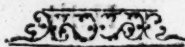
# The Argument of the x. Epistle, entituled *Ariadne to Theseus.*

**A**Ndrogeus by deceyte was done to death  
And murthered by the men of Athens towne:  
King Minos warde to wreake his losse of breath,  
And brought in fine his sturdie enemies downe,  
Seuen Maiden babes, as many men by th'yeare  
They yeelded vp to make his monster chcare.

By lot they went, untill they came at last  
To Theseus, he into the doubtfull denne  
(Clept Laberinth) to Minotaur was cast:  
But ruthfull Ariadne taught him then  
How to destory the Monster, and to passe  
By tracke of twist from Prison where he was.

With Ariadne he, and Phedra scapes,  
Ariadne at Naxus, Bacchus gaue him charge  
To leaue the one of those his goodly rapes  
(That Ariadne hight) and let hir large,  
When night was come, and she to slumber led,  
With Phedra he from Ariadne fled:

The Nymph when sleepe nap was quite exilde,  
And senses came to former force againe,  
Seing hir selfe so shamefully beguilde,  
In wretched wise with teares began to plaine:  
Requesting ruth, and platly making shewe  
That he to hir a better boone did owe.



*Ariadne to Theseus.*

**W**oe friendly haue I founde  
 than thee the brutish kinde:  
 A woeful garde than thou hast bene  
 I deeme I mought not finde.

Theseus: the lines thou belovest  
 from that selfe shoure I wright:  
 From whence (forsaking me by meane  
 of sayle) thou tookst thy flight.  
 Where me, my sleepe, and thou,  
 (a wooll wright) betrayde:  
 Thou (out alas) that eue thy kenne  
 when I to sleepe was layde.  
 It was the tyme when soyle  
 with foggie Deaw was dight  
 But lately false: and shrowded soule  
 in shadie bushes shright.  
 Where I were waking then  
 or slumbring, I wote nere:  
 But out I flong my fist to feele  
 where Theseus were there.  
 Was none such. Backe I drew  
 my hande: and out agayne  
 I rousde mine armes about the bed,  
 but all it was in vayne.

V.iiiij.

The

# Ariadne

The feare all sleepe erilde,  
I rose in gaskly dzed:  
And from my widdowish Coloch I fell  
and foule forfaken bed  
Forthwith with ruthlesse handes,  
I strake my bared breast:  
And rent my lockes, that hong (as I  
abrayde from sleepe) vnderest.  
The Moone gaue light, I lookte  
to betwe the countrie rounde:  
But saue the stonde, and stonie rudge,  
Was nothing to bee founde.  
Now hither, thither then  
I ranne, and to and fro  
I randge, the sande did lode my legs  
I had much worke to go.  
Thus whiles aboute the shore  
on Theseus name I crie:  
The hollow Rocks at erie call  
and cleaping did replie.  
How oft I calde the place  
so often Theseus namde:  
As though it would a wofull twight  
hir ayde and succour framde.  
There was a Mounte, whereon  
few trees aloft did growe:  
Which now is wore a hanging rocke  
yfet with waues that slowe.

¶ hereto

Whereto I clambe, the heart  
 my lymmes doth strengthen so :  
 As rounde aboute the surging Seas  
 my wandring eyes I throw.  
 From thence (for tho the windes  
 on me did vse their powre)  
 I saue how with a Southren gale  
 thy strowting sayles did scowre,  
 I saue it : or at least  
 for that I so surmise,  
 More colde I wore than yse, and dead,  
 by pangues my heart surprisde.  
 At home long to languish grieve  
 would not permit as than :  
 Abayde from traunce, by yste to call  
 on Theseus I began.  
 Why : whither sleepest : (quoth I)  
 retyre vnto thisie wight :  
 Doe turne thy Warke that lacks his loade,  
 and is not thoroughly fright.  
 Loke what my voyce might not  
 my plangoz did supplie :  
 And with my words I medled strokes,  
 eche blowe ensude a crie.  
 Out case thou didst not heare :  
 yet mightst thou see it plaine :  
 By handes displayde gaue liker signes  
 and tokens of my payne.

Upon



# Ariadne

Upon a pole I hang  
a flittring Kerchiffe white:  
That might reuoke to minde, that thou  
hadst me forgotten quite.  
At length I lost thy sight  
then teares gan fluthe apace:  
My cheekes long earst were woren wanne  
and flecked was my face.  
What should mine eyes haue done  
but waylde my wofull plight:  
When that they saue they might no more  
haue Theseus ship in sight:  
O? I with tresses then  
depending sole did runne,  
Incited by the Ogigian God  
as doth the droulie Ponne;  
O? casting eye to see  
did sit vpon a stone,  
My selfe as much a rocke as was  
the seate I sate vpon.  
Oft tymes to bed, that had  
receyde vs both I hast:  
The bed which coude not yelde againe  
the man that thence was past.  
And as (I might) for thee  
thy steps I did imbrace:  
And eke the couch not througly colde  
where thou thy corps didst place.

I late me dolwne, when teares  
my deadly chéeke distaine :  
And crie, reueelde accompt of two  
that hast receyued twaine.  
Since hither both we came,  
why part we not yfeare ?  
Thou trayterous couch, the chiefeest part  
make shewe where is it : wheare ?  
What might I doe : or sole  
why whither should I flee ?  
Within this Ile no woꝝkes of men  
noꝝ toyles of Dren bee.  
The sea enuirones rounde  
the land on euery side ;  
No shipman here, no Bulck that dares  
on perillous sands to ride.  
Put case I had both Mates  
and windes with wisshed saile ;  
My Syre debars me to returne,  
what shall the reast preuaile ?  
Though in a blisfull Bark  
through calmed seas I passe :  
Though Aeole please the windes, I shall  
be banisht naythelasse.  
Not Crete, that fostred Ioue  
is leessfull foꝝ to see :  
Wherein of great renoumed fame  
a hundzeth Cities bee.

# Ariadne

For not alone the soyle  
where Minos beares the sway,  
But eke my father by my fact  
I sowly did betray.  
When least thou vanysh't, shouldst  
in Laborinth haue dyde:  
I gaue thee twisse thy skillesse fote  
and twine thy steppes to guide,  
When thou me spakste (by these  
my present perils I  
Protest that thou shalt aye be mine  
till both of vs doe die.)  
As yet we both doe liue  
and I am not thy Make,  
(If women may be said to liue  
whom periurde men forsake)  
If with the Mace, that rest  
my brother monsters breath,  
Thou me hadst slaine, thy Vess had beens  
accomplisht by my death.  
Not now to minde alone  
my future happes I call,  
Which must ensue: but such as to  
forsaken wightes doe fall.  
Vnto my troubled thought  
a thousande kinds of death  
Resorte, which lesse would grieue my ghost,  
than this my lingred breath,

Who feare I shaggeheard Wolves  
from euery coast that come :  
With gnashing teeth, and ramping pawes  
my griefull guttes to noome.  
Perhaps this sauage soyle  
the Lyon browne doth breede :  
Who wottes the ruthlesse Tygres where  
this ykesome ple doth seede :  
To that, the seas are sed  
great Whales to cast to lande :  
And who (if I with sworde were wrought  
by me would friendly stande :  
I let me not be bound  
as Massall caught in bande :  
He waste the day at tourne and twist,  
or carde with captiue hande :  
That Minos haue to Sire  
and Pasiphae to Dame :  
And (that I chiefly fire in thought)  
thy pacted spouse that am.  
When I surney the seas,  
the lande, or stonie fleate :  
The grounde doth manace many things,  
the waters eke doe threate.  
Then onely Skies were left  
the formes of Gods I feare :  
I pray in wilde Desart forlorne  
for hungrie beastes to care.

# Ariadne

Though men possesse the soyle  
I giue no trust at all :  
For wronged once, the forayners sayth  
into suspect I call.  
Would Androgeus did liue,  
no? Athens bought so deare  
His dolefull death, by yelding such  
a tribute by the yeare.  
Ne thou with knottie Wace  
hadst done to death the beast  
That was a man for vpper parts,  
a Bullock for the reast.  
O that I ne had giuen  
to thee the twisted Clewe,  
Wherby the darkesome Denne to scape,  
when thou the Monster slewe.  
That thou art *Victor* aye  
I nothing muse perdie :  
No? that thou madste the vgly beast  
of Creta so to die.  
Thy steellie heart could not  
be pierst with hurtefull hozne :  
Thy breast was garded well, thereon  
though were none armour hozne.  
Thou thither flints conueydst,  
and Adamant didst beare :  
And that which flints doth farre surmount,  
A Theseus hadst thou there.

O cruell slaepes, why did  
 you tho my lymmes detayne ?  
 I shoulde as then with ruthlesse death  
 but once for all bene slaine :  
 ye windees were spitefull eake  
 and readie (oh) to sone :  
 ye puffing blastes to force my teares  
 ye haue your deuoz done.  
 The hande was cruell that  
 my bzoether and me hath slaine :  
 And sayth ygraunted me, that was  
 a name requirde in vaine.  
 Slaepe, winde, and gaged trouth,  
 did all atonce confure :  
 One sillye pyphe by triple cause  
 was guilde without recure.  
 Oh that my mothers teares  
 I dying shall not see :  
 For any for to close mine eyes  
 with friendly fist will be.  
 My haplesse ghosste to straunge  
 and vncouth skyes will flye :  
 No louing hande will noint my limmes  
 and carasse when I dye.  
 But for my bones vngraude  
 the Sea foule foule will strue ;  
 A worzhie Sepulutre for one  
 that well deserude alieue.

# Ariadne

To Athens thou wilt passe  
where in the Citie when  
Thou art receyde, and platt in pryde  
amidde thy countrie men;  
And shalt declare the death  
of dubble shaped beast:  
And stonie lodge to doubtfull wayes  
that doth so often weast:  
Display howe mee forlorne  
thou leftst in Desart tho,  
I must not be forgot, ne seeme  
to spoyle thy title so.  
Pot Aegus was thy Syre,  
nor Ethra gaue the brest:  
Of rockes and waues that thou were bred  
may easely be gest.  
From ship topp would thou mightst  
me miser wight haue behode:  
My grisely picture would haue forst  
thy stonie heart t haue reuode.  
Now not with eye beholde  
but in thy minde suruate,  
We clinging to the beaten rocke  
which makes the waues to state.  
Se how my locks doe hang  
in wailefull mourning mode  
Beholde my clothes with teares as moyst  
as they were washt in flood.



# to Theseus. 65

My carkas quakes as cozne  
 enforst with Boreas might :  
 My trembling fist the letters marres  
 as I my lines doe wright.  
 By no desert of mine  
 (for that it framde a worie)  
 I sue to thee : let not my factes  
 deserue such thancks perdie ;  
 Be griefull paynes procure,  
 for though thy liuely breath  
 I ne did saue : yet hast thou no  
 iust cause to hast my death.  
 These fainting fittes, with bea-  
 ring of my breast a good,  
 I wofull wretch extende to thee  
 through ouerwandred flood.  
 These locks (which yet are left)  
 in dolefull wise I shewe :  
 And by these teares I pray, which teares  
 thy factes enforce to flowe :  
 Good Theseu turne thy shippe  
 with wretched winde retourne :  
 Though ere thou come I die, yet of  
 the bones thou shall be sure.



# The Argument of the xj. Epistle, entituled

*Canace to Machareus.*

**K**ing Æols sonne Machareus, fell in loue  
With Canace beyonde the boundes of kinde,  
To bed this beastly broode are gone to proue  
Vnlawfull lustes delight, nature repinde :  
She naythelesse fowlye begot with chile  
Was brought a bed with barne within a while.

The Nurce conuayde the babe, who at the doore  
Exclamde : The Grandfire heard the yelling sounde  
And found the filthie fact : he made no more  
A doe, but sent the babe in blankets bounde  
Into the fieldes of Rauens to be rent,  
Or hungrie Dogges, or wandring W olues he ment.

Beside, a sworde to Canace he sendes,  
By cursed death to ende hir beastly life:  
To worke hir fathers will the Wench intendes,  
But ere she felt the force of fathers knise,  
To Machareus (to Delphos that was gone  
For succours sake) thus gan she make hir mone.



*Canace to Machareus.*

If any blottes doe blinde, or blurre my lines,  
 The murther of their Maistres makes h same.  
 My right hande holdes the pen, the left a sworde,  
 And in my carefull lappe the paper lyes.  
 Of Canace such is the grieslye forme,  
 While to hir brother she deuilde to write:  
 For so I may suffice my wrathfull Syre.  
 Oh, that himselfe were here a gazer on,  
 His daughters death: Oh, that the Auctor sawe  
 With present eye, the thing he gaue in charge.  
 So ruthlesse hee, and passing farre in rage  
 His whyrling southzen blastes, that he with drie  
 And teareles cheeks, my gaping wounds wold be  
 'Tis much (in fayth) with raging windes to liue,  
 Unto his peoples kinde his nature græs,  
 A ruler fit for such a ruthlesse race.  
 Hee checks the southzen winde, and Zephyrus,  
 With northzen Aquilo hee keepe a coyle,  
 And (Eurus eake) thy stubbozne winges he rules.  
 Hee maistres all the windes, not swelling wrath,  
 Unto his vice, his conquerde kingdome yeeldes.  
 What now auails by Grandspres to the skyes  
 Aduaunst to be? With Loue to be allyde?  
 If naythelesse in womanishe hande I holde

# Canace

Unfitting toles the sworde, a scathfull gift :  
( O Machareu ) the day that vs conioinde  
After my death one houre should haue be falne,  
A brother why, moze than a brother ought,  
Embrast thou mee: and why to thee was I  
Moze than a sister to hir brother shoulde:  
Eke I was toucht with loue, and I wotte nere  
What God it was that set my heart in flame.  
My colour quite was fledde, my carcasse leane  
And bare became, my mouth refusde to feede.  
Full harde by sleepe I came, eche night a yeare  
Did seeme, I gronde, and had no hurt at all.  
He coulde accompt my selfe why so I did,  
He kne we what loue did meane, and yet did loue,  
My Purse with aged minde, perceiude it first,  
And saide at first, I was with loue attachte.  
Whereat I blusht, and cast mine eyes to ground,  
And whist, which tokens were of giltie minde.  
At length my growing wombe began to stroute,  
And w<sup>th</sup> his weight my weakned limmes oppress.  
But then, what hearbe o<sup>r</sup> drench was to be found,  
That she ne brought : and boldely did applie:  
To fine ( which onely pranke thou neuer wisse )  
My venter might of burthen be releast,  
That wore so fast within my growing guttes :  
But ( oh ) the infant was so rype, and sticke  
So nere my ribbes, as it was safe from scathe.  
When Phoebus syster ninthlye woren was,

And tēth Whone gan to chase hir lightsome stēdes :  
 I wisse not what procure my sodaine thzowes,  
 A skillesse wight (God wotte) to beare a childe.  
 No longer I from cryeng coulde refraine,  
 O holde my peace. What will you so vnfolde  
 (No Weldaam nurse) the crime & stopt my mouth.  
 What might I myser doe : grief forst me grunt,  
 But feare, and shame, and Weldaam it forbode.  
 Then doloꝝ I repress : and vttered wordes  
 Reuokte : and was enforst to drinke my teares.  
 Death stode befoze my face, Lucina quite  
 Denyde to helpe : and death it selfe had bene  
 A monstrous cryme, if I as then had hīde.  
 When thou, with garments rent and tozen locks,  
 Relieued with thy brest my dyeng limmes,  
 And saidst . O sister liue, liue sister deare,  
 Be in one corse destroy thou bodies twaine.  
 Let hope reduce thy force, thzt brothers spouse  
 Shalt be, and wyse to him by whome thou art  
 A mother made : In sayth I was reuiude  
 At those thy chērefull wordes, that laye astraight,  
 And was releast of grieve and gylt at once.  
 Why doste thou so reioyce : King Aole sits  
 Ampd his stately hawle, my father must  
 Pot knowe nor priue be to this my gilt.  
 The busie carefull nurse with fillets fine  
 The Infant hyd, and boughes of Oliue white :  
 A sacrifice she saynde and prayde apace.

## Canace

My Father and all the people gaue hir waye,  
And licenst hir with sayned rites to passe.  
When she to thzesholde came, the yelling crie  
And clamor of the babe the father hearde;  
And so the sillye childe it selfe bewzaide.  
The infant all inragde, Æolus, raught,  
And with his furious szich the Pallace filde,  
The falsed sacrifice revealing quite.  
Euen as the Sea doth shake & trembling quappe,  
When with a gentle gale it is enforst:  
As the Ashe with southzen wind doth wagge,  
So mightst thou se my bloudlesse members shake,  
Who laye as then ystraught vpon my bedde.  
He rushed in and with an open crie  
Disclosde my fault, and from my mysers face,  
His ruthlesse handes, with much a doe withhelde.  
I blushing, nought, saue flushing teares gā shed,  
With quaking feare my trëbling tonge was tide.  
He gaue in charge the babe, (his nephew) shoulde  
To dogges & rauening foule in fieldes be slong.  
The childe exclamde, as though he had conceiude  
The Grandfires minde, to whom he lude for ruth,  
With voice, as he the sillye miser coulde.  
What heart had I then (Wzother) to your dome:  
(You may my case coniecture by your stone)  
When fore my face into the desert groue,  
My cruell foe, in hande my bowels bare,  
Of mountaine Wolues to be in quarters tozne:

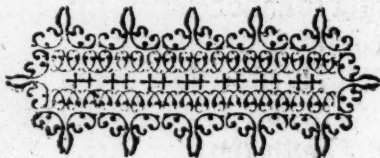
But

But out at length he from my lodge diuerts,  
 Then beate I on my breast with balefull strokes,  
 And with despiteous nayles I rent my face.  
 Meane while w<sup>th</sup> mournful chère frō Aole comes  
 In message one, that thus bespake me tho.  
 Aole (my Lorde) to thee this sworde hath sent,  
 (And therewith toke it mee) and biddes thee know  
 By thy desert and merite, what it meanes.  
 I wote, and will this sworde with courage vse,  
 Stabbing my fathers gift into my breast.  
 O thou that gauest mee lyfe, with such rewarde  
 My marriage dost thou minde for to enriche ?  
 O father, shall thy daughter thus be dowed ?  
 Hymen deceyde, doe way thy bridall bandes,  
 And flée this wicked lodge with troubled foote.  
 On me, ye swarth Erinnyes, sling the flames  
 You beare therewith to make my buriall blase.  
 O happie sisters, lincke with better lucke  
 But aye my fact in mindefull brest retaine.  
 Alas, what hath the sillye babe deserude,  
 So lately brought to light, and lothsome skyes ?  
 What fact of his y<sup>e</sup> grandfires w<sup>th</sup> might stirre ?  
 Let him be thought to haue deserude the same,  
 If so he coulde deserue. But out alas,  
 His mothers gilt the myser infant byes.  
 O sonne thy mothers dole, the praye of beastes,  
 O thou the daye of byrth, thy dame bereft,  
 O child of haplesse loue, the piteous pledge,



# Canace

This day thy first, and this shall be thy last.  
He lawfull was for me with yolded teares  
To bath thy corps : no: on thy graue to cast  
My clipped locks, and tresses cut thereto.  
He lay I on thy corps, ne from thy mouth  
The chillie kisse I caught and latter bzeath.  
But greedie beastes my rapted bowels rent.  
And I by lurching wound the infants ghost  
And shadow will pursue : ne will be said  
A mother long, no: boyde of babe to be.  
But thou (whom all in vaine, and all for naught  
Thy wretched sister hopt) the scattred bones  
Collect in fielde of thy yong sonne and mine :  
And bring them to their Dame, & place the there,  
Let one selfe byne our bodie both containe.  
Remember me, and bath my Herse with teares :  
He feare the corps of hir that loude thee well.  
I craue thee to fulfill thy sisters Vestes,  
A Miser most of all : and I will seeke  
My cruell fathers will to put in byre.  
Thy dying wife and sister sayes adewe.



# The Argument of the 69 xij. Epistle, entituled

*Medea to Iason.*

Iason in youthfull yeares to Colchos came,  
And with the Fleesc he filcht away a Mayde  
Medea cleapt, and gan his voyage frame  
To Thessalie, where once arriude he stayde.

The feeble Æson she reduced againe  
By solempne charme to lustie youthfull age,  
With fresher bloud enstuffing euerie vaine,  
She made him yong to sight that earst was sage.

King Pelias daughters deare she did perswade  
(a monstrous acte) to kill their aged Syre,  
In hope she would the Prince a princoxe made:  
Which they poore sicke Maydes did most desire.

With other fowler factes, which when shee had  
For Iasons loue (as she reported) donne,  
He shooke hir off, which made Medea mad,  
And causde hir write these lynes to Æsons sonne:  
She sight, she sued, she sobde, she manast eke,  
To be reuengde vpon the guilefull Greke.



The

# The.xij.Epistle.

## Medea to Iason.

**S**inde it yet holwe I of Colchos Quene  
Applide to thee, when y my succor craunte  
That I by Arte wold garde thee frō anoy.  
The sisters tho, y mortall twiste dispence,  
Their flaren webbe should haue vnfolden quite:  
Then might I Medea well haue losse my bzeath,  
From that my lingred lyfe is but a paine.  
Aye mee. Why euer forst with youthfull armes  
Came Iasons shyppe to set the Phrygian floce:  
At Colchos why Magnesian Arge arride?  
And Brækishe route of Phasian flood did drinke:  
Why more than needed I thy golden lockes  
Did lyke: thy featurde shape, & glosing tongue:  
If once (for that a foraine ship to thore  
At Colchos came, & bzought vndaunted wightes  
And dzeadlesse men to lande) Iason vnwares,  
Pot whisickt first, had ronne to bzeathed flames,  
And poynant hoznes of fell and yzefull bulles,  
Dz solwe the seede and had as many foes,  
And Tilman had of tillage so bene slaine:  
How much desceite (vnthzift) with thee had dide:  
And I of how much wo acquitted bene:  
It is some pleasure to vnthankfull wightes,  
For to obiect the good forepassed tournes,

That

# Medea to Iason

70

That I will vse of thee, that onely ioye,  
 And solace I will gaine, thou faithlesse man.  
 Thou hauing charge at Colchos to arrive,  
 In vncouth Hulke my wealthfull kingdome, and  
 My countrey camste vnto, where I was then  
 The same, that here thy nouell spouse is deemed.  
 My father was as riche, as is hir Svyre.  
 He Ephyren with double sea posselt,  
 In frosty Scythia tother gouernde all,  
 As farre as Pontus lesser side doth lye.  
 Oeta toke the youthfull Grækes to guestes,  
 With him, you men of Thessalie did sojourn.  
 Then sawe I thee, and gan to knowe thy name:  
 That season brought my minde to ruine first.  
 I both did see and perisht eke, inflamde  
 With fire vnknowne, & fryde in straungie glade,  
 As fore the altars burnes the torche of Wyne.  
 Both featurde wel thou were, and fates me due,  
 Thine eyes my dazeled lightes did ravishe quite:  
 Which quickly thou discridste. For who may well  
 Keepe loue in me lye, that no man it discernes?  
 Aye flame it selfe by casting light, belozapes.  
 Meanewhile þy king commaunds, & giues in charge  
 The bulles with brawnne necks to bring to yoke.  
 Maiores bulles they were: dreadfull for horne  
 Not sole, but breathing out a gasly flathe:  
 Whose howes were brasle compact, their noses set  
 With gads of steele, which blak in breathing lookt.  
 Poze

# Medea

Moreouer in open fieldes to cast the seede  
Engendring men thou were commaunded tho,  
Which wold assaile thee w<sup>th</sup> their late bozne darts,  
A thancklesse crop for him that tilde the soyle.  
The waker Dragons eyes, that neuer slept  
To guile, of all thy trauels was the last.  
Thus spake Oetes, by in gastefull dreede  
He rose eche one, and from the Table start.  
How farre from thee was then Creusas dowre :  
And raigne in iointure giuen : thy fatherlaw  
How farre : & mightie Creons daughter deare :  
A way thou wentst dismaide : with vapord eyes  
Whom I pursude, and softly bid adewe.  
As soone as wounded I to cabbins came  
Where lay my couch : I spent the night in teares.  
Besore mine eyes the balefull Bullocks stode,  
The cursed seede, the watchfull Dragon eke :  
Here feare & quivering dreed, there loue did stand,  
The feare it selfe my loue to more increast.  
In dawning to my lodge my sister came,  
Where me with tozen tresse, and lying grouse  
Upon my face, besprent with teares she found  
She craude my helpe for men of Thesalie:  
What shee required, that I to Iason gaue.  
There stands a groue w<sup>th</sup> Beach & houlme so black  
As scarce Apollos rayes may pierce the same :  
Where is in that (or tho at least there was)  
Dianas Church, the Goddesse standing there,

With barbarous hande yfraimde of massie golde.  
Winde you : or is the place with me forgot :  
Thither we came yfeare, with truthlesse tongue  
And guilefull mouth when y didst bourd me thus.  
To thee hath fortune right and polwze assignde  
Of lyfe and dreadefull death: within thy hande  
(By hir appointed loze) my state doth stay.  
Sufficeth polwze to spoyle, if any take  
Therein delight : but I reserude from scathe  
Shall mak thy former prayse and glorie grow,  
And blast thy brute in trumpe of endlesse fame.  
By my sinister haps (which lies in thee  
For redresse) and by thy noble race,  
And Grandfire, that all mortall things inrueyes :  
And by the triple forme of Dian, and  
Hir priuite sacred rites, this countrie Gods,  
(If any here within this soyle doe raigne)  
Kue on my Gates and me, O (Queene) I pray :  
And oblige me vnto thee by this boone.  
And so a Gretian thou not seeme to scozne,  
(But how might I the Gods so frindly finde :  
Soner my soule to weightlesse ayre shall wastes  
Than any (saue your grace) with me be linckt  
In spousall bande, and bridely knot be tyde.  
Let Iuno witnesse bee, that hath in charge  
The mariage rites : that holy Goddesse to  
Within whose marble Church we stoden now.  
These, or the least of these, a siely Pymp

Night

# Medea

Might moue to ruth : our hands were loyned eke,  
 I saue thy trickling teares. Where part of gulle  
 In them doth lurcke : so I was quickly wonne,  
 And soone entrapt with thy dissembling tongue.  
 Thou broughtst to yoke the brazen footed Bulles  
 In hurte of flame, and brackst the bidden soyle  
 With pointed plough : wheron in steede of graine  
 The serpents teeth y flongst, wherof there sprong  
 A troupe of Souldiers sterne, w sword & shilde :  
 That I (who gaue the oyntment) stode in drede,  
 To see the sodaine broode with armour clad :  
 Till time the earthly brothers, twirt themselves  
 To ciuill combat fell, and fought yfeare,  
 A grielesy sight, and wofull thing to tell.  
 Beholde, the waker serpent hissing came  
 With crackling scales, & with his bending breast  
 Did swip y soile. The where was doynze become :  
 Then where thy Princely spouse : & Isthmos that  
 The double sea deuides, and cuttes his course :  
 Euen I, that nowe so barbarous am become  
 To thee, (a poore and hurtefull person thought)  
 With forced sleepe, the serpents eyes did fede,  
 That safely thou mightst reue the golden flæke.  
 My father I betrayde, my natie soyle,  
 And kingdome I forsooke : and got the bone  
 Which in exile a woman may attaine.  
 My chastice was a wandring Routers pray ;  
 My sister and my louing dame I left.

But



But thee (O brother) I ne lefte behinde  
 At time of flight : my letter in this one  
 Place ginnes to faint, the thing my betrours hande  
 Did dare to doe, it dares not to recorde :  
 So I (but euen with thee) shoulde haue bene rent,  
 yet dradde I not (for what should me appall  
 As then a woman, and a guiltie wight)  
 My cursed corps to surging seas to gage ?  
 Where are those gods : where those celestiall States :  
 On vs amid the goulfe deserued planges  
 And tormments sende : on thee for thy deceyte,  
 On me for that I gaue such credit light.  
 O that the ruthlesse rockes, Symphlegads, had  
 Our lymmes surprisde, and rent our bodies so  
 As might my bones vnto thy carkasse clong :  
 O cruell Scylla sent vs to hir whelpes  
 And Dogs to bene deuourde : for Scylla ought  
 Ingratefull wightes to plague, & pay w<sup>th</sup> paine.  
 Charybdis eke that belks the swallowde waues,  
 O that it had vnder Sicilian surge  
 Our ykefome cozles cast, &whelmde in goulfe.  
 Safe thou, and *Victor* to *Amonia* comste,  
 And to the Gods presentst the golden fleete.  
 What should I Pelias daughters name, that did  
 Aguilt to pittie moued : who rent with hande  
 Their aged fathers bones : though other blame  
 Medea, yet thou haste cause to like hir well,  
 For whome I haue so often done amisse.

Thou

# Medea

Thou didst not shame (O that I words doe want  
To shew my iust complaint) thou didst not shame  
To say: from Acons house dislodge in hast,  
Commaunded I departed, followde with  
Myne infants two, and loue of thee, that eye  
Pursues my track, and followes wher I go.  
Unto mine eares, as sone as Hymen came,  
Carolde aloud, and kindeled Torches shone  
With Bauen blase: & Shaulme began to soude  
Ditties of loue, ioyfull to thee, but more  
Dolefull to me than is the Trumpets clang:  
Afright I wore, suspecting no such yll,  
Ne yet so foule offence: but naythelesse  
Through all my breast the frostie cold did runne,  
A route of people ranne, and Hymen cryde,  
Repeating oft the same: how much the voyce  
More neare appoacht, the more increast my wo.  
My seruantes sobde, and couertly did mourne.  
Who gladly would so great an euill reporte:  
And me auayling more had bene, what so  
It were, not to haue knowne. Yet sad and trist  
I wore, as though I had the truth describe.  
When of my boyes the lesser, for desire  
To see tofore the doore at what stroke,  
Oh mother mine (quoth he) forgoe the place,  
With ioyly pompe my father Iason comes,  
And glittring twirt two chayned chynals rydes  
I out of hand (my besture rent abrode)

Did plange my brest w<sup>th</sup> blowes, w<sup>th</sup> nailles my face,  
 My minde perswaded me amidst the throng  
 And thickest presse to runne, the garlands gay  
 From tresses smouthly trinide in rage to pull.  
 I hardely me withhelde from crying oute  
 (As I disheuled was) t'is mine: and scarce  
 From laying handes thereon I tho abstaynde.  
 O wronged Syre reioyce: ye men of Colche  
 Be glad: and of my brothers ghost receyue  
 Th'infests. My countrie, house, and kingdom lost,  
 My spouse, in steede of all that stode to me,  
 I rest refuse, and vtterly forlozue.  
 Serpents I did subdue, and furious Bulles,  
 One mah to daunt vnable o<sup>r</sup> to tame.  
 And I that raging fyre by Arte repelde,  
 Can by no skill my wastling flame eschue.  
 Inchauntments, herbes, and soeries saylen now,  
 The Goddesse nought, o<sup>r</sup> mightie Hecate  
 Preuayles o<sup>r</sup> helpes Medea in needefull tyme,  
 Not pleasant is to me the day, the nightes  
 (That bitter are) I wake: no gentle sleepe  
 Doth daine to lodge in lamentable brest.  
 I, that my lymmes to flumber can not force,  
 Was able well the Dragons eyes to close.  
 Other my Artes, than me, doe moze auaille.  
 The co<sup>r</sup>ps that I p<sup>r</sup>eserude, a strumpet straines  
 With folded armes and of my paynes hath fruite,  
 And thou perhaps whilst to thy fonded spouse

# Medea

Dost braue, hir eares desirous to content,  
Against my face and maners new found crimes  
Dost forge. Well may she laugh at these defaults  
Of mine: well let hir laugh in statelý seate  
With purple robe attirde: the time will come  
That she shall mourne, and weepe againe as fast,  
And farre surmount these hiddē scorching flames.  
Whylst yron, fire, or poyson may be found,  
No foe of Medeas shall vnbroken go.  
If so by hap my prayers be of powre  
To touch thy steely heart, now lende an eare  
To wordes that are inferiour to my minde.  
For I to thee in humble sorte doe sue,  
To me as thou full oft hast done of yore,  
Be prone to lie before thy fēete refuse.  
If me thou set so light, yet haue remouēce  
Of those our babes, that common are to both,  
A cruell stepdame will my children wraath,  
And rigorously entreate in ruthlesse sorte;  
And they to much resemble thee, that are  
Trapt by thy forme, whose Image moues me sore  
And whome how oft I see: so oft my face  
And moysted cheekes w<sup>th</sup> teares are all bedewde.  
By Gods I make request, by flaming light  
My Grandfire giues, and by mine earned boone,  
And by thy babes (the pawns of perfit loue)  
Repealde the bridely bed, for which I shoulde  
So many things; accomplish thy behest,

And doe with ayde thy miser spouse relieue.  
 Gaiſt men, o? Bulles, of thee no ayde I craue,  
 ſee that thou ſhouldeſt ſe watchful Dragon drench,  
 And force him yelde his daunted eyes to ſleepe:  
 But thee (that art mine owne inſect) I craue,  
 That by thy fact haſt me a mother made.  
 Demaundeſt thou for my dowre: in y ſelfe field  
 (That was to eare for golden fleſe) it lay.  
 That very fleſe of golde, my ioynture was,  
 Which if I ſhould reclaime, thou wouldeſt debarre.  
 Thy ſelfe preſerude, my dowre: the Grekiſh youth  
 My ioynture was, therewith the welth compare  
 Of Creons darling, iudge the price of both.  
 That thou doſt liue, and art a wifebound man,  
 Linkt with a ſpouſe: and haſte a father law,  
 And that thou canſt now ſhe w thy ſelfe vnkinde;  
 To me impute it, whence the guerdon came,  
 Whome I will out of hand. But to ſortell  
 The paynes what wil auayle: ay ſwelling wzath  
 Is full of threates, diſcloſing ſecret thought.  
 Euen whither yee ſhall leade, I will enſue,  
 And then perhaps he ſhall repent his deepe,  
 As I lament, I gaue a faythleſſe man  
 ſuch credit, and beleude the wordes he ſpake.  
 That god deſcerne the ſame, which ſters my bzeſt  
 I ne wote what greater thing my heart intendes.



# The Argument of the xij. Epistle, entituled

Laodameia to Protefilaus.

W<sup>th</sup> fourtie sayle when Protefilaus went  
To Troie warde, to fight for Helens rape,  
The tempest so withflooded the Greekes intent,  
As they from out port Aulide could not scape.

When flicking fame this brate had blasted wide,  
His louing wife Laodameia wrought  
Him thus, she shewes hir dreames, she willes beside  
That be the Prophets wordes should print in thought.

Whose aunswere was, that who so leapt to lande  
first of the Greekes when they to Troie came,  
Should die the death, 't was bootlesse to withstande,  
For why, the Gods appointed had the same.

He naythelesse for all his wyues wordes  
(Couragious lad) first leapt from ship to shore,  
And for his paynes was done to death with swordes,  
As had the Oracle pronounst before.  
This was the cause Laodameia pende  
These lynes, this made the wife this pistle sende.





*Laodameia to Protefilaus.*

**A** Emonian Laodameia sendeth health,  
 And greeting to Protefilaus hir spouse:  
 And wisheth it, where he sojourns to stay.  
 Reporte hath spread in Aulide that you lie  
 In rode, by meane of fierce and frowarde gale.  
 Ah, whē thou me forsookest, where was y<sup>e</sup> winde?  
 The boiling seas thine Dares shold haue wistood,  
 That was a sitting time for wrathfull waues.  
 Doe killes with a greater charge, I woulde  
 Unto my spouse haue giuen, and parled more.  
 But bedlong hence thou wentst, & wished winde  
 Of Seamen, not of me, thy sayles allurde:  
 That gale was meete for Mariners, unfitte  
 For those that loue. O spouse and Feere electe  
 To soone y<sup>e</sup> was thy clasping armes bereft.  
 Unperfite were the wordes, my soltring tongue  
 Pronounced, scarce coulde it speake & byd adue.  
 Then Boreas blew and bore thy sayles away,  
 And y<sup>e</sup> (O spouse) were quickly hence conuaide.  
 It did me good, (as long as lawfull was)  
 To gale vpon thy face, and with mine eyes  
 At parture to beholde thy countenance.  
 When thou were out of sight, I sawe thy sayles,  
 Thy sayles, that long my staring eyes detaind,



## Laodameia

When neyther thee at last noꝝ sayles I sawe,  
And nought saue waltring waues was to be sene:  
With thee my eyesight fled, and bloudlesse all  
(With darkesome cloude beset) I fell to ground,  
My fainting knees refusde to beare the corps.  
At home I phiclus my father lawe, noꝝ olde  
Acastus, lod with yeares, he mother scarce  
With water cold, from swooning might reduce.  
A charitable deede they wrought, to me  
Gainelesse, I loth that I ne tho had dyde.  
Euen with remembrance, grieve renewed againe,  
And loyall loue did gripe my chaste full breast.  
So care had I as then my tresse to trim,  
Ne yet with curious robes my limmes to wrappe,  
As they with leauie thirle whō Bacchus beates;  
So to and fro, as furie forst I ranne,  
Phylacian Matrones came to me and cryde,  
Laodamie, doe on thy brauest weedes,  
Shall I in purple Robe and Silkes be clad,  
And he wage warre vnder the walles of Troie:  
Shall I go kembe my tresse, and be an helme  
Upon his head sustaine? fresh garments shoulde  
I weare, and he his clattering Armour welde.  
As neare as euer I may, thy trauelles I  
Resemble will with dole: and during time  
Thou art in siege, will lead a dismall life,  
Duke Paris, Priams sonne (whose beautie bred  
The scath of thine) I wish thou mayst as now

An enmie be, as ill thou were a guest.  
 Oh that oꝛ thou disliked hadst the face  
 Of yong Atrides spouse, oꝛ the thy poꝛte.  
 Thou Greeke, that foꝛ thy rapted wife to great  
 A strife dost stirre, and ouermuch dost toyle:  
 (Aye me) dolefull reuenge to many wilt  
 In future time, and wailefull weake procure.  
 As Gods I pray from vs th' abodement sell  
 Remoue, and graunt that my reuerted Feere,  
 In temple may to Ioue his armour yeelde.  
 But soze I dreade, and looke how oft I minde  
 The lamentable warre, and fearefull fight,  
 Teares from my cheekes as thawed snow do trill.  
 Ide, Tenedos, Xanthus, and Ilion  
 With Simois, are gastely names to tell.  
 He would the guest presume oꝛ bene so bolde  
 Away to haue a Greekish fenie purloynde,  
 Unless he had by powꝛe and strength of hande  
 Bene able to maintaine, and beare it out.  
 His puissant foꝛce to him was not vnknowne.  
 He came reported, all betrappt with Golde,  
 And Trojan wealth vpon his bodie bare:  
 With men and armour stozde, the aydes of warre.  
 And who with all his countrie strength at once  
 And Princely powꝛe, to foꝛraine landes doth go:  
 These Helen (I surmise) did thee attache,  
 And vanquished, which may the Greekes annoy.  
 Of Hector I adrad, I know not whome,

As. iij.

But

# Laodameia

But Hector (by report of Paris) fightes  
With bloudy hande, & deales with deadly sword,  
That Hector, that beware, what so he be,  
If any loue of me as yet be leste,  
His graued name in mindefull brest ensculpe,  
Him when thou hast escape auoide the reast:  
And many Hectors there surmise to be.  
And sape (when thou art enen at point to fight)  
Laodamie my spouse did will me spare.  
If lawfull be that Greekes shall conquere Troie,  
And Ilion by sorted lotte subdue:  
Without thy woundes let it to ruine runne,  
Let Menelaus march against his foes,  
And Paris spoile of that which Paris rest.  
Let him amyd the presse of enemies throunge,  
And winne in armes, whom he in cause subdues.  
The husband ought the wife to rescue, yea  
Though she were plasht amid a troupe of foes,  
Thy cause is farre vnlike, contende for life,  
And harmelesse to escape, and onely to  
Thy Ladies lappe in safetie to retyre.  
O Dardanes, of so manie spare me one,  
Pe from his corps enforce my blood to flushe,  
He is not one whom may be seeme to fight,  
Or to his martiall foe his brest to gage,  
He better may that fightes for heartie zeale,  
Let others flushe, let Protefilaus loue.  
Him I confesse I would withhelde at home,

My tongue for feare of ill abodement slack.  
 When from thy fathers house to Troie warde  
 Thou wentst, thy foote at thre sholde stumbled tho  
 Which when I sawe, in silence mourning saide,  
 Graunt Gods that this portende a good retourne.  
 Now doe I this display, for thou in armes  
 To ventrous shouldst not be: procure that this  
 My feare to vaine and vacant windes may turne,  
 And sorte (I wote not whome) appointed hath  
 To vnderferued fate, that first of Greekes  
 With forwarde foote shall touch the Troian soyle,  
 O cursed feme, that first shall waile the losse  
 Of hir adempted feare: I craue the Gods  
 Thou shewe not then thy selfe excessive skoute,  
 Of thousande shippes let thine the latter be,  
 And last of all the hundred waues deuide,  
 (And this for warning take) go last on land,  
 Tis not thy native soyle thou fittest too,  
 At thy returne, let sayle and Oare be plyde,  
 And haste thy Bark to thy well knowne Shore,  
 Where Phœbus lurck, or else doe shine aloft,  
 Both day and night thou breddste my griefull wo,  
 But most by night, for that a season is  
 To women (that with clinching armes imbrace  
 Their louers limmes) of sugred sport and ioy,  
 For falsed sleepes I hunte in carefull couch,  
 Feeding on false delights, for want of true,  
 But why to me thy Image pale appears?  
 And

# Laodameia

And from thy mouth why such cōplaint procede:  
Enforst to watche, the ykesome ghostes of night,  
And visions I adore: no Altar through  
All Thessalie my fuming smoke doth lacke.  
Incense I yelde with intermedled teares,  
Which mingde doe surge as Wine ycast in flame,  
When I with greedie armes, shall thee retourde  
Embracing lie, and sencelesse ware for ioy?  
When lodgde with me in one selfe carelesse couch  
Wilt thou thy valiant faces of battaile blase:  
Which whilst I shall describe, though I to heare  
Shall long, yet will we coll and kisse betwix,  
For kissing deckes the tale with better grace,  
And stay procures I tongue more prompt to parle.  
But when I think of Troie, both winde and seas  
Returne to minde: and hope by howfull feare  
Is vanquishd cleane, and put to suddaine flight.  
And that the windes your middle passage barre,  
Moues me. In spite of waues you minde to passe,  
Who to his countrie would with froward gale,  
Against the will of windes shape his returne:  
And you from Greece in troublous tēpest trudge,  
Unto his towne, Neptunus barres your course.  
Whither hast you: eche vnto his home retyre.  
Why, whither go you Greekes: beholde I winds  
And cōterthwarting blasts. Some God procures  
(Not suddain chaūce) no doubt, this lingring stay.  
What saue a shamefull drabbe and harlot cancke.

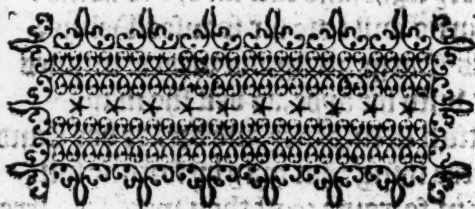
By this yout warre & battailes bzoyle is sought :  
Whilst yet you may, and lawfull is your sayles  
And sitting Barcks back to Achaia bende  
But why doe I reuoke : or call thee home :  
Let all abodements go. I pray the windes  
And calmed waues to further thine intente.  
I spite at Trojan dames, that shall suruay  
The Funerals of their Feeres & waileful spoiles,  
Nor haue their foes farre frō their coutrie boundes.  
The late betrothed spouse hir selfe will d'on  
Hir husbands Helme and harnesse with hir hand.  
She will giue armour, and while armour she  
Doth giue (a gratefull thing to both) will kisse,  
And fellow forth hir spouse, with charge to make  
Ketyze, and say (to Loue thy weapons vswe)  
Reseruing he his recent charge in minde,  
Will warely fight, and cast an eye to home :  
She at returne will lose hir spouses Helme,  
And doe his Targe away, his wearie limmes  
Relieuing with hir ayde, as best she may.  
We doubtfull in suspence, and dreade doe stand,  
Fearing eche thing that may by fortune fall.  
Yet whilst in forraigne coast thou wagest warre,  
Of war that represents thy face, I haue  
A table made : to whome I tell my tale,  
And kisse, as I thy corse was wont to coll.  
The picture is more than it seemes to sight.  
In sayth allowe the waren forme a sounde,

And



# Laodameia

And it will be Protesilaus out right:  
That I beholde, and in my husbandes steade  
Betwix my paps doe place, and frame complaint  
Thereto, as though it had the powre to speake.  
By thy retourne, and corps (my saints I sweare,  
By egall lightes of marriage and of minde :  
And by thy head (which fright with silver locks  
Too fine that I may see : and that thou mayst  
In health reuert) I sweare, that whither thou  
Shalt giue in charge, to thee I will repayre  
As following Fate, whether thou liue, or oh  
That more I dreade : and stand oh more appall.  
With this precept, and onely charge I ende,  
Respect thy selfe, and haue remorse of me :





# The Argument of the 79 xiiij. Epistle, entituled

*Hypermnestrate to Lyncius.*

**T**O fiftie daughters Danaus was Syre,  
His brother Ægypt had as many sonnes :  
Whome he to match did earnestly desire,  
With Danaus daughters : hee the mariage shonnes,  
And reason why : the Oracle had sed  
His sonne in law should hewen off his head

Ægyptus wroth with this his brothers decree  
(Of purpose that to Argos went his way  
For cause the mariage should not so proceede)  
Sent all his sonnes, with Souldiers for to slay  
Their vnkle : or his daughters at the least  
To take to wiues, and make a mariage feast.

The siege was layde, and Danaus in fine  
Of force compelde for safeties sake to yeelde  
His brothers sute : although he did repyne :  
When mariage day approcht, the father willde  
His daughters to destroye with cruell knives  
Their husbands, and to reauie their Nephewes liues.

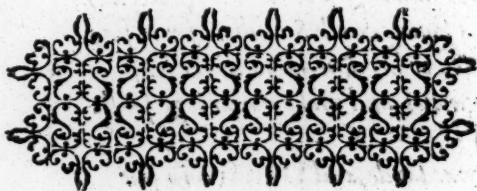
The day was come, eche slewe hir slumbring Make,  
Sane Hypermnestrate, that of all the rest

*Sparcd*

# The Argument

*Spared hir spouse, and warned him to take  
His flight : such ruth did lodge in loving breast.  
According to hir counsell so he did,  
And by that meane him selfe from daunger rid.*

*In dawning when the father came, he sawe  
Eche daughter had hir sleepe husbande slaine,  
Sawe Hypermnestra : whome withouten lawe  
He sente to warde, in Prison hir to paine,  
Where being lodged, these lynes to Lynceus she  
Devisde, and sent from Giues releast to bee.*



*Hypermnestra to Lynceus.*

**T**O him that of so many brethren lyues,  
 And sole surviues, I Hypermnestra sende:  
 The rest by their wiues guilt were sowly slaine.  
 I lode with Giiues, in prison am detaind,  
 And not agilting is my cause of scath.  
 For that my hande to murther not presume,  
 I did offence: But so I had done euill  
 And ruthlesse bene, I semblant praise had wonne.  
 More lesse I accompt guilt to sustaine,  
 Than in such sort to please mine angrie Sire.  
 He loth I hands of murther voyde to haue.  
 Though me my father (whō I ne wrongde at all)  
 With threathfull flame consume, or manace with  
 The fire that present was at sacred rites,  
 Or slea with sword, which shamefully he gaue,  
 And wife sustaine the death hir husband should:  
 Yet shall he not my dyeng lawes enforce  
 For to repent, or loth such friendly ruth.  
 Let Danaus, and my sisters for their fact  
 Agrise: This ende such mischiese aye ensues.  
 Recounting of that bloudie night doth make  
 My heart to quake, and sodaine tremor force  
 My hande to stay, from that I thought to write:  
 She whom they deemd could haue hir husband slayn  
Of

# Hypermnestra

Of murder not committed dreedes to write :  
But yet I will assay. With mantle black  
When ykesome shade gan ouerspreade the soyle,  
And sayling day did yelde to growing night :  
The sisters led to Danaus towne came,  
And there Egypt his daughters intertainde,  
Which priuily were armed w<sup>th</sup> weakefull blades,  
On euery side the golden Lamps did shine,  
And in vnwilling flames the incense fumde,  
The people, Hymen cryde, but Hymen fled  
The place, and Iuno tho hir towne forwent.  
When staggering they with wine, & fellowsrie,  
With garlandes fresh about their moysted locks,  
To lodgings glad (there buriall places) go :  
And on there funerall beddes their corpes cast.  
With Wine and slumber now they loden lay,  
And quiet rest throughout all Argos was,  
When (to my seeming) round about I heard  
Of dyeng men the grunts : which I in deede  
Did heare, and as I drad, it fell at last.  
My bloud was fled, the heate forsooke my limmes  
And in my notuell couch full colde I laie.  
As Zephyrus the slender Reedes doth stirre,  
And winter ayze doth shake the Popple tre :  
Euen so (or more) I quooke : astraught thou layst,  
The wine I gaue thee, was to forcen sleepe.  
My fathers charge all feare had quite erilde,  
I rose, and tooke in trembling hande the sword.

(I tell but truth) thise caught I by the toole,  
 And thise from out my reaching fist it fell.  
 I naythelesse enforced by my Syres  
 Ruthlesse precept, and wailefull warning giuen,  
 Unto thy throte applyde the threating sworde.  
 But feare and pittie my attemptes withstode :  
 My ruthfull fist refusde my fathers charge.  
 Renting my purple robes and tresses downe,  
 In whispyng wise then I thus gan to speake.  
 Thy father (Hypermnestra) cruell is  
 To thee, fulfill his Best : a fellow let  
 Thy husbände Lynceus to his brothers go.  
 Ah, I a Mayden am by nature and  
 By age debonaire, ne my hande for warre  
 And slaughter vsitting is, seemely fact.  
 But what : go to, and while occasion serues,  
 Thy valiant sisters sue : I deeme by this  
 They all their Féesres haue sent to Plutos Court.  
 Oh, if this hande could any murder done,  
 Unto my bloud it should an issue giuen.  
 For bearing rule within their vncles raigne,  
 They not deserued death, which naythelesse  
 To forraine sonnes in laue should bene assignde.  
 But case the men had well deserude to die :  
 What haue we misers done : or how aguilte :  
 What makes that I should not be ruthfull eye :  
 Fie : what with cruell sworde haue I to doe :  
 What should a Mayd in warlike weapons deale :

# Hypermnestra

My handes for turne and twist moze sifter were.  
Thus I, and whiles I plaine, my teares ensude,  
And from my face vpon thy carcasse fell.  
Whilst me to coll þ threwoſt thy ſenſeleſſe armes,  
The ſword wel nie thine armes had recht a wound.  
At length, of Syre, his ſeruants, and the day  
Dreading: theſe words to bꝛake thy ſleepe, I ſpake  
Lynceus, that of thy brothers ſole doſte lye,  
This night (vneleſſe thou haſt) will be thy laſt.  
Thou vpright affright, and ſleepe abandoned  
In trembling fiſt thou ſawſte the cruell ſworde.  
To thee, that tho didſt long to knowe the cauſe,  
Whiſt night will giue thee leaue (ſlee, ſlee, q I)  
By night thou fledſt, and I remainde behinde.  
Aurora roſe, when Danaus gan to coumpt,  
And tell the corſes of his murthꝛed ſonnes:  
Thou onely of the tale were founde alacke.  
That of his nephewes one had ſcapte the death,  
He tooke in rage, complayning not ynoughe  
Bloudeſhed to be: ſuch was his eger thyꝛſt.  
I from my fathers ſeete was taken ſtraight,  
And haulde by the haire, to cruell pꝛiſon thruſt:  
Of ruthfull pitie ſuch the guerdon was.  
Dame Iunos wꝛath hath euer ſith endurde,  
That I o of a þimphe a Colwe became,  
And from a colwe to Goddeſſe was tranſfoꝛmde.  
Alas, t'was payne ynough a ſiellie mayde  
To loꝝgh in fieldes, and not hit Ioue to pleaſe.

But

But lately made a Cowe, hir fathers barickes  
 She stode vpon, and gazed in the flood  
 vpon the hoznes, which earst were neuer hers,  
 And minding so to speake she loutght a good,  
 Both of hir forme, and of hir voyce afrayd.  
 Why Myser dost thou flee : why musest at  
 Thy selfe in fowde, and numbest so thy fete :  
 That art to other members now transmude :  
 Thou, whom dame Iuno had in great suspect,  
 With boughes, and sedge thy famine dost expell,  
 Of foud thou drinkeste, and gazest all agast  
 vpon thy forme, dreading y hoznes thou bearest;  
 And one, of late so rich as might accoy  
 The mightie Ioue, lvest bare vpon the soyle.  
 By seas, by lands, and cosin fouds thou runst,  
 Both sea and land, and lakes doe giue thee way,  
 Passage both sea and lande, and Lakes allow.  
 What is thy cause of flight : why (Iö) why  
 Dost thou rangle the largie seas about :  
 Thine owne countenance thou maist not wel aboid,  
 Why (Iö) whither fleest : the thing thou shonste,  
 Thou followeste aye, and doest by flight pursue.  
 Thou dost both leade and follow hir that leades,  
 Nilus, to sea with seuen folde streamz y flows,  
 Made hir doe way hir brutish shape at last.  
 What neede I name the reast, that aged folke  
 Resite : my yeares occasion yelde of plaint.  
 My Syre and Uncle warre, we sisters we,



# Hypermnestra

Of realme and raigne exile, are banisht farre,  
He cruell both the seate, and Scepter rules,  
We needie rangle with our needefull Syre.  
Of bzethzen now the lesser parte doth liue.  
Whome I (as well the parties done to death  
As Authozs of the cruell facte) be wayle.  
For looke how many brothers I am bereft  
So many louing sisters losse I eke.  
For eyther part my dolefull teares I shed.  
Lo, I (cause thou doste liue) sustaine the smart.  
What should I guiltie beare? what tormēt bide,  
That wrongfull payne without desert endure?  
I that was one of hundzed allyes earst,  
One brother liuing Miser shall be slaine.  
But thou (O Lynceus) if regarde at all  
Of ruthfull syster lodge within thy bzeast,  
And worthie be, the guerdon I thee gaue:  
O: ayde me, o: with death forcedoe my cozle.  
And lay my limmes deuoide of life by stealth  
In earth, my bones engraue with faithful teares,  
And on my Tombe this slender title write.

*A boone vnfit for ruth, in wrong exile,  
The death, that Hypermnestra from hir spouse,  
And brother turnde she miser wight endurde.*

Much moze in heart yet coulde I finde to write,  
Saue that my hands the clinking chaines do lode,  
And gassly feare my wonted strength bereaues.



# The Argument of the xv. Epistle, entituled

83

*Paris to Helen.*

Syr Paris gone to Greece  
faire Helena to coy,  
In Lacedemon landes at length,  
receyued like a Roy  
At Menelaus house:  
The Host to Creta goes  
Atreus goodes but lately dead,  
in order to dispose.  
Whose absence gaue the guest  
occasion to bewray  
His sute to Helen, whilst (goodman)  
hir husband was away.  
He shewes his secret loue  
and what good will he beares,  
And to make breach into the Forte  
the subtile Souldier sweares.  
He bragges of stately stock,  
he vauntes of Princely kinde:  
He telles of Dardan dames of Troie  
and more than was to finde.  
The Lady to allure,  
his painted sheath he shewde:  
And in this wise his Peacocks plumes  
the Troian spread abroad.



Liiij.

The

# The.xv.Epistle.

## Paris to Helen.

**H**is græting Paris sendes  
to Ledas daughter deare:  
**W**hole helthful state doth whole depend  
vpon thy friendly cheare.  
**W**hat : shall I speake : or needes  
not this my flame be showane ?  
And more than I could wish to be  
is loue alreadie knowne ?  
**N**or lesser should it lurke e  
(if I might haue my will )  
**T**ill fortune framde, as feare ne dreade  
my gladsome ioyes might spill.  
**B**ut I to cloake by craft  
my loue not know the wayes :  
**F**or who can hide the flackring flame  
that still it selfe betrayes ?  
**B**ut if thou loke that I  
with worde confirme the deede :  
**T**ake this as proufe of hidden heart,  
I frie with feruent glæde.  
**L**et him that doth confesse  
finde at thy handes such grace :  
**I**n reading friendly all the reast,  
as fittes thy featured face.

It made me ioy to heare  
my letters were receyde:  
Whereof that he shall fauour finde  
thy Paris hath conceyde.  
Which hope I wish to be  
of force, no: thou for nought  
Of me throught ouerpasted seas  
by Venus Hestes be sought.  
For least thou witlesse ere,  
I came vnto this place  
By warning of the Gods, and no  
small God doth ayde my case.  
Great guerdons I demaunde,  
but not vndue to mee:  
For Venus did compound that I  
should fast be linckt with thee.  
By hir conduct I from  
Sigeus litto: came  
In Phereclean Barck, and did  
by seas my iourney frame.  
She gaue me windes at wil,  
and weather safe to saile:  
So maruell if she that was borne  
of waues, on seas preuaile.  
Let hir persist, and calme  
the raging of my breast,  
As earst she did the seas: and bring  
my holwes to harbours reast.

## Paris

I brought with me this fire  
I found not here my flame :  
Which was the cause that hither I  
my boyage long did frame.  
Not hither Winters stormes  
oꝛ errour me did driue ,  
At Tenaris was aye my minde  
and purpose to ariue.  
Surmise not me with wares  
oꝛ marchants Hart to wende  
Through fishfull flouds : the wealth I haue  
immortall Gods defende,  
He as a gaser I  
to Graian Cities came :  
For Trojan towne (my native soyle)  
thy Greece would lightly shame.  
But thou whome Venus earst  
vnto my bed behight,  
Didst cause me come, foꝛ whome I wisht  
oꝛ ere I knew the wight.  
In minde I beelde thy face  
befoze I sawe with eye :  
And brute by flickring fame at first  
thy beautie did descrie.  
And maruell is it none  
if I as one that was  
Stroke a farre with thirlings shafte,  
in loue my time do passe.

For so it please the fates,  
 which least thou seeke to breake :  
 Lende eare to such vndoubted trutthes  
 as I intende to speake.

When me within hir wombe  
 my mother did detaine :

And that the wearie poyle thereof  
 hir strowting corps did paine :

She seemde by Morpheus meanes  
 in dassed doubtfull dreame,

To haue as then bene brought abed  
 with flaming fierie streame.

Afright with feare she rose,  
 and what she saue, she tolde

The aged King, and he forthwith  
 consulted sages olde.

Who preaching did pronounce  
 that Ilion shoulde flame

With Paris fire, this ardent loue  
 I feele, it was the same.

My forme and forwarde heart  
 (though then I seemde but base)

Was proufe and token that I came  
 of haulte and haughtie race.

A place there is in Ide

mid bushie laundes belowe,

Whereto no open way doth lie,

but Wyre and Holme doth growe :

- Where

# Paris

Where neither simple Sheepe,  
nor Mountaine Goate did gnawe:  
Nor lumpish Ore with flapping lippes  
hadilde his mowching maue.  
From thence the Dardane walles,  
and buildings huge to see:  
And waltring waues of drenching seas,  
I leande against a tree.  
With tramplng fete me thought  
the soyle began to moue:  
(Though I display but truth, yet thou  
wilt scarce my tale approue:)  
By force of flickring wings  
was brought vnto the place  
Cylenus, Atlas Nephewe neere,  
and stood tofoze my face.  
(As lawfull t'was to see,  
be loefull to recite)  
And in his hande a golden rodde,  
the God did holde by right.  
And heauenly Ladies three,  
dame Venus, Iuno and  
The Princely Pallas, all at once  
set footing on the sand.  
I quoke for dread, my haire  
stood staring on my heade:  
When (set thy feare aside) to me  
the winged Heratolde sed.



Thou art a iudge of formes,  
Sint all this godly warre :  
And tell which of these three by right  
thy verdit doth p̄sarre.  
And least I should refuse,  
from Loue he gaue me charge :  
And therewith flue with gate direct  
into the Heauens large.  
My strength began to growe,  
and courage come anelwe :  
And then I d̄ad not of the three  
to take a perfit beue.  
All were surpassing wightes,  
but yet I stode in d̄ed,  
(Assigned Judge) that erie one  
might not alike be sped.  
For one among the reast  
surmounted other so :  
As that it were the Purce of loue  
thy selfe wouldst lightly know.  
Such carke they had to winne,  
as eche one did interde,  
By largesse, and their goodly gifts  
my doubtfull dome to bende,  
An Empire Iuno gaue,  
dame Pallas vertues raigne:  
I doubtfull stode where polye oʒ her  
tue were - he best of twaine.

When

# Paris

When sweetly Venus smilede,  
let gifts not moue thy minde  
(Quoth she) friend Paris: both repleate  
with trouble thou shalt finde.  
My onely boone shall be,  
that thou shalt loue, and haue  
The snowe white Ledas dearling deare  
And daughter passing bzaue.  
She said, when iustly scande  
both foymes and guerdons weare:  
The last with pzikke and pzaile began  
to mount vp to hir spheare.  
Meanewhile (as froward fates  
to better fortune grewe)  
By certaine signes for Priams childe  
the Troians Paris knelwe.  
The sonne receyude, the house  
long time was filde with ioie:  
And that selfe day continues still  
as halowde yet in Troie.  
And as I long for thee,  
so maydens loude me well:  
Thou onely mayst their wish atchine,  
and beare away the bell.  
Not Princes heyses alone  
or daintie dames imbrast:  
But seemely Pymphes in ardent loue  
with me were coupled fast.

But lothsome was their loue,  
 I wayde th. in all alecke.  
 When I of Helen stode in hope,  
 whome Venus wilde me seeke.  
 I waking with mine eye  
 did see thy face by day.  
 And in my heart I knowde thy forme  
 when Phœbus was away.  
 What wilt thou present doe,  
 that in mine absence so  
 Didst Paris please : I fryde though farre  
 the fierie flame were tho.  
 No longer this my hope  
 I coulde deferre at last,  
 But that my purpose to aspire  
 to sea I went in hast.  
 With Phrygian Axe were cut  
 the Trojan trees to ground :  
 And timber, what so for the seas  
 most fittest then was found.  
 The haughtie hilles were spoylde  
 of great and worn woods :  
 And Ida lent me many a tree,  
 with all their sturdie shrowds.  
 The Oakes for warped keales  
 and rudder were ysquarde :  
 And with his crouked clinching ribbes  
 the ship was well preparte.

## Paris

W<sup>h</sup>ē added masse and toppe,  
and hanging sayles therto :  
And in the sides our painted Gods  
were portred all aroe.  
In shippe wherein I went  
was with hir little boye  
Dame Venus grauen, whose behest  
was causer of my loye.  
W<sup>h</sup>en Paue was addresse,  
and readie was the charge ;  
To passe vpon Egean seas,  
was giuen me in charge.  
My parents by requeste  
my boyage woulde haue stayde :  
And that I would sojourne with them,  
as earnestte suiters prayde.  
My sister with hir lockes  
( Cassandra ) lolling dōwne :  
( W<sup>h</sup>en shippes were readye to abale,  
from porte within a stōne )  
W<sup>h</sup>y : whyther goske ( q<sup>u</sup> she ? )  
thy freyghting shalbe flame :  
Thou little knowste what fyre thou setste,  
that dost this iourney frame.  
I finde hir wordes a trothe,  
I feele the forsayde heate :  
And raging loue in yelding brest  
as kindled cole doth create,

With that I left the porte,  
by meane of blissefull blast  
And frindely gale, I did arrive  
vpon thy cosse at last.  
Thy husbände toke me guest,  
with whome I harbourde thee:  
And not without the Gods aduise  
he practisde, that I knowe.  
Who made me shewe of all  
that goodlie was to be  
In Lacedemon, or else where  
in stately Greece he knewe.  
But nought might please mine eye,  
or hungrie fantasie seeke:  
Who for thy passing praysed shape  
wyth longing heart did seeke.  
Whome when I saw, I musde,  
mine inwarde parts I fealt  
Surprisde with newe vnwonted cares  
in monstrous wise to mealt.  
A face resembling thine  
(of trouth I minde it well)  
Had Venus, when to iudge of hues  
to Paris lot it sell  
If thou hadst there bene prest,  
contending for the game:  
I doubt where Lady Venus shoulde  
so lyghtly wonne the same.

# Paris

Reporte hath spred thy prayse,  
 and Fame hir trumpet blowne :  
 So that in euery country is  
 sayde Helens beawtie knowne.  
 In Troian towne is none,  
 nor from the rising Sunne  
 A famous Lasse that for hir hue  
 a semblante prayse hath wonne.  
 And if thou darste beleue,  
 thy beawtie doth surpasse :  
 And common rumoz doth impeache  
 and breades thy beawtie lasse.  
 Heare finde I more than me  
 the goddesse had behight :  
 And all that glozie by thy face  
 and forme is passed quight.  
 Pot Theseus loude for nought,  
 that knewe so well thy shape :  
 That were of suche a noble Duke  
 surmisde a seemely rape.  
 When by the grækishe guise  
 a naked Pynphe didst spozte  
 With naked wightes, in place of playe  
 wher Grecians did resort.  
 I prayse him for his rape,  
 I muse he would forgoe  
 So good a pray : with valiant heart  
 it should bene healde you know.

For from these shoulders firſte  
 ſhould fall my ſcotched ſkull :  
 Ere the out of my griping handes  
 a mortall wight ſhoulde pull.  
 Would eare theſe armes of mine  
 haue let thee ſo depart ?  
 O during life mightſte thou at all  
 from Paris clummes aſtart ?  
 If needes I ſhould forgoe,  
 I would haue had a ſhare,  
 For all in Iole ſhoulde haue layen  
 the luſtfull Venus ware.  
 O I thy maydenhead would  
 and dayntie ſlowe haue gaynde :  
 O that which might haue bene alowde,  
 if maydenhead were reſtraynde.  
 To Paris plye, and thou  
 his conſtant heart ſhalt trie :  
 Who bolues with thee in ſelfe ſame fyre  
 and funerall flame to fyre.  
 For I haue thee preferde  
 before the regall maſe,  
 Which welthfull Iuno offered, when  
 I ſat in iudges place.  
 And to thee ſine I might  
 with armes thy necke enſolde :  
 I ſcornde the vertue Pallas gaue,  
 more worth than glowing golde.



## Paris

That time when Ladies thrée  
    appearde in stately Ide,  
By dexter iudgement there to haue  
    their doubtfull quarrell tride ;  
I sorrow not my choyce,  
    ne yet repent at all :  
My stable minde doth aye persist  
    as then it did, and shall.  
This one request I make,  
    let not my hope be vaine,  
(O famous dame) that well deseruste  
    pursute with endlesse paine.  
No Raskall seeks to match  
    him selfe in gentils blood :  
Be thou to be my wedded spouse  
    mayst thinke thy selfe to good.  
The Pleyade mayst thou finde,  
    and Loue with stately stile  
To me alide, the middle Brand  
    sires though I shoulde concile.  
In Asia raignes my Sire,  
    (a freshe and fruitefull soyle)  
Which scarcely may enuironde be  
    with long and painefull toyle.  
Of Cities manie one,  
    and lodges shalt thou see :  
And Temples such as fit for Gods  
    thy selfe wilt deeme to bee.

Great Wallles with loftie towres  
 and Ilion shalt thou bewee :  
 Which stately buildings by the sounde  
 of Phœbus musicke grewe.  
 What of the hugie presse  
 of people should I tell ?  
 The countrie scarce contaynes the folke  
 that in the Cities dwell.  
 A troupe of Troian dames,  
 and Patrones thee will maete :  
 The Phrygian fernes will stufte eche Porch,  
 and euerie other streete.  
 How often wilt thou say  
 Achaia is but powre ?  
 The welth of Greekish townes is found  
 in euerie little towre.  
 Be lawfull is for me  
 thy Sparta to despise :  
 The place where thou were fostred, I  
 most blisfull doe surmise.  
 Yet Sparta is but spare,  
 more pompe thou dost deserue :  
 So meane a soyle for such a face  
 doth nothing fitly serue.  
 Such beautie larger coast  
 would well beseme in deede :  
 And aye on new delights were maete  
 for such a face to feede.

## Paris

When thus thou belve our men  
attirde, and brauelie dyghte :  
What wilt thou iudge of Troian truls,  
and of their besture byghte :  
Now shewe thy selfe a friend,  
nor of a Phrygian scozne  
Thou daintie dame, in Therapnean  
countrye that were bozne.  
For he a Phrygian was  
and come of Troian line :  
That to the Gods their Nector giues  
commixte with water fine.  
A Troian Tython too,  
and yet she likte him well,  
Which with the golden dawning doth  
the drowping night expell.  
Anchises was a Tro-  
ian bozne, and bred they say,  
With whome the dame of loue in Ide  
in shrowding shaddowe lay.  
Thy spouse with me comparde  
(though thou thy selfe were iudge)  
For yeares and seemely shape woulde be  
a Rascall and a Snudge.  
I will not giue to thee  
a father lawe, that by  
His cursed fate did force the Sonne  
his fearefull steades to wry.

He Pelops was the Syre  
 of Priam, that with bloud  
 Of Oenāmus imbrude his handes,  
 and Mirtill dzenchte in floud.  
 For doth our Grand Syre gape  
 for fruite in flattring lake  
 Of Styx: nor seeks for waues in well,  
 his growing thirst to slake.  
 But what auayleth this  
 if one be linkt with thee  
 Of their discente: Ioue is enforst  
 this families head to bee.  
 Fye shamefull fact, all night  
 that same vnwoorthy patch  
 With thee doth sleepe, and with his armes  
 thy sugred corpes doth catch.  
 Thee scarcely I descrie  
 when table clothes are led:  
 And that selfe tyme with carke and care,  
 and sorrow ynoughe is sped.  
 Unto my mortall foes  
 suche banquettes fall I craue:  
 As when that Bacchus comes to boorde  
 I sielie Paris haue.  
 I hate mine hostage soze,  
 when so the rusticke layes  
 His armes vpon thy snowishe necke,  
 and with mine Hostesse playes.

## Paris

I swell with wrath (but what  
Should I now all declare ?)  
When with his clothes displayde, the Chuffe  
thy husband, hydes thy bare.  
But when you gan to kisse  
and coll eche other apace :  
(For that I would not see) the cuppe  
I set before my face.  
Loke when he thee imbrazt,  
to ground mine eyes I threwe :  
And in vnwillig mouth my meate,  
and ykesome praunder grewe.  
And grunting oft with grieve,  
I saue full well when thou  
At those my woes in wanton wise  
wouldst smile with laughing brow.  
With wine oft times I woulde  
that burning flame suppress :  
But dronkenesse was flame in fire  
and thus my heate increast.  
And sundrie sights to shunne,  
away my head I tourne :  
But thou estwoones wouldst make mine eyes  
and fancie to retourne.  
Thus doubtfull what to doe,  
agriefe these things to see :  
But yet a greater grieve alway  
from such a face to bee.

As much as lay in mee  
 this rage I strue to hide:  
 Yet naye thelesse dissembled loue  
 is quickly to be spyde.  
 He art thou ought deceyde,  
 to thee my woundes be knowne:  
 And would to God that of my griefes  
 thou priuie were alone.  
 How oft when teares gan flush,  
 turnde I my head awzie?  
 Least he the cause of mournfull mode  
 should fortune to discerie?  
 How often being crasde  
 haue I some loue exprest?  
 And would vnto thy featurd face  
 eche worde and sentence wress?  
 And of my selfe in close  
 and sayned name made sholwe:  
 Euen I am he that loude so well,  
 if thou the same not knowe.  
 And that I frankly might  
 vse wanton wordes at will:  
 I would make wise of Bacchus wares  
 as though I had my fill.  
 Thy bzeast (I well recorde)  
 (thy vesture being loose,)  
 Displayde vnto my staring eyes,  
 thy beautie did disclose.

## Paris

Thy bzeast than Mountaine snow  
o; Morning milke moze cleare,  
O; Ioue that in the forme of Swanne  
to Leda did appeare

Whylst at the sight I gazde  
(I helde a Cuppe by happe)  
And from my fist the Cuppe it fell  
and in the floze did snappe.

When thou thy daughter kist,  
I would, the kisse to win,  
Hermions chéekes and cherrie lips  
eftsones to smack begin.

Sometime laide bolte vpright  
of former loue would sing:  
And other sithes by beck would giue  
a signe of secrete thing.

The chiefe of all thy Mates  
I bourded but of late:

To Clymen, and to Æthra I  
in humble wise did prate.

Who aunswerd nothing else  
but that they stode in dzead:

And euen amid my earnest sute  
away from me they fled.

Would thou were platt as price  
at some notozious watch,

That he who best in armes deserude,  
thée for his Feere might catch.

Then



Then as Hippomenes wanne  
 Atlanta in the fildes,  
 To whome a flock of suters earst  
 in running race did yeelde:  
 As Hercules the hoznes  
 of Achelous broke,  
 When Deianeiras loue to fight  
 the Champion did prouoke:  
 I would my valiant prowes  
 in semblant sozt haue showane:  
 And that thy beantie cause the same  
 to thee it should be knowne.  
 Now nought remaines, but euen  
 to sue to thee (faire dame)  
 And grouse to foze thy fete to fall  
 if thou permit the same.  
 O flowre, and present prayse  
 of both thy brothers hyze:  
 O worthe wife for mightie Ioue  
 if I oue were not thy Sire;  
 O to Sigcian porte  
 with thee I will retire;  
 O in exile at Tenaris  
 my carkasse shall expire.  
 For why, no slender darte  
 hath cleft my bzeast in twaine,  
 The moztall wound hath bzolde the bones,  
 and ransackt euery vaine.

## Paris

In this (I minde it well)  
Cassandra spake aright :  
Who said, in future time on me  
a heavenly shaft should light.  
Wherefore, doe not despise  
the loue alloude by fate :  
So mayst thou haue the gaskely Gods  
thy friends in needefull state.  
I haue a thousande things  
which franckly to recite,  
Receyue me to thy carelesse couch  
in sere and silent night.  
What : dost thou shame, oꝛ stande  
in such a bashfull dzed,  
Foꝛ to defile with secret scape  
thy chaste and bꝛidely bed :  
Too simple sure thou art,  
a rustick might I say :  
Thinkest thou that so well forinde a face  
from guilt may scape away :  
Oꝛ thou must chaunge thy hue,  
oꝛ not be heard at least :  
Twirt beautie and an honest life  
was euer warre infeas.  
Foꝛ Ioue delightes in stealthes,  
and Venus loues the same :  
Ne Ioue had bene thy syze, vnlesse  
had Leda likte the game.

If griftes of loue haue force  
scarce chaste thou mayst be thought :  
At home lustfull Ioue and Leda light  
into this worlde brought  
Then lead an honest life,  
when we in Troie shall be :  
Let none be able to defame  
saye Helen, but by me,  
Now let vs forge the fact  
which mariage shall amende ;  
If Ladie Venus wordes be true  
as she did pretende.  
Thy husband not in wordes  
but dedes perswades thereto :  
Who, for he would no hindrance be,  
devisde from Greece to go.  
He had no fitter time  
to ride from home then than ;  
O Lord it is a worlde to see  
the subtile craft of man.  
Myne Host is gone, who said  
at parture : wife I will  
Thou take in charge my Trojan guest,  
thy husbands hestes fulfill.  
I sweare, thou dost neglect  
thy absent Faeces request :  
For why, thou hast no carke at all  
to entertaine thy guest.

What

## Paris

What dost thou thinke in déede  
that dolefull fiely man,  
The thewes of Helens passing forme  
may iudge, or thzoughly scan :  
In faith thou art beguilde ;  
for if the good hæ owes,  
He knew therewith he would not trust,  
a guest he scarcely knowes.  
Though neyther thæ my voyce  
nor friendship may procure  
To yeelde me grace : conuenient time  
may cause vs to play sure.  
Or else we are but dolts,  
and moze than he to blame ;  
If such occasion we permit  
to slide deuoyde of game.  
In maner with his hande  
he gaue his guest to thæ :  
Sée thou doe vse his simplenesse  
that had such care of mæe.  
The long and lothsome night  
thou lodgest all alone :  
And I poze Paris to redresse  
my haplesse harmes haue none.  
Let entermedled ioyes  
consoyne vs both yfear :  
And that selfe night shall sême to vs  
than bzightest day moze cleare.

Then

Then will I make my vow,  
 appealing Gods to othe:  
 And by a sacred bande to thee  
 for pawninge ingage my troth.  
 And then (vnlesse the trust  
 I in my selfe repose  
 Be baine) I vnto thee estwones  
 my scepter will disclose.  
 But if thou shame, and dread  
 to condescende thereto:  
 I onely will sustaine the guilt  
 and thou exempt shalt go.  
 For why, thy brothers fact,  
 and Theseus will I take  
 As myroturs: nearer prouise than this  
 I know thou canst not make.  
 The Theseus earst, they two  
 Leucippids haue bereft:  
 And I as fourth example made  
 and mirrour shall be left.  
 My Paue is at hande,  
 of men and armour store:  
 We shall to Troie flit in haste  
 by meane of winde and Dre.  
 Thou like a stately Quene  
 through Dardan streates shalt ride:  
 The Commons will some Goddesse newe  
 surmise to haue espide.

## Paris

What way soener thou goest,  
the perfumes they shall sweate :  
And slaughtred beastes the gorie groundes  
with bloudie strokes shall beate.  
My sisters with my dame,  
my brothers with the King,  
And al the Troian Matrons shall  
their ample guerdons bring.  
Oh, scarce one parsell I  
of future thinges recite :  
Thou shalt haue more, than in these lines  
my feeble penne can write.  
He doe thou rapted stande  
of dreadfull warre in awe :  
He feare that grudging Greece his force  
to weake this rape will drawe.  
Though sundry were conuaide,  
was neuer none pursude  
With clattring armes : of troth this dread  
vs causelesse doth delude.  
In Boreas name the men  
of Thrace Orithia stole :  
Yet Byston had no hatefull warres,  
nor enemies to controle.  
In nouell Barke was brought  
by Iason through the seas  
Medea : Colchos kepte no coyle  
ne Thessalie did disease.

And

And he that stole the first  
rest Minos dearling deare:  
And yet his men of Creta did  
not once in armour feare.  
The feare in these affayres  
the daunger doth excell:  
But afterwarde of feare we shame  
when euery thing is well.  
But ease, that warre were wagde:  
(if so thou list to thinke)  
What, I haue men, and armour eake  
yea such as will not shrinke.  
And Asia is no lesse,  
than is your country wide:  
Of valiant wightes we haue good store.  
and startling steades to ride.  
For Menelaus shall  
of greater courage bee  
Than Trojan Paris, nor in armes  
more stiffe and stoute than hee.  
For being yet a childe  
I slue my haughtie foes  
That stole my herde: and of that fact  
my valiant name arole.  
And being but a ladde  
in sundry combates wanne  
The plame from Ilioneus, and eake  
Deiphobus the man.



## Paris

And leaſt thou ſole ſurmiſe  
me to preuaile at hande :

I can enforce my thirled ſhafte  
full neare the marke to ſtand.

The like attempte in youth  
Atrides neuer made :

Pe Menelaus mayſt thou match  
with Paris for his trade.

Though all things elſe thou graunt,  
yet Hector can not bee

His brother, which will ſtande in ſteade  
of thouſande men to mee.

Thou little knowſte my powre,  
my force from thee is lockt :

Thou canſt not tell what man is he  
with whome thou ſhalt be ſhockt.

Or with no tumult thou  
ſhalt be required againe :

Or Greekiſh tentes to Paris parte  
to yeelde they ſhall be faine.

Yet neede I not diſdaine  
to warre for ſuch a wiſe :

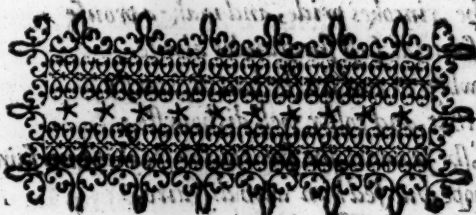
For why, the price doth well deſerue  
to ſtirre a greater ſtrife.

And thou, if all the worlde  
for thee ſhould ſeeme to ſtrive :

ſhalt ſtande aſſurde in after time  
for aye to be aliue.

What heretofore

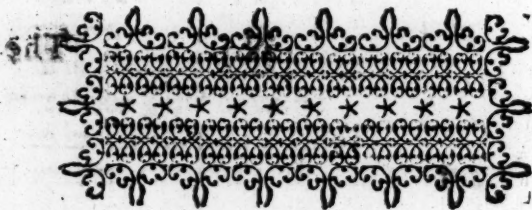
Wherefore with dreadlesse hope  
 departing from this shore,  
 And blissefull Gods, the guerdons crane,  
 I thee behight before.



*[Handwritten signatures and flourishes]*

72 The Argument of the  
xvj. Epistle, entituled  
Helen to Paris.

**W**Hen Helen had the Troians writte prussde  
She thought hir selfe to shamefully abuse.  
She deemed it not the part of any guest,  
To whoredome so his hostesse minde to wrest.  
To quail the princokes pride, and make a prouise  
Of spotlesse fame, as first she standes alonse.  
At length woe... and fro she had discourste  
Of this and that, and couer well disbourste.  
She fawnes, she frownes, she freates, she speakes him faire,  
She offred hope, but fed him with dispaire.  
As women wont, deuising many a toy,  
But Paris hir in fine conuaide to Troie.



*Helen to Paris.*

**W**ho since thy letters haue  
thus rashly wrongde my sight:  
I thought it needefull with my penne  
thy Wistle to requite.

And didst thou dare a guest,  
(the boundes of hostage broke?)

An honest Patron, well espoused;  
to pleasure to prouoke?

For this by whisking windes,  
ytost on wauning seas,

Did Tænaris thee with porte relieue  
thy painefull plight to ease?

For (though) inguestred thou  
camste from a countrie farre)

My Wallace did gainst thee as then  
his churlish gates debarre?

That such a wrong should be  
rewarde for good desart?

Thou that didst enter so hast playde  
no guestes, but ennies part.

Though lawfull be my plaint,  
yet doubt I not at all,

But thou (when so thou heare thereof)  
a rude complaint wilt call.

# Helen

A rustick let me bee,  
So I not passe the bound  
Of honest shame, and in my life  
no cankred crime be found.  
So I in fayned looke  
doe cloake no churlish cheare:  
For in my face no grim disdain  
no bended browe appeare.  
Yet honest is my fame,  
I liue deuoyde of spot:  
No lustfull Lecher for his life  
is able me to blot.  
Which makes me muse the more  
What should enbold thee so,  
To take this straunge attempt in hande  
a married wife to wolue?  
For Theseus wrongde me once,  
well worthie am I deeme  
To be a Ruffians rape againe,  
and so to be esteeme:  
The guilt was mine, if I  
allured were to yll:  
But so I rapted were by force,  
what could I doe but yll?  
He by that his fact  
his hoped bottie got:  
Set feare and dafkarde bynde aside,  
I nought abode God wote.

The

The wretch by wrestling wonne  
at Helens hande a kisse:

And laide hir on the lippes sometime,  
he had no more but this.

Scarce woulde you ben content  
(vnthristie so you arre)

With that: I thanke the gods, that hee  
and thou didst differ farre.

He yeelded me againe  
and mee did scarcely touche:

And did repent him of his fact,  
his modestie was such.

Did Theseus so recant  
that Paris should succede:

For feare least on my blased armes,  
the people should not feede:

Yet I am nothing wroth,  
(for who can angrie bee

With that shee loues: ) if this thy loue  
be faithfull vnto mee.

For thereof doubt I soze,  
not for distrust at all,

That my face and featurde forme  
into suspect I call.

But for such light beliefe  
and credit workes our woe:

And luters tales are freight with fraude,  
and fixed faith forgoe.

# Helen

But others doe aguilt,  
an honest Patron rare:  
Who barres that I among those few  
Should haue a partie share?  
For cause my mother errede,  
perhaps thou thinkste me light,  
By hir example to be wonne,  
by meane of natures might,  
To cloake my mothers crime  
an errour is in store:  
For why the Lecher lurckt in plume  
to worke his will the more,  
If I should doe amisse,  
of force thercof I knowe:  
There is no errour mine offence  
to hide from open shewe.  
Hir scape is well allowde,  
the Author made it lesse:  
There is no Loue at all to cloake  
my fault if I transgresse,  
Thou brauste vpon thy Rock,  
thy Grandfires Princes are:  
This house of worthie Auncessers  
and Nobles is not bare,  
I will conceale that Loue  
I was Atreus Grandfire greate:  
Of Tantalus, or Pelops I,  
nor Tyndaris minde to treate.

But



But Leda lendes me Ioue  
my stately Sire to bee:  
Whom foule beguilde with swannish forme  
and falsed byzde we see.  
Solo haunt thy Troian heades  
and ginneres of thy race:  
Let Laomedon be in presse,  
and Priamus eke in place.  
Whome I commend: but he  
that sitt is of your line,  
(Thy greatestt pryde) I finde the same  
the formost man in mine.  
Though Troian scepter I  
accountt to be of fame,  
Yet iudge I not our Empire ought  
inferiour to the same.  
Suppose our wealth you passe,  
and Teucrian troupe excell  
Our Grækish soyle: yet barbarous is  
the cuntry where you dwell.  
So great rewards your lynes  
and letters me behight,  
As well they might accoy, and cause  
to yeelde a heauenly wight.  
But so I minded were  
to breake the boundes of shame:  
Thy selfe shoulde soner make me yeelde  
than all thy gifts of fame.

O: I for aye will liue  
 and lead vnspotted life,  
 O: thee moze rather would ensue  
 than all thine offers rise;  
 As I not scorne the same,  
 in price so are they thought  
 The greatest giftes, to whome the gi-  
 uer hath their beautie brought.  
 But most of all I weigh  
 thy loue, that for my sake  
 Such paynes abodde, whose hope to passe  
 the seas did undertake.  
 And eke at tables set  
 (though with dissembling browe  
 I seeke to hide thyne amorous trickes)  
 I note them well pnowe.  
 Sometime thou (wanton wight)  
 dost cast a glauncing blinck  
 With wrested looke, whereat well neare  
 my daunted eyes doe shrink.  
 Againe you sigh as fast,  
 another time you take.  
 The Cup, and where I dranke even there  
 your falced thirst doth stake.  
 With fingers (Lord) how oft,  
 and with a talking browe,  
 Hast thou me giuen secret signes  
 I wote well where, and howe:

And oft I stode in feare;  
my husband sawe the same:

And often dreading to be spyde  
I blusht with bashfull shame.

Oft times with whispzing wordes  
vnto my selfe I sed:

(This is a shamelesse guest) my wordes  
did hit the nayle on hed.

And often wrought in wine,  
I rad vpon the worde,

Quen vnderneath my name (I loue)  
well recorde the worde.

But that I had distrust  
thereof, my lookes did shewe:

But now (alas) to write the like  
doth haplesse Helen knowe.

These fancies might haue forst  
my ruthfull brest to bende,

And tournde my heart, if to agust  
I would all all intende.

Thy feature I confesse  
is rare, and such to see,

As might allure a womans heart  
to linck hir selfe with thee.

I wishe that hap to fall  
vpon some single dame:

Ere I with foraine loue should soke  
my bzidely bed to shame.

Well liked things to lack  
 by my example leare :  
 It is a vertue to abstaine  
 from what thou hast so deare.  
 How many yowthes haue wisht  
 for that which thou dost craue ?  
 What ? Paris dost thou deeme, that thou  
 alone good iudgement haue ?  
 Thou seest no more than they,  
 but madder is thy minde :  
 Thy courage is no bett than theirs,  
 lesse shame in thee I finde.  
 Would then thou hadst repayde,  
 and hither come by floode :  
 When me in prime and flowring yeares  
 a thousande suiters woode.  
 Of thousande thou the first  
 if I thee tho had seene,  
 (My doome to beare withall I craue  
 my husbände) thou hadst bene.  
 To things posselt thou comste,  
 and gotten goods to late :  
 To slow thou were, another hath  
 in that thou crauste, estate.  
 As then thy Troian wife,  
 I would haue wisht to bee :  
 So now Atrides, not against  
 my will enioyeth mee.

Cease

Cease thou with wordes therefore  
to ransacke Helens heart,  
To hir (thou sayst thou knowste so well)  
procure no grutching smart.  
But let me keepe the sort  
that fortune hath allotted:  
Ske not my fame and good report  
to darke with shadie clowde.  
But Venus so behight,  
and in the vales of Ide  
Thre heavenly wights starke naked came  
to clayme their beauties pride.  
Of whome one gaue thee raigne,  
th'other Bellonas skill:  
The thirde pronounst that Helen should  
be plyant to thy will.  
In faith I scarcely thinke  
such Ladies would vouchsaue,  
For chiefest beauties peerlesse price  
thy doubtfull dome to haue.  
Suppose it were a trouth,  
the rest was all vntrue:  
That for such iudgement I should be  
a guerdon vnto you.  
I stand not so much on  
my beauties pride, to deeme  
That me the greatest gift of all  
the Goddess did esteeme.

# Helen . . . 103

My feature is content  
of men to purchase same:  
I like it not that Venus should  
so much commende the same.  
But nothing I denie,  
the prayse full well I leeke:  
For to what ende should I gaineſaye  
the thing I chiefly ſeeke:  
Be let it wzath thee that  
I hardelie thee beleue:  
No matters of importance great  
we ſcarcely credit geue.  
Wherefoze I loye it moſt  
that Venus like me ſo:  
And next, ſoꝛ ſuch a ſtately gift  
that thou didſt take me tho.  
And that thou didſt preferre  
my blaſed beauties good  
Foꝛe Pallas gift, and Iunos raigne  
that there in iudgement ſtood.  
Then I thy vertue am,  
then I to thee a raigne:  
I were too ſtonie if I woulde  
not loue the like a gaine.  
Good ſayth, I am no ſtoele,  
but him to loue I thanne  
Who ſcarce (I thincke) may be my ſpouſe  
when all my woꝛke is donne.

Why shoulde I fondely seeke  
 to plough the barraine lande?  
 Or hope on that which place it selfe  
 doth very much withstande?  
 I skillelesse am in scapes,  
 the Gods recorde I call  
 I neuer by deceptfull sleight  
 beguilde my Feere at all.  
 In that to couert scrole  
 my wordes I now commit,  
 My letters doe attempt a thing  
 they neuer practisde yet.  
 Chrise bleste that are inurde,  
 I wote not how to play  
 That part as yet, to guilt full harde  
 I doe surmise the way.  
 This dreade doth much annoie  
 and soze I am agast,  
 Suspecting all the peoples eyes  
 on vs are fixed fast.  
 For this I feare in baine,  
 the bustling brute I know  
 And Ethra, what reporte had gone,  
 to me but late did show.  
 Unlesse thou minde to cease,  
 dissemble thou therefore:  
 But why shouldest thou now stint thy sute?  
 thou canst dissemble soze.



# Helen

**I**n secret ble thy toyes,  
 and spare thou not to play :  
**P**oſe ſcope wee haue, though not the moſt,  
 my husbände is alway.  
**H**ee now is farre from home  
 affayres compelde him ſo :  
**A** iuſt and good occaſion he  
 had out of towne to go.  
**W**hen in a doubt he ſtoode  
 his iourney forth to take,  
**D**iſpatch ( O I ) good ſir, and ſee  
 a quicke retourne you make.  
**T**h abodement lykte him ſo  
 as he to kiſſing fell :  
**A**nd gaue me charge of houſe and goods,  
 and bad me ble thee well.  
**I** ſcarce my laughter held,  
 which whilſte I ſtrive to ſtay :  
**H**aue that it ſhould be ſo in deede,  
 I had no worde to ſay.  
**T**o Crete he went in haſt  
 by helpe of winde and Oze :  
**B**ut, thou, that all things leeſfull are,  
 muſt not ſurmize therfoze.  
**S**o is my ſpouſe alacke,  
 as in his abſence well  
**H**ee doth me garde : that Princes haue  
 long reach, canſt thou not tell.

Fame

same doth impeach our ioyes  
 for how much more you lecke,  
 And prayle me : So much more you cause  
 to stande in feare the Greeke.

The laude I loue so well  
 (as now consistes the case)

Annoyes : more better were that same  
 had neuer blasde my face.

That I am left with thee  
 now hee is far away.

Muse not : he trustes my manners well  
 and thinckes in me some stay.

My face did make him dread,  
 hee trustes my life full well :

The suretie which my manners bréde,  
 my beautie doth erpell,

Thou wiltste me to be wise  
 and vse the present ride :

And not to let so fitte a time  
 deuoyde of game to slide.

I would, and am a frayde  
 as yet my heart doth quake :

And fearefull breast in doubt doth stand,  
 and knowes not which to take.

My spous doth now dislodg,  
 and thou alone dost lye :

Thy beautie likes mee well, and Helens  
 shape contentes thine eye.

The nightes are passing long,  
 and wee to chat begin?  
 And thou art euen a pleasaunt guest  
 and both one house within.  
 Good sooth eche thing doth seeme  
 this fact to further aye:  
 And yet I knowe not how the same  
 my quivering feare doth staye.  
 As thou perswadste but yll,  
 woulde well thou mightst constraine  
 Me to thy will, this rudenesse then  
 shoulde be expelde aaine.  
 Sometime receiued wrong  
 auailles the patient much:  
 How blest were I, such force to haue  
 if Helens hap were such:  
 More better were while loue  
 is rawe and graine, to staye:  
 For flame that scarcely kindled is  
 will soone consume a waye:  
 Fewe drops of sprinkled water will  
 the sparckling fire delaye.  
 As straungers starters are  
 vncertaine be their loyes:  
 And when thou thinkest them sure of all  
 their wauering faith renoues:  
 Let Hypsiphyl recorde  
 and Mynos daughter tye:

For they them selves with wandring light  
 in bridely bande did tie, in doct of gold and  
 And thou of whome Orinda might be said  
 was manie yeares imbrast, and in the  
 Art sayd without a iust desert, and in the  
 to thonne the ppyrphat last.  
 Which thou dost not denie, and in the  
 and verie troth to tell, and in the  
 My chiefest care was to enquire, and in the  
 where thou didst vse the welldo, and in the  
 And though thou wouldest full fained be,  
 be stable now in looney, and in the  
 Thou canst not, for the Treuerian ships  
 will out of hande remoue, and in the  
 While we doe tale pfeate, and in the  
 and fired night shall bee : and in the  
 The winde will serue the sayles so well,  
 as thou wilt part from mee, and in the  
 Amid his pleasant course, and in the  
 that vnacquainted play, and in the  
 Will stint, and with the whirling winde  
 our friendship passe away, and in the  
 Shall I (as thou perswade) and in the  
 go betwe the Troian towne, and in the  
 D. vnto great Lachrymation, and in the  
 a daughter law be sowne, and in the  
 Perdie I more account, and in the  
 of swift and flickring faine, and in the

Than that in euery land it should  
 haue powre to spred my name:  
 What Sparta might of me  
 and all Achaia speake  
 What auncient Alias famous towntes,  
 and Priams mansion take  
 What Priamus of me,  
 and Priams wife might say  
 Thy brothers, with the Troian dames  
 What might they blast I pray  
 And last, how mightst thou hope  
 me faithfull spouse to finde  
 Thy owne example would procure  
 distrust within thy minde  
 Who so in guestred shall  
 to Ilion repeare,  
 Will beebe suspect within thy breast,  
 and make thee stand in feare  
 How oft wilt thou inragde  
 terme me by harlots name,  
 Forgetfull that thy owne offence  
 was causer of the same  
 Thy selfe wilt both procure  
 and blame the fact at last  
 Ere that I wish in hollowe haute  
 my carcasse to be platt  
 But I shal haue the wealth  
 of Troie, and braue aray  
 And

And no rewardes than promise was,  
thus did thy Pistle say.

Of precious Purple I  
and Arasse store shall haue :

And be enricht with hughe heapes  
of massie golde so braue.

Forgiue that I confesse,  
I way not all the golde :

I wot not how this soyle doth seme  
thy Helen to withholde.

For if I wronged were,  
in Troie no succor is :

My brothers ayde I stand asurde,  
and fathers helpe to misse.

False Iason euerie thing  
to Medea behighte :

And yet in fine from Acons lodge  
she was expelled quite.

And being so refuse,  
she could not make retourne

To Etos, I psea, nor with Chalciopé  
for shame sojourne.

I nothing dread the like,  
no more did Medea the :

But sundry times abodements doe  
god hope delude, we know.

The shippes that now in surge  
and yrefull seas doe ride :

D. y.

When



# Helen

When first they wayde their Ankers, had  
a calme and pleasant tide.  
The brande doth bzeede my bzeade,  
wherewith thy dame was fed  
Before hir wonted time of birth,  
to haue bene brought abed.  
The soothslayers salues I feare,  
which spake the time would bee,  
When men of Troie within their walles  
the Greekish flame should see.  
As Venus friendes thee, for  
thée wanne the glittering fruite,  
And soyld the other two that were  
hir riuals in the sute:  
So dzeade I their disdaynes  
which (by thine owne repozte)  
In iudgement were so put aback  
in such reprochfull sozte.  
And if I follow thee,  
I doubt it not (alas)  
But that through swordes & weakeful blades  
our haplesse loue shall passe.  
With Centaurs to discorde,  
and bloudie warres to wage  
Did Hippodamia cause the men  
of Thrace in yrefull rage:  
And dost thou dreeme my Feere  
will unreuenged go



In quarrell iust : my brothers both  
and Tindaris also :

For that in brauerie you  
your Partiall deedes recite :

The truth is thus, that from your wordes  
your feature differs quite.

For Venus fittter thou  
than Mars dost seeme to bee :

Loue Paris, and let men of force  
go fight in fielde for thee.

Let Hector, whome thou so  
dost vaunt, in armour boyle :

Another kinde of warrefare is  
farre better for thy toyle.

If I were in my wittes,  
or somewhat bolder were

I would vse these : the women that  
are wise will vse this geare.

O laying shame aside  
perhaps hereafter I

Will condescend, and conquerde with  
continuance, will applie.

For that in secret thou  
dost long the rest to tell,

The couert talke that thou wouldst vse,  
I know it passing well.

Too hastie sure thou art,  
thy haruest is in grasse :

# Helen

Perhappes this tariance will the bet-  
ter bring thy wyl to passe.

Thus ye my letters leaue  
my guiltie minde to showe :

Thou Quill, that lueried hast my hande,  
in this no farther go.

The reast by Clymen, I  
and Æthra will disclose :

Which two are of my counsell chiefe,  
in whome I trust repose.



The Argument of the 108  
xvij. Epistle, entituled

Sappho to Phaon.

Phaon in passage Boate  
his painefull lining gate,  
And ferrying folke from shore to shore,  
reliude his needfull state.

T'was Venus happe at last,  
without a profred hyre

To Phaon for his painefull toyle,  
a passage to desire.

The Whirrie man agreed,  
and ferried hir for nought,

Whome he no heauenly Goddesse, but  
a mortall woman thought.

She in rewarde a Boxe  
of oyntment gaue to him,

That could enforce a featurde forme,  
and make the beautie trim.

Within a while this Lad  
the Lasses had allurde

But wanton Sappho least of all  
his beauties beames endurde.

Shee loude him passing well,  
he forst hir not a rushe:

Hir sicke Nymph imagde with loue  
a thousand cares did crush.

O.iiij.

To

# 201 The Argement. A and T

To Sicil Phaon goes,  
then Sappho seemde vndonne,

And thought by speedie leauing life  
hir wasting flames to skonne.

From Leucas she pretends

(Epyrus Mount) to fall,

And so by hastned death to leaue

both loue and life withall.

To Leucas ere she came,

to suing flat she fill,

And to vnfriendly Phaon did

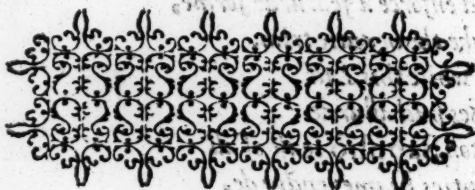
deuise this friendly bill.

In hope to winne the wight,

and purchase loue againe,

Wherein she telles hir twitching griefes

and penne her pinching paine.



*Sappho to Phaon.*

**W**here when thou saw'st at first  
 my louing lines with eye,  
 Thou knowledge hadst from whence  
 and notice by and by 20 (they came  
 Where if thou hadst herein  
 not read the Authoꝝ name  
 And Sappho seene, thou hadst not knowne  
 from whom this writing came:  
 Demaund thou wilt perhaps  
 what me procured to write  
 This kinde of verse, that merrie tunes  
 and Luting doe delight:  
 For that this loue of mine  
 is dolefull, and the verse  
 Elegia calde, a wofull kinde  
 of miter to reherse:  
 No Cytheron serues a mourning minde  
 whome cruell cares doe pierse.  
 As straw doth kinde soone,  
 when Eurys gins to drie.  
 The flash into the fertill fieldes:  
 euen so I frie alieue.  
 To Aetna Phaon nowe  
 hath tane his way in hast;

And

# Sappho

And me poore wench as great a fire  
as Etnas flame doth wast.  
I can not frame my frets,  
my stubburne strings doe farre :  
For why, in deede of quiet minde  
such verses tokens arre.  
Pyrrino is forgot,  
ne Dryads doe delite  
My fancie : Lesbian Lasses eke  
are nowe forgotten quite.  
Not Amython I force,  
no: Cydno passing fine :  
No: Atthis, as she did of yore,  
allures these eyes of myne.  
Be yet a hundreth more  
whome (shame plaide aside)  
I fandside erst : thou all that loue  
from them to thee hast wryde.  
In thee doth feature flowe,  
thy yeares for daliaunce apt :  
Thy face, O face t'is thou that hast  
my shaken senses rapt.  
A Quiuer and a Lute  
take thou in hand, and thee  
Apollo men will deeme: d'on hoznes  
and Bacchus thou shalt bee.  
And Phœbus Daphne loude,  
king Minos darling deare

God Bacchus like, yet neyther of both  
 a Cytherons string could steare.  
 But me Pegasian Nymphes  
 haue learned on the Lute,  
 And thzoughout all the woꝛlde is boꝛne  
 of Sapphos songes the brute,  
 For Alcaeus (though vpon  
 a statelper string doe sounde  
 My Mate for Artie, and countrie eke)  
 a greater prayse hath founde,  
 Though I at natures hands  
 no featurde face could gaine:  
 yet those defaults of kinde I quite  
 by goodnesse of the braine.  
 Disdaine me not, although  
 but meane my stature bee:  
 And in pronouncing verie short  
 you Sapphos name doe see,  
 But case I be not faire:  
 swarth Andromed to bewe,  
 Duke Perfeus please: Morisco soyle  
 allowde hir talonie bewe.  
 Full oft the whitest Doves  
 with speckled colours tred:  
 And oft we see the Turtle browne  
 with Poppingay doth wed,  
 If none, vnlesse hir forme  
 could match thy featurde shape,

Should



# Sappho

Should linck with thee : thou doubtlesse shouldst  
 from marriage ave escape,  
 But when thou belwaste my berse,  
 then Sappho seemde in sight  
 A comely wench, thou swarste that me  
 alone became to wright.  
 I sang, I minde it well,  
 (for louers fire in breast  
 Forepassed toyes) and thou the while  
 to kissing thee addrest.  
 Those buxses lykte thee eke,  
 for euerie point I was  
 Befancide well : but most when we  
 to Venus pranks did passe.  
 Then did my wanton tricks  
 and loffie mounting, more  
 With sugred wordes, delight thy minde  
 (my Phaon) than of yore.  
 And that when both our ioyes  
 confounded were, I lay  
 With wearie limmes, and languor lame,  
 and had no worde to say.  
 Now are Sicilian trulls  
 thy nouell pray, I see :  
 In Lesbos what make I : a wench  
 of Sicill I will bee.  
 O Nyfian Matrons, O  
 Sicilian dames I say,

This

This loytring guest of ours expell  
 your countrie boundes I pray  
 He let his glosing tongue  
 your listning eares beguile:  
 For why to vs he hathere this  
 ybilde that selfe same stile.  
 And Ladie Venus, thou  
 that knowen art to dwell  
 (Rue on the Poetes piteous plight)  
 among the Sicans fell.  
 Will aye this cruell chaunce  
 in one selfe tenour runne?  
 And still persist in spitefull sorte  
 as when hir race begonne?  
 For but a babe in yeares,  
 and lacking thre of nine,  
 My parents bones I gathred vp  
 and bathde with saltish brine.  
 My needefull brother burnt  
 with beastly strumpets flame:  
 And did indure both wrack of wealth  
 and spitefull losse of fame.  
 To beggrie brought he plies  
 the sliding seas with Dre:  
 And gettes againe with shamefull Wiffs  
 the wealth he spent before.  
 And me for sounde aduise  
 pursues with deadly hate:

This

# Sappho

This was the onely good to mee,  
 that my freespeaking gate.  
 And eake, as though I lackt  
 a cause to breed my dole,  
 My little daughter heapes vp hoe,  
 that prettie prattling soule.  
 But last of all, thou art  
 the forger of my bale:  
 Ay me poore wenche, my beaten Backe  
 flits not with pleasant gale.  
 Marke out of order how  
 my lolling tresses flie:  
 No glistering Gem, or Jewell is  
 vpon my hande to see.  
 My besture is but vile,  
 not spanged is my toppe:  
 My hanging haire with Ciuil, nor  
 Arabian dew doth droppe.  
 For whome (vnhappie Girl)  
 should Sappho go so gay:  
 Whom seeke to please, the Author of  
 my brauery is away.  
 My gentle yeelding breast  
 eche lightsome dart may bwise:  
 And aye I finde a cause to loue,  
 and can none other choise.  
 Or els at time of birth  
 the sisters set this lawe:

allowing

Allowing me such cruell twist  
 that did my destinie drawe :  
 O custome growes to kinde,  
 and vse becomes an Arte :  
 I wote not well, but sure I haue  
 by kinde a gentle heart,  
 What wonder, if with such  
 a bearded youth I were  
 Attach't, whose tender childish yeares  
 allowde his chinne no haire ?  
 I had (Aurora) least  
 for Cephalus thou wouldest  
 chosen him : saue that thy for-  
 mer rape doth thee withhold,  
 If Phoebe betwe him onte,  
 that all suruayes with eye  
 By Phaon shall be quickly forst  
 in slumber long to lye,  
 In Iuozie Waggon would  
 dame Venus to the starres  
 borne him : but that the fearde he would  
 haue coyde the God of Warres,  
 O thou that neyther art  
 a boy, nor man in sight,  
 But aptest age : of all thy race  
 the most excellent wight,  
 Come hither, come, and to  
 my bosome make retolpe :

No loue I craue in faith of thee, but om periololl  
 but thee to loue the poture, om nos ym diatop  
 I wote, and from my cheekes, om nos ym diatop  
 the deawie teares distill: om nos ym diatop  
 Beholde how many blots they cause, om nos ym diatop  
 in Sapphos dreerie bill, om nos ym diatop  
 If needes thou wouldest haue gone, om nos ym diatop  
 yet this allow for true: om nos ym diatop  
 Thou mightst haue saide at parture, om nos ym diatop  
 my Lesbian Lasse adue, om nos ym diatop  
 But now no teares of mine, om nos ym diatop  
 ne latter kisse thou hadest, om nos ym diatop  
 He (to be shorthe) of such mishaps, om nos ym diatop  
 as are befall, I dreere, om nos ym diatop  
 With me is nought of thine, om nos ym diatop  
 saue wrong plect in doede: om nos ym diatop  
 He gaue I warning that thou hadest, om nos ym diatop  
 of faithfull loue the meede: om nos ym diatop  
 I gaue thee no precepts, om nos ym diatop  
 nor would haue done a to: om nos ym diatop  
 But made a sute that Sappho might, om nos ym diatop  
 at no time bene forgot: om nos ym diatop  
 By loue, that neuer farre, om nos ym diatop  
 may from thy breast astart: om nos ym diatop  
 And sacred sisters nine (my sluites) om nos ym diatop  
 whome I imbrace with hearty, om nos ym diatop  
 I sweare: when one erclande, om nos ym diatop  
 (I wote nere who so inde) om nos ym diatop

And

And said, now Sappho looses thy loe,  
 thy Phaon now doth flee:  
 I had no teares to shed,  
 my lippes did language lacke,  
 Mine eyes did want their dierie doppes,  
 my soltring tongue it sticke  
 Unto the rouse, and yffe colde  
 my fearefull bzeast did racke.  
 When grieve was somewhat swagde,  
 and sorow gan to slake,  
 I howlde with tozen locks; and with my hand  
 my fist my bodie strake:  
 As doth the louing dame,  
 that to the Temple beards  
 hir babe his corpe withouten sente,  
 and bathes his Tombe with teares.  
 Charaxe my brother loyde,  
 and often past before  
 My face, and to and fro did set  
 to make my dole the more,  
 And to encrease my shame,  
 would wit my cause of woe:  
 And say, why weepest thou woman: why  
 hir daughter liues I knowe.  
 Oh, shame, and earnest loue  
 can neuer well agree:  
 How there with open bosome  
 the Vulgar folke did see.



# Sappho

Thou Phaon art my carke,  
 my dreames reduce to minde  
 Thy countnance : dreames which clearer than  
 the shining sonne I finde.  
 I meete thee oft in sleepe,  
 though thou be nothing nite,  
 But of this sleepe the slipper loyes  
 too soone away doe slide.  
 Full oft vpon thine armes  
 my loding necke I lay :  
 And then methinks thy heade as much  
 my limber armes doe stay.  
 I know thy kisses well,  
 and am not now to seeke  
 How thou wert wont to smache thy twench,  
 and she to doe the leeke.  
 I play the wanton Gidle  
 sometime, and seeme with thee  
 To chat, and thinke my stumbyng sense  
 awaked wide to bee.  
 I blush to tell the reast  
 that followes, but there is  
 Pought left vndone that breeds delight,  
 I could not Phaon misse.  
 But when that Titan splayes  
 his face, and all beside :  
 I make complaint that winged sleepe  
 so soone away did slide.



To groues and Caue I trudge,  
as though they did me good :  
The Caue and groues that witnesseth there  
in place of pleasure stood.

Thither inragde I runne,  
as doth the frantick frow  
Whome fell Erichtho hath in chase,  
my locks at random go.

There plainly I discerie  
with rotten Tophe yspied,  
A place, that erst in lieu was  
to me of better bed.

I finde the Wood where we  
with boughes and gallant greanes  
Shadowde, haue full often laine  
among the flittring leaues.

The owner is alacke  
both of the place and me :

The place is but a filthie soyle,  
the place his dowze was he.

The twifolde turning turfe

I know it verie well,  
And grasse, with bended head to ground  
that with our tumbling fell.

I layde me grouse vpon

thy wonted side : the banck

(A pleasant plot of pleasure earth)

my gushing teares it dranch.

P.g.

Againe

# Sappho

Againe the naked boughes  
(their garments layde in ground)  
Did seeme to mourne, no mirrie fowle  
did vse his warbling sound,  
The wofull dame alone  
that foully was awoke  
Upon hir sonne, that I tis hight  
in dolefull dittie spoke.  
The chyrping fowle hir childe,  
but Sappho wayles hir loue,  
Forlozne Lasse: when all things else  
the slumbers ioyes doe proue.  
A chrystall Well there is  
than shining Glasse more sheere,  
A holy spring, some demen that  
some sacred Saint is there.  
A watrie Lotos spreades  
his sprayes athwart the Well:  
And all aboute with tender Hedge  
the greenish ground doth smell.  
Where wofull wight, when I  
had laid me on the grasse:  
Eftsoone a stripling did appeare,  
a proper boy it was.  
He stode him styll and sayde:  
what meanste thou (Pymph) I pray  
To scie with such vnegall flames:  
to Ambrace go thy way.

There

There Phœbus from a loft  
the open sea doth fate:

Leucadium men they say, or else  
Aetæum terme the place.

Deucalion thence inragde  
with Pyrrhas loue did fall

Of purpose, and he naythelesse  
sustaynde no hurte at all.

And straight conuersed lone  
foslooke his swelting breast

That was ydzencht : and so good man  
Deucalion came to reast.

Such is the place his powze  
and hidden force by kinde :

Go thither in post, and skip adowne,  
let feare not moue thy minde.

He banquisht with his voyce  
I rose me by agast :

And all to baynde my cheerelesse cheekes  
with teares that flushed fast.

I (Pymph quoth I) will trudge  
vnto the bidden place :

Let raging loue haue force and powze  
all feare away to chase.

What fortune so befall,  
will better present plight :

O gentle ayze beare vp my corpes  
that now is passing light.

# Sappho

And thou (O friendly Ioue)  
come vnderſet thy wing :  
Leaſt if I die, deſame vnto  
Leucadian goulfe doe ſpring  
Then I to Phœbus will  
my pleaſant Lute bequeath :  
And brauely cauſe to be ingraue  
this verſe or two beneath,  
O Phœbus, *this hir Lute*  
*hath Sappho left to thee :*  
*For in that Arte ſhe during life*  
*and thou did well agree.*

Phœ (Phaon) why doſt thou  
me to Actæum drive;  
And thou thy ſelfe mayſt make returne  
and ſaue thy lone aliuē :  
More healthfull than the ſtound  
of Leucas thou mayſt bee :  
And by thy beauties ſeemely ſhame  
Apollo vnto mee.  
And canſt thou oh, more harde  
than rocke, and ruthleſſe waue  
If ſo I die the title of  
my death indure to haue :  
Ah, how much better might  
my breaſt conioyne with thine,  
Than thus be caſt from craggie cliffe  
to ſea of ſurging bzine :

What

That selfe same bzeast which thou  
 commended hast so oft :  
 And which with passing wiselome fraught  
 thy selfe (friend Phaon) thought.  
 How would I were faconde,  
 but dolour hinders Arte :  
 And all my wlt is me bereft  
 by long enduring smart.  
 My wonted vaine in verse  
 is ouerdie become :  
 My lowzing Lute laments for vs,  
 my Harpe with dole is dombe.  
 Ye Lesbian Lasses all  
 that border on the Lake :  
 And ye that of the Eolian towne  
 your names are thought to take,  
 Ye Lesbian Lasses (that  
 for cause I loude you soze  
 Brede my defame) vnto my Harpe  
 I charge you come no more.  
 Loke what did like you earst,  
 of that is Phaon sped :  
 Alas poze wretch, my Phaon I  
 had verie neare ysed.  
 Cause Phaon to retire  
 and then your Poet will  
 Reuert againe : t is he that doth  
 both make and marre my Skill.

# Sappho

What : doe my prayers pteualle,  
 or pierse his steely breast :  
 Or is he standing stiffe at stay,  
 a retchlesse rigorous guest :  
 Or doe the puffing winds transport  
 my wordes into the west :  
 The gale that hence conuaies  
 my voyce, oh that it might  
 Reducc thy fleeing Barch againe,  
 and bring thy shippe in sight.  
 Ouerlingring Lad,  
 in fayth if thou were wise,  
 Thou wouldst attempt to make retournes  
 and follow mine aduise.  
 What : wilt thou come : or no :  
 we for thy shippe prepare  
 Our bolued gifts : why doth thy stay  
 enforze our heartes to care :  
 Quale, and lose thy Barke,  
 take seas : for Venus she  
 That came of seas, will calme the surge  
 come of the gale will be :  
 As friendly to thy comming Beale  
 as thou wouldst wish to be.  
 At Helme will Cupid sit,  
 and steare thy shippe to lande :  
 He both will hoise, and hale the sayles  
 with skilfull Boateswanes hande.

O if thy pleasure be  
 from Sappho farre to trudge;  
 (Who neuer did deserue so yll  
 of thee, thy selfe be iudge.)  
 At least let cruell lynnes  
 will hir unhappie wenche  
 Unto Leucadian sworde to flie,  
 and there hir corps to drench.





**The Argument of the**  
**xviij. Epistle, entituled**  
**Leander to Hero.**

**L** Eander looude a Lasse that Hero hight  
Dwelling in Sest, the chancell did deuise  
Their countries so, as Sestus was in sight  
Of Abydon, that stood in th' other side.  
Nightly the youth to Hero sboope his way,  
And would retorne againe before the day.

At length the tempest rose, the windes did blow,  
The waters wrought so roughly as they could,  
That seauen dayes Leander might not go  
To Sestus shore, as he was wont of olde:  
But yet by chaunce a Mariner there went,  
By whome these Lynes vnto his loue he sent.

Wherein he shewes his loue and faithfull heart,  
Wherein he plaines against the troublous Tide,  
And vowes at last (setting all dreade apart)  
To swim the seas, that he before had tride:  
Rather he chose to bazarde life, than dwell  
A weeke or two from hir he looude so well.



*Leander to Hero.*

**F**rom Abydon these lynes  
 Leander doth endite,  
 And health to Hero sends, which he  
 would rather bring than write.

If Neptuns waters were  
 with friendlie Gods agræde :

There were no choise for thee to choise,  
 but thou my words shouldst reade.

But Gods withstand my wish,  
 and keepe my hope areare:

That wyll in no wise suffer mee  
 to sitte vnto my Feare.

Thy selfe dost see the skies  
 with pitchie cloudes so blacke,

And waltring waues so tost with winde  
 as shippes are nigh the wracke.

Yet one, than all the reast  
 more bolde, by whome I send

These lynes, to Sestus by the seas,  
 did dare his course to bend.

With whome Leander would  
 haue benie imbarcked faine:

Had not Abydos giuen the gale,  
 and seene his shipping plaine.

I could not keepe the facte  
 hid from my parents eye

As earst I had, but that they would  
 my lurking loue discrye.

## Leander

At length I took my Quill,  
Wherewith I might endite,  
Go blisfull scroll to Heros handes,  
than snowe (q I) moze white.  
First will she thee receiue,  
and after touch with lippe  
When she with tooth shall go about  
the signed seale to rippe,  
These whispering wordes I spake  
in soft and silent sozte:  
The rest my wytyng hand did will  
my Paper to reporte.  
That hande wherewith I would  
moze rather swim than wyte:  
And cut the waues, from drenching goulf  
my sitting corps to quite.  
That fist that fitter is  
to clappe the floud that flose:  
And yet will serue my tourne right well  
my secrets to disclose.  
Now seven nights are past  
since Neptunes rage begonne;  
A yeare well nie it seemes to me,  
so slow the time doth runne.  
If any pleasant nappe  
or quiet sleepe mine eyes  
In all this space surprist; let seas  
persist in yzefull wise.

Sitting

sitting in dolefull dumpe  
 vpon a rocke, I see  
 Thy stord, my soule is present where  
 the carkasse may not bee:  
 Beside in Turrets toppe  
 a Lampe I did discerie ::  
 O: else mine eyes were soule deceyde,  
 and toke their marke a brie:  
 Thise layde I downe my robes  
 in safe and sandie shore ::  
 And naked thise I sayd to swim,  
 as oft I had before :  
 But swelling waters made  
 me of my purpose faile :  
 And by the force of froward streames  
 did drench me toppe and taile:  
 Wh waywardst of the windes,  
 of Eols impes the wurst,  
 Why dost thou shewe thy selfe to me  
 so cruell and so curst ?  
 I, not the surging seas,  
 of this sustaine the smart :  
 This were inough if thou of loue  
 hadst neuer sealt the dart:  
 For though with colde thou quake,  
 yet canst thou not denie,  
 But that with Orichias flame  
 thy frostie flesh did frie.

Then

# Leander

When thou wast fully bent  
 Dame Venus sportes to trie:  
 If anie had refrained thy course  
 thou wouldst haue looked awie.  
 Oh, ( Boreas ) tame thy wrath,  
 rebate thy raging yre ::  
 So Eole giue thee nought in charge  
 but as thou wouldst desire.  
 My sute is all in vaine,  
 my labour all is lost ::  
 He doth not seeke for to repress  
 the waters which he tost.  
 Would Dædal would allowe  
 my wished winges at will :  
 Though by such sleight he come into  
 the neighbour waters fill .  
 What fortune so should chaunce  
 Leander would abide :  
 To fine his fethred corse might flee  
 on waues that went to ride .  
 But whylste I am debarred  
 by wrath of waue and winde ,  
 To furrow seas : I doe reuoke  
 my passed ioyes to minde .  
 When Phoebus gan to fall ,  
 and gaue his sister place :  
 ( I ioye to thinke ) my fathers lodge  
 I fled with speedie pace ,

And

And straght with shifted robes  
 all dread I did remoue :  
 And in the flood I song mine armes,  
 the Delphins Arte to proue.  
 The Moone did shine as light  
 as any sunnie day :  
 As one , that would with all hir powre  
 assist me in the way.  
 I casting vp mine eyes  
 on hir that clearely shinde :  
 said. Mercy ( Moone ) thy mariner ;  
 call Latmus hill to minde.  
 Andymion thee denies  
 to beare a ruthlesse heart :  
 Wherefore to these my secret stealthes  
 thy friendly face conuart.  
 Thy selfe ( a Goddesse ) didst  
 a mortall wight embrace ;  
 And shee , whome I pursue , is euen  
 a Goddesse for hir face.  
 I leaue hir thewes vntoucht,  
 wherein shee may compare  
 With heauenly Deeres , such feature falles  
 on earthly creatures rare.  
 haue Venus passing shape,  
 and thine vnspotted face  
 Is none whome shee ne both excell,  
 thy selfe discerne the case .

# Leander Ho

How much thy golden Lampe  
 (when thou thy pride dost shew)  
 Surmounts all other streaming Starres  
 that in their circles glow :  
 So farre surpasseth the  
 eche other mortall wight :  
 And if thou doubt thereof, good faith  
 deluded is thy light.  
 Such wordes I did pronounce,  
 or not unlike to these,  
 Whilst I by night directed course  
 amid the yeelding seas.  
 The water glistred with  
 rebounde of Phoebes rayes :  
 And night for clearenesse might compare  
 even with the brightest dayes.  
 No voyce I heard with eare,  
 but every thing was hush :  
 Haue whilst my body brake the waues  
 the troubled water rush.  
 Alcyones alone  
 did vse a pleasant note :  
 And did recorde Ceycus loue  
 with sweete and warbling throte,  
 At length my handes gaue by,  
 mine armes coulde worke no more :  
 Then stode I on the waues aloft,  
 and cast mine eyes to shore.



So sooner saue I light  
 my loue is yonder way  
 (Quoth I) that coast doth harbour hit  
 on whome my life doth stay.  
 Then streight my strength renude,  
 mine armes had force againe:  
 He thought (than earst) the coming seas  
 I swam with lesser paine.  
 The ardent gleames I bare  
 in close and louing breast,  
 Would not permit that I should be  
 with watric colde opprest.  
 The more I came to thine,  
 or did approach the lande:  
 He thought I could a greater charge  
 of swimming take in hande.  
 But when I came in sight  
 that thou migst take the betwe:  
 Thy gladsome lookes, my fainting force  
 with comfort did renewe.  
 Then shewd I all my skill,  
 to feede thy hungrie eyes:  
 And, for thou mightst deterne mine armes,  
 I heaude them to the skies.  
 Thee from the flowing sworde  
 thy Purce coulde scarce restraine;  
 With fired eye I markte it well,  
 and saw it passing plaine.

# Leander

At home though the Hag withheld,  
as was in hir to doe :  
Yet with the swelling tide thou wetteste  
the leather of thy shoe.  
And clasping me in armes  
didst kisse Leander oft :  
Such kisses as of Gods by seas  
were worzhie to be sought.  
And from thy shoulders gauste  
me garments of the best :  
And drydste my haire that was bedewde,  
and with the waues opprest.  
The reast, thy guiltie towe,  
the night, and we doe knowe :  
And Phoebe with hir friendly Lampe  
that did my passage shew.  
That nightes surpassing ioyes  
no bett may be discryude,  
Than Hellespontus waltring waues,  
that Helles life depziude.  
How shorter was the space  
on Venus to bestowe,  
We toke the greater heede that it  
in idle might not go.  
Thus weares away the night,  
and Lucifer the starre  
Declares that Tythons louing spouse  
(Aurora) is not farre.

Then

Then forgiſſing dolefull plaintes  
 that Nox hath runne hir race  
 With ouerhaſtie ſtope, our friends  
 ly kiſſes walke apace,  
 But when the crabbed Purſee  
 beginnes to chide and chowre,  
 With heauie heart I take my courſe  
 to ſeawarde from the towre.  
 At parture both lament,  
 to Helles goulfe I goe:  
 And whilſt the ſurge will giue me leaue,  
 to thee my lookes I throw.  
 In faith vnto thy ſtronde  
 I lyke my ſwimming well:  
 But backward when I bende my courſe,  
 it likes me neuer a dell.  
 And certes, when I come,  
 the middle ſea ſeemes plaine:  
 But rough and full of hanging hilles  
 when I retyre againe.  
 And (little wouldſt thou thinke)  
 I ſtay againſt my will  
 In Abydon: I long to lodge  
 with thee in Seſtus ſtill.  
 Oh Gods, why ſhould the ſurge  
 two lynked hearts deuide?  
 Why, they that are of greening mindes,  
 one hoſtage are deuide?

# Leander

Else I with thee in Sest  
would make a long sojourn:  
O thou with me to Abydon  
shouldst shape a quicke retourn.  
I force not on the place,  
so we yfear may dwell,  
Thou loust my Abydos, and I  
thy Sestus like as well.  
Why doe I cease to swimme  
for raging waters yre?  
O why the rozing winde (a slender  
cause) makes me retyre?  
Now crooked Delphins know  
the faithfull heart I beare;  
All other kinde of scaly fish  
will for Leander sweare,  
With passing to and fro,  
I haue a path ymade  
In waters, as the Cartes are wont  
where chiefly lyes their trade:  
Which could not come to passe  
with flitting now and than:  
That now for windes I can not doe  
the lyke, I curse and banne.  
Now drenched Helles floud  
is so with tempest tost:  
As hulls in harbour hardly saue  
themselves from being lost.

When

When the poore liely wench  
by waters lost hir life,

I iudge that tho th'infamed waues  
were at a semblant strife.

This goulfe hath hate ynough,  
and shame for drowning one :

Wherefore it may the better let  
Leanders life alone.

In spite at Phrixus fate  
then on the golden Hamme,

These fretting seas in spite of waues  
and surges safely swamme.

But I will neyther sheepe,  
nor ayde of shippe require :

If so the waters would be such  
as swimmers would desire.

No forraigne helpe I craue,  
so waues go not to rough :

My selfe will be the passage Boate  
and Bargeman well inough.

I will by neyther Beare  
direct my stearelesse shippe.

My loue such publike bulger starres  
esteems but as a chippe .

Let those that list beholde  
Andromade the fayre :

The golden crowne, or Parrhasis  
that shines in Northren ayre :

# Leander 100

Leander makes no cōmpt  
of anie of their light:  
No not of hir whome Perseus chose,  
o2 Bacchus fo2 delight,  
Another starre I haue  
surmounting all the rest:  
That will not see myne earnest loue  
With darcksome cloude opprest,  
Wherupon when I so gaze,  
to Colchos Launcher bound  
As Iason did, I trauail could,  
o2 to a further ground,  
I would in sitting farre  
Palæmons cunning passe:  
O2 Glaucus, that became a God  
by tasting of the grasse,  
Mine armes doe often ake  
with sundring of the waue:  
That scarcely can I swimme to thors  
my wearie corps to saue.  
But when I say (good chéere,  
you shall not fayle your hyre,  
And fo2 your payne estsones you shall  
to Heros neck aspyre.)  
Then wonted valiant force,  
beginnes to growe againe:  
And like a courser forth I thrust  
that would be formost faine.

Thus

Thus I my burning flames  
 reserve in couert breast:  
 And thee pursue of heavenly staule  
 as woorthy as the best.  
 Yet though thou well deserue  
 a heavenly twight to bee:  
 Demour in earth, or make me shewe  
 how I may come to thee.  
 I see it thence proceeds,  
 that I thee seld enioye:  
 And thence it comes, that in my mind,  
 the wretched seas annoye.  
 What gaires Leander though  
 the passage be but small:  
 For him it were as good that these  
 were widest seas of all.  
 I somewhat doubtfull stand,  
 what first to wishe or craue:  
 To be so nigh, or farther of  
 both loue, and hope to haue.  
 The nearer I appoche,  
 the more my flame doth gléde:  
 I lacke the thing I most desire,  
 though hope mine humors seede.  
 I may welnigh with armes,  
 (so neare it is) imbrace,  
 And not enioy: which makes the teares  
 oftymes imbrue my face.



# Leander

I may my lotte compare  
with Tantalus hungrie loze :  
That hath both fode and lyquor by,  
yet famine bites him soze.  
What : shall I neuer straine  
thee in my folded armes  
But when the water list : redresse  
is none for those my harmes :  
And since no surtie may  
in winde and waues be found,  
Shall all his hoped trust in waues  
and winde Leander ground :  
If tempests thus doe rage  
whilst Aestas is in place :  
How will they roze, when watrie signes  
shall shewe their stormie face :  
Or else I doe not knowe  
my fonde and witlesse rage :  
Or else euen then I shall my corps  
vnto the goulfe ingage,  
And least thou shouldst surmise  
my painted promise vaine :  
My deede shall well approue my words  
within a day or twaine,  
Ere many nights shall passe,  
(in spite of Neptuns powre)  
I minde to swim the swelling seas,  
Leander dreads no shoure.

For eyther will I liue,  
and Heros loue enioy :  
Or by my death of carefull loue  
abandon all annoy.  
And so it sorte I die,  
this onely boone I craue,  
My carkasse to be cast on lande  
with thee his Verse to haue.  
I know thou wilt both touch,  
and eke deploze the same :  
And say (Leander) I thy death  
against my will did frame.  
This fell abodement may  
perhappes offende thy heart :  
And these forespeaking lynes of mine  
increase thy silent smart.  
Let all such fancies go,  
helpe (Hero) to request  
That waltring waters may be calme,  
and belking seas at rest.  
A small time of truce will serue  
to bring me to thy shore :  
When I am there let Neptune frowne,  
and ruthlesse chanell roze.  
There may Leander make  
a safe and sicker stay :  
His shippe no surer harbour can  
nor Barck haue better bay.

Let

# Leander

Let Boreas me include  
Where I so faine would bee:  
And then Leander loth to swimme  
from Sestus thou shalt see.  
I will not then go scolde  
With deepe seas as tofore:  
Pe yet, that waters are brist  
in wonted wise deplore.  
Let Heros armes withholde,  
let winds enforce my stay:  
Let double cause pꝛuaile to stop  
Leander if they may.  
When tempest shall permit,  
to Sestus will I hie:  
Sic that thy Lampe be burning ay  
for feare I swimme a wye.  
The while receyue my lynes  
I wrote with quaking pen:  
Ere long my selfe will be with thee,  
if fortune say Amen.



# The Argument of the xix. Epistle, entituled

126

Hero to Leander.

When Hero had Leanders lines receyde,  
His louing letters read, and throughtly scande:  
His saythfull heart and constance she perceyde,  
Which made hir write againe with willing hande.

Sometime for fluggish him the wench contralde,  
To shew hir selfe a louing Lasse in deede;  
Sometime she biddes him not to be too bolde,  
Nor hasten more to Sestus than were neede.

Now cryes she out against the mounting waues,  
And craues a calme at cruell Neptuns hand:  
And by and by with Æolus she raues,  
And Boreas blame, that did hir loue withstand.

Sometime she dreads least she for lorne were,  
As common trade of louers is to doe :)  
But last of all she willes him to for bere,  
And not to come, whilst windes did bluster so,  
And waters warrde, that perill was to passe  
The cursed streame, where Helle drenched was.



# The.xix.Epistle.

## *Herô to Leander.*

**L**He health thou sent in wordes,  
that I may haue in deede:  
Do way ( Leander ) all excuse  
and come thy way with speede.  
All stay tormentes me soze,  
that doth my ioyes expell:  
And mercy, since I do confesse  
I loue thee passing well.  
We both doe burne alike  
and frye with egall flame:  
But I am weakest of the two,  
my nature willes the same.  
As women... use is faint,  
so are their mindes not strong:  
If thou do not repayze at once  
I shall be deade ere long.  
You men contriue the time  
and lothsome tide away:  
Sometime in tillage of your soyles,  
sometime you hunt the day.  
Sometime at open barre  
you plead a Clients case:  
To Tennis now, and then with Horse  
you runne a lustie race.

Sometime

sometime you pitch for foule,  
 for fishe you lay your line:  
 And when the day is spent and gone,  
 you fall to quaffing wine.  
 How I can none of these  
 though lesser were my shame;  
 Why Herô can do nothing else  
 but Cleape his louers name.  
 And that which sole remaines  
 (Leander) that I proue:  
 And, more than anie wight woulde deeme,  
 I rage with ardent loue.  
 O I with Beldam Purce  
 do sit, and chatte of thee,  
 And do not little muse what should  
 thy cause of lingring bee:  
 O seeing seas to surge  
 by meane of windie flawes:  
 In thy behalfe I checke the windes  
 with wide and weakfull saues.  
 O when the calmed seas  
 haue somewhat quaylde their powre;  
 I say thou mayst, but wilt not come  
 to Heros wonted rowe.  
 Amid my griefull plaintes  
 the saltish teares gush out  
 By streames: which crooked Purce doth wype,  
 and dries with Linnen clout.

Most times

# Herô

Oft tymes I seeke in sande  
where I thy steppes may finde :  
As though the foote once gone, the print  
would aye remayne behinde  
I aske when any came,  
o; any mindes to go  
To Abydon : to fine I might  
thy state by wryting know.  
What should I speake how ofte  
I kisse with louing lippe  
The robes which tho thou leftst behinde  
When thou to sea didst skippe :  
Thus when the day is spent,  
and night our friendfull tide  
Hath banisht Phoebus from the Pde,  
and starres doe shewe their pyde :  
In stately turrets toppe  
a blasing Lampe I sette :  
Whereby thou wonted art my shore  
and perillous stronde to sette.  
Then I to passe the time  
in hast to Distaffe rowne :  
An Arte which women vse the griefes  
of ykelome staves to shonne.  
O that thou knewst my wordes,  
that I pronounce the while :  
Leanders name is all my talke,  
Leander is my stile.

Howe



Howe thinke you (Purce) is he  
by this come out of doore?  
Doth he stand in dreade of scowts  
that on his passage pwe?  
Hath he remoude his robes?  
(good Weldaime tell thy minde)  
Doth oylde his venterous carelesse corps  
as swimmers wont by kinde?  
With that she giues a nod,  
not so? she heares my talke:  
But doth wisse slumber so procures  
hir gogling heade to walke.  
And then I pause a stonde:  
then, (now he sits) I say,  
And with his well approued armes  
he beates the waues away.  
Then spinne I for a space,  
and twist a threede o? twaine:  
And where thou be in middle seas  
to learne I am full faine.  
Sometime I giue the gaze  
where I may see thee swim:  
And then we pray that Neptune will  
not shewe his cheare to grim.  
Sometime we heare with Care  
a noyse, that makes vs thinke  
That thou art then ycome to shore,  
and safe to Sestus bzinke.

Thus

# Herō

Thus when the greatest part  
of night is flitted by :

The slumbring sleepe by secret stealth  
inuades my w eride eie.

Then ( gainst thy will perhaps )  
thou dost with me sojourne :

And ( though thy selfe wouldst faine dislodge )  
yet art thou here atourne.

For now I seeme to see  
thee swimming in the flood :

And then to throwe thy limber armes  
on Heros backe a good.

Another while with clothes,  
and wonted robes I hide

Thy moysted limmes, and lay me downe  
fast by thy wished side.

And other toys to tast  
and other feates to frame :

Which though I toyde to put in vze,  
my tongue to tell doth shame.

O h mee vnhappy wench  
whose pleasure makes no stay,

And falsed is: for thou with sleepe  
art wont to slippe away.

O Lord let vs that loue  
at length with firmer lace

Combine our selues: let dreames no more  
true pleasures so deface.

Why

Why haue I lodge alone  
 so many nights arowe,  
 In cold and rarefied couch: I why dost thou  
 proue thy selfe so slowe?  
 As now the waters are  
 too boytuous I confesse  
 for such as swim: but yesternight  
 Neptunus rage was lesse  
 Why lettste thou slip that tide:  
 thou shouldst haue feared the swiffe  
 And not haue stode in earnest hope  
 for better than the fust.  
 What though the weather chaunge  
 as well againe to swim  
 yet that was the first  
 of both I iudge it tritest  
 for seas haue sodaine change  
 the floud is alfred some  
 And when thou wilt lingert to come  
 thy course is sooner done  
 Arriue to Sestus shore,  
 no cause thou shouldst at all  
 haue of regreates in minutes  
 what winter storme might fall  
 Then I with gladsome mind  
 would heare the windes to rage  
 And pray that Neptunus raging seas  
 their swelling might not swage.

# Herōus Lot

But how befell you feare  
 your wanted passage so,  
 And dreade the trouble, you stande ere this  
 the cause I long to know.  
 For yet I well recorde,  
 that when thou camste to Seft,  
 The Chanell was as rough, or nise  
 as rough, as may be gess.  
 When I exclamde aloud,  
 (mine owne) be not to bolde:  
 Least I be forst to rue thy fate,  
 if I thy death beholde.  
 Whence comes this fodeine feare?  
 where is that courage now?  
 Where he that scinde the foete of flouds  
 and waters wont to flow,  
 yet naythelesse be wissey  
 not retchlesse as thou were:  
 And swimme in safety if thou maste,  
 if not, a while forbear.  
 So that thy faith be one,  
 as those thy lines did sholwe:  
 And so that kindled flame of thine  
 to cinders doe not growe:  
 I dreade not so the windes  
 that barre my wished tope:  
 As least thy loue, will like the windes  
 erchaunge by chaunge of tope.

Of this I stande in awe,  
 least perill passe the gaine.  
 And least thou thinke thy bootie farre  
 inferiour to thy paine.  
 Sometime I quake for feare  
 least Abydon deface  
 My Self, and least Leander thinke  
 his Hero far to base.  
 But all I can endure  
 with well contented will,  
 so that thou haue no dauntie day,  
 thy pleasures to fulfill.  
 So that no strumpets armes  
 about thy necke depende:  
 For nouell loue p[ro]duce thy self  
 and former flame to end.  
 Oh rather let me die  
 than such a crime to know.  
 Let Heros liuely t[ri]b[un]e be thy  
 ere thou doe trespassse so  
 Not, for thou gaue me cause  
 of future grieve, I speake  
 In such a wise no new report  
 moues me my minde to breake.  
 I haue that I feare the worst,  
 who loues deuoyde of bread:  
 The place doth force the absent wight  
 oft times on feare to feade.

# Herōnes I

Oh happie Symphs to home place  
 and presence makes to know  
 Committed crymes, & keepes from feare  
 of things that are not so.  
 No lesse the forged fact,  
 than wrong ydone in dede  
 Doth moue our mindes : from both alike,  
 lyke dolour both procede.  
 Oh, that thou wouldste repaire,  
 or else thy cause of let  
 From windes, and grutching father mightst,  
 and from no woman set.  
 Which if I heard of troth,  
 for grunting grieve I die:  
 And great will be thy guile, if so  
 thy loue thou seeke to trie.  
 But moze than needes I dreade,  
 thou wilt not so offende:  
 For churlish tempest is in fault  
 that will not let thee wende.  
 O Gods, what mounting fouds  
 doe driue against the shore?  
 How doth the darke some cloude inclose  
 and keepe the light in store?  
 Perhaps the virgins Dame  
 is commen to the flood:  
 And for hir drenched dearling sheddeth  
 hir saltish teares a good.



O Ino being wore  
 a Seanymphe but of late,  
 Turmoyle the goulfe, that Helle brought  
 to such vntimely fate,  
 That floud doth nothing friende  
 the Mayden sepe I know:  
 For there did Helle lose hir life,  
 where Heros hurt doth grow,  
 But (Neptune) waying well  
 and calling oft to minde  
 Thy former flames, me thinks thou shouldst  
 not hinder loue by winde,  
 For Amymon can well,  
 and Tyro trie at neade,  
 That thou were truely toucht with lone  
 as we in stories reade,  
 Alcyonè the fresshe,  
 and Iphimedia feare:  
 Medusa on whose skull as then  
 there hong no hissing heare,  
 Laodice the browne,  
 Celeno firs in skie:  
 Whose names I sundre times haue read,  
 and seene with searching eye,  
 With these, and others else  
 (of whome the Poets write)  
 Thou (Neptune) chambered hast full oft,  
 and past in lones delight.



# Merômo 101

Why then that hast so oft  
 the valiant force of loue,  
 Assayde, by tempest to forelet  
 my wonted course dost prone  
 Cruell be calme awhile,  
 wage warre where seas be wide:  
 This is a slender Chanell, that  
 two countries doth deuide,  
 It better would beseme  
 a high and haughtie Roy,  
 To hoyle the hulkes to boyle with Barks,  
 or Hauies to annoy,  
 'Tis shame for God of Goulfe  
 a swimming youth to sincke:  
 Eche little Lake this conquest would,  
 and spoyle vnfitting thincke.  
 He is of noble blood,  
 not of Vlysses lyne:  
 At whome, not vnderstandly  
 thou (Neptune) dost repine.  
 Giue leaue, at once saue two:  
 for though he sole doe swim,  
 yet in the selfe same tossing tide  
 my hope consistes in him.  
 Meanewhile the Torch (for by  
 a Torch I sit and write)  
 Doth happier, a blissefull signe that all  
 shall see successe aright.

Beholde

Beholde howe Belldame poures  
 the wine into the flame:  
 And sayes (to morrow we shall be mo)  
 and drinckes vpon the same.  
 Oh, come by sliding seas,  
 increase the tale by one:  
 Thou whom I fire in faithfull breast,  
 and let delayes alone.  
 Home to thy tents retyre,  
 that fleest thy friendfull spouse:  
 Why doe I sole amid my couch  
 my carefull carkasse rouse?  
 No cause there restes of dreade,  
 the bolde is sure of grace  
 At Venus handes: she that was bred  
 of flouds, will rue thy case.  
 My selfe oft tymes to meete  
 in middle Goulfe doe dare:  
 Haue for the floud is friend to men,  
 not women wont to spare.  
 For why (when Phrixus with  
 his louing sister came  
 By sea) did Helles onely gine  
 the gaskly Goulfe his name?  
 Perhaps you dreade returne  
 least force will faile you feare:  
 You stand in doubt you may not well  
 this double trauaile beare.

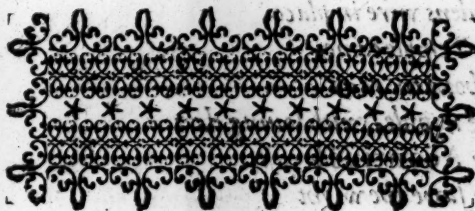
Therefore make hast, and meete  
 thy friende amidst the flood :  
 And there aloft vpon the waues,  
 shall kisses walke a god,  
 That done, let eyther to  
 his strond reuerte againe:  
 Though this were small, 't is better some,  
 than nought at all to gaine.  
 Would eyther bashfull shame  
 that feedes this secret fire,  
 Or fearfull loue would yelde to fame,  
 of both I t'one desire,  
 For yll they can agree,  
 that neuer are at truce  
 T'one swaete, and t'other seemely is,  
 I wote nere which to chuse.  
 When Iason did arrive  
 at Colchos careful port :  
 He his Medea well inbarkt,  
 did thence with speede transpox.  
 No sooner Priams soune  
 to Lacedæmon came :  
 But straight he made retourne to Troie  
 with famous Grecian dame,  
 But thou as often leauest  
 thy liked loue behinde,  
 As doste repaire, & comste when thy  
 may scarcely passe for winde.

Be naythelesse auisde,  
 thou victor of the seas:  
 so scozne the floud, as thou maist feare  
 least Neptune the disease,  
 huge, highe, and haughtie Gulks,  
 yframde by Arte doe fayle;  
 And canst thou deeme thine armes will moze  
 than shauen Ores preuaile?  
 The Pylates standes afright  
 the shelves thou swimme to coste;  
 for Barks ybroode, and broken ships,  
 in such a sort are lost.  
 Oh me vnlucky wench,  
 I woulde not thus dilwade:  
 But be as bolde for all my wordes,  
 as is thy wonted trade.  
 so safely thou artue,  
 and laye those armes of thine  
 Upon my backe, that oft were beate  
 with sea of belking byrne.  
 But I wote nere what cold  
 my quaking breast doth nomme,  
 As ofte as to my restlesse minde  
 a thought of seas doth comme.  
 My last nights dreame tomentes  
 and makes me soze afright:  
 Though I to Morpheus ere I slept  
 had done my sacred right.

# Herō

In creake of dawning day  
When torchlight gan to faile:  
(A tide when true vndoubted dreames  
the slumbring corse assaile:)  
Out of my sleepe hands  
the twisted twine did fall,  
And to my pensive Pillow  
my head applyde withall.  
And with vnfalshed faith,  
and certaine sight I sawe  
A crooked Delphin sit in floud,  
ytost with windie flawe.  
Who, when by drift of waues,  
and turning tide was tost  
To sandie shore: he both at once  
his lyfe and waters lost.  
What so it be I dreade,  
haue not in scoorne my dreames:  
He yet (vnlesse the waters serue)  
commit thy corse to streames.  
If selfe care all be past,  
yet way thy friendly Gate,  
Whose wealth and welfare doth depende  
vpon thy healthfull state.  
I hope that yrefull seas  
will shortly be at reast:  
Then doe thou breake the calmed waues  
with safe and sicker breast.

peane while cause surge turmoill be  
 thy passage doth restraine:  
 Let louing lynes p'sent, abridge  
 some part of lingring paine.



The  
 and in this  
 I will make  
 and be thy  
 in this  
 be thy  
 in this  
 in this

44 The Argument of the  
xx. Epistle, entituled

*Acontius to Cydippe.*

**T**O Delos, where the rytes  
were donne to Dians grace  
Acontius traualde, many Nymphes  
and Maydens were in place,  
A troupe to Temple came,  
but one about the reast  
(Cydippe namde,) with louing dot  
did craze Acontius breast.  
Who fore he sawe the wight  
vnegall in estate:  
Surmisde he should not for his life  
haue giuen hir the mate.  
Yet naythelesse at length,  
he bourded hir with guile:  
And in a goodly Apple did  
inclose this chaste stile.  
By Dians sacred rytes  
and misteries I sweare,  
That I will make repaire to thee  
and be thy friendly Feare.  
In Temple at hir feete  
be slooping the flattering fruite:  
She tooke it vp, and read the rymes,  
Cydippe woxe as mute



As fische, and Scarlet red  
byr lillie cheekes beames  
for hauing made a vowe, she knewe  
she should obserue the same,  
for what so was behigh  
before Dianas face,  
by common order was decreed  
should take effect and place.  
Her father after this,  
vnrwitting of the other  
his daughter made, Cydippe to  
another did betrothe.  
Meane while the silly wench  
with Feuers was oppress,  
And sealt a thousand furious fits  
screeding byr disrest.  
Accontius in his lynes  
induceth byr to thynck  
this Feuer false by Dians wrath,  
for cause she sought to strinck,  
And false byr plightred saith:  
in presence and in place  
Of all those sacred saints, but most  
of good Dianas grace.



*A continu to Cydippe.*

**W**hendon dreade, for to thy Louer thou  
 shalt frame no farther best ne sweere again  
 Thy once ingaged faith I recke ynough.  
 Read & suruay my lines: so may this grie  
 And languor leaue thy corps, which is my tene.  
 When any limme of thine sustaineth smart.  
 Why blush you: and why loth bermillon taint  
 Beslecke your cheeks: in Dians temple so  
 I deeme thy face with scarlet hie infeed.  
 Marriage and plighted troth, no crime I craue:  
 I loue not as a Letcher, but a spouse.  
 Reuoke to minde the wordes in Apple graunde,  
 Which to thy guiltlesse handes I did protect.  
 There shalt thou find cōfirme by salernpne othe,  
 That I require: vnlesse both fied faith,  
 And wordes at once out of thy breast are fled.  
 Euen as I dyad in dedde, the Goddesse frettes,  
 O Pimph, thou rather than the Goddesse shouldst  
 Stand mindefull of thy best and promise made:  
 And now I feare the like. But oh to more  
 Whir raging force is growne, and flame increast  
 By lingring staye. And loue that neuer was  
 Blender, by yelded hope in processe springs.  
 Thou gausse me hope, my loue lent faith thereto.

That

# Acontius to Cydippe. 136

That Dian witnesseth, thou canst not withstande,  
Shee thou wast prest, and noted well the words,  
And seemde with moued tresse, to giue assent.  
Report that by descente thou were intrapt,  
Whilke Cupid did enforce me forge the fraude,  
What meant my craft but to be lincke with thee?  
That thou complaine, may well me reconcile.  
Not guilefull I by vse, or nature am;  
He thou (my wenche) in faith hast subtil made.  
(If I wold ought by Arte) with sleightfull words,  
The wilke Loue hath fast with me enchainde:  
I knitt the knot with wordes that he pronounceth,  
And craft I by Cupids counsell, wore.  
Let guile sustaine the name, let me be sedde.  
Subtille, if things beloude to winne, be craft.  
Behold, I wrote a tresse, and frame request,  
Another fraude wherof thou mayst compleaine.  
If I, in that I loue, annoye thee so,  
Incessantly I will: and though thou be  
Full well awised, I wil pursue thee aye.  
Others by sword, haue many Symphes purloyned  
And shall a letter forgde by craftie sleight,  
To me as heinous crime objected be:  
Gods graunt I thee in faster knot may chaine.  
As thou mayst neuer finde a waye to start,  
Nor lie thy fied faith. A thousand trickes  
There are, and I in that one trauaile toyle,  
Nothing my loue permittes vntride to goe.

Though

# Acontius

Though doubtful be where thou wilt yield or no,  
 The ende is in the Gods, but thou shalt yield,  
 And be entrapt, and forst in fine to bow.  
 Some toyles put case thou scape: yet at the games  
 Thou canst not passe, which crafty Cupid pight  
 Noe nettes there are, than thou surmise to be.  
 If Arte may not auayle, to armes we will,  
 And I will thee, as rape atchiude, enjoy.  
 I am not he that Paris fact controle,  
 Nor any that suche manlike parts haue playde.  
 And I. But now no more; though death ensue  
 This rape, should lesse aggriene, than thee to lose.  
 Oh, would y were worse featurde than thou art.  
 With reason then of me thou shouldst be sought:  
 Thy face doth me to valiance now procure.  
 Thou, and thine eyes (surpassing flaming starres  
 Which were the causers of my glowing gleade)  
 In me this courage moues, and stoutnesse stirs.  
 Thy yelow golden lockes, thy yuorie necke,  
 Thy handes, of whom I long to be acold,  
 Thy feature, and thy blusshing countenance  
 Deuoyde of rustickes grace: and feete such as  
 With Thetis maye copare, this boldnesse breeds.  
 Noe fortunate were I, if all the reall  
 I might condingly praise: but doubt I nought.  
 But that the whole vnto his parts agrees  
 By thys thy forme enforst, no maruell though  
 I sought to haue thy parling voice his pledge.

In fine, kith that thou art constrainde to yeelde  
 Thy selfe beguilde, by my deceitfull sight  
 (O Virgine) be thou conquerde at the last :  
 Let me sustaine the hate, and guerdon gaine  
 For hatred so endurde : So haynous cryme  
 And blame, why doth it want his earned fruite :  
 Hesron Ajax, Briseis Achylles toke,  
 And eyther of them their *Victor* did ensue.  
 We spare not to accuse, ne sticke to wrath  
 We, so I may the angrie wight enjoy.  
 We that procure the yre, will please the same,  
 If neuer so little leysure be allowde,  
 And respite giuen to lessen swelling wrath.  
 Let me besprent with teares tofore thy face  
 Stand, adding to my teares lamenting sounde:  
 And as the frequent vse of Castles is,  
 When they of lashing scourge doe stand in a lye,  
 (Grouse at thy fete, stretch out my yielding hands)  
 What know I not thy right : O Distresse powre:  
 Cite me. In absence why am I accusde :  
 As Ladies wont, giue me in charge I appeare.  
 Though thou my tresses teare in stately sorte,  
 And make my face with butters black and blew:  
 Yet all I will endure, fearing but that  
 My bodie should thy tender sides annoy.  
 In chaine O Cydippe is needlesse me to bind  
 Inlaste in loue, that haue no pleasure to finde.  
 When to the wrath with weake shall be replate,

## Acontius

And anger be reuengde : thy selfe shalt say  
Oh God, how patiently the man doth loue :  
Thy selfe shalt say (when I haue all endurde)  
My seruant thou that seruiste so well shalt bee.  
In absence why am I (vnluckie) deinde  
Cupltie : and though my cause be passing good  
Yet for default of Patrone, goes to wracke :  
The bill that Cupid wrote, and gaue in charge,  
It is my wrong, and practisde iniurie,  
This onely fact in me thou must reprove.  
Dian with me deserued not the bob,  
If so the thing to me thou hast behight  
Thou loth to peeles, let Delia beare the same.  
For being prest, she saw when thou intrapt  
Didst blush, in mindefull eare thy words she plast.  
Abodements laid apart : more fiercer than  
Diana, (when she sees hir Godhead wrongde,)  
There is not any God, nor halfe so sterne.  
The Calydonian Boare can well recorde :  
For by his meane, how cruell was the dame  
Unto hir sonne, we haue full often read.  
Witnessse Acteon eke, that fed his houndes  
That eart with them had sundrie quarries made.  
The haughtie mother too, to Marble turnde,  
In ruthfull soyte that in Migdoni standes :  
Aye me (Cydis) I dreade the troth to tell,  
Least I be thought for goodding of my cause  
False matter to alledge : yet needes I must



Now plead the same. This is the cause (in sayth)  
 That thou at Nuptiall day art so diseased,  
 Unable from the sickly couch to rise.  
 Dian would doe thee good, and paynes hit sore  
 Least thou shouldst be forsworne: she gladly would  
 The sickelasse, and unbrokeit Vell reserue.  
 Whence it procedes (as oft as thou dost seeke  
 To swaue thy sayth) y she thy carkasse plagues.  
 Leauē of to styre the cruell Mrgins bowe:  
 Yet if thou wilt, to ruth she may be brought.  
 Spare thou thy corse with Feuers to molest,  
 Reserue thy featurde face for me to vse:  
 That countenance keepe, to set my heart on flame  
 By nature made, where Rose with Lillie strives.  
 So fare my foe, and who so else doth barre  
 Thee to be mine, as the disease I line.  
 My griefe is one, or when thou linckest with  
 An other wight, or feelste tormenting tene,  
 I wote not which I recke the worst of both.  
 Sometime it ykes me that I brede thy dole,  
 Deeming thy gripes by my desceit to growe,  
 Paying the plague of periurie to rebounde  
 On me, that thou mightst by my scath escape.  
 And oft to wit, and vnderstand thy plight,  
 Doubtfull (God wote) I wander to and fro,  
 Thy Wayd at pyches suing, and thy man  
 Demaunding how thy meate, and sleepe auale.  
 Who me, that I the rules of Physick scorne,



## Acontius

And put them not in vze, ne wzing hir wzesses,  
Ne on hir colwche for samfortes sake, doe lie.  
And woe againe, that I absent me thence,  
An other perhaps, whom I ne woulde, is prest.  
He feesles thy pulses, and doth sit him downe  
By thy diseased corse, hatefull to Gods,  
And with the Gods, of me detested too.  
And whilst w<sup>th</sup> thumbe he feesles h<sup>e</sup> leaping baines,  
He straines, by meane therof, thy snolwisch armes,  
Handling thy breast, and by escheate perhaps  
A kisse doth gaine of those thy sugred lips,  
A greater guerdon than his paine deserude.  
Who gaue thee leaue my haruest to fozereape?  
Vnto an others hope, who made thy way?  
Tha<sup>t</sup> bolome (friend) is mine, so wolue from me  
My kisses thou bereauste: wherfoze do way  
Thy slippant fist, from that my pacted corps.  
Anthyist, do way thy hands, the thing thou sellst  
Is me behight: hereafter if thou doe  
The like, thou shalt a Leachers name procure.  
On single Pimphees, and not despoused maides  
Make choyse: I would thou wist, this is possell.  
Beleue not me, giue to the bargaine, eare,  
And cause hir reade the wzing, to this ends  
Thou deeme hir not vnttrue, o<sup>r</sup> false to be.  
Goe from anothers bydall bed, I saye,  
What makste thou here: go pack, this knot is tide.  
Put case thou haue a partie promise eake:

Yet is thy cause and mine ynegall farre.  
 She made me perfect bow : hir Sire the Nymph  
 To thee behight : but nearer than hir Sire,  
 Vnto hir selfe, the siely maiden standes.  
 Hir father made a promise : she by othe  
 Contoynde hir selfe in league of stayde loue.  
 He witnesde men : She Dian did protest.  
 He dreades the name of Liar to sustaine :  
 But she the blot of periurde tongue to beare.  
 Of both deeme thou which is the greater feare.  
 And last of both the perils to compare,  
 Respect the euent of both, and latter lotte.  
 She lies diseasde : he liues releast of woe.  
 And we with dispar mindes for hir contende  
 We hope to both, noz egall is the dread.  
 Thou forcest not the sute : moze griefull were  
 Repulse to me than death : alreadye I  
 Embrace the maide, whom thou in future time  
 And after this, mayst haue the hap to loue.  
 If iustice, or regarde of right did lodge  
 Within thy brest, thou to my flames wouldst yeld  
 Now since this furious wight maintaines a strife  
 In wrongfull cause, Oh Cydip, to what ende  
 Do I to thee these fruitlesse lines endite :  
 He breeds thy dole, and makes thee be suspect  
 Of Dian : him (if thou be wise) renounce.  
 Barre, and forbidde him to approche thy lodge.  
 These perills by his meane thou dost endure :

## Acontius

That would he might acquite thy cozle from wo,  
That forger is of these thy pinching paynes,  
Whom if thou flee, and lincke with him in loue  
Whom Dian not condemnes: release of fitts  
Thy selfe shalt finde, and I shall be reuindred,  
Virgins erile thy feare, doubt not recure,  
Reuerence the Temple where thou maddest thy bow  
The Gods delight not with a slaughtred Ore,  
But with a fayth perfoymde without record,  
Some women health to gaine, and purchase ease,  
Both scarring Launce, & scalding flame endure;  
Other the bitter drench acquites of paine.  
These needelesse are to thee: flee periurie:  
Thy selfe, thy best, and me reserve at once.  
Pardon of passed crime by ignorance  
Shal be procurede: quite from thy mind was fled,  
And plighted promise quite thy thought erilde.  
Thee both my words, and these thy present haps  
Haue warned, which thy carefull cozle assault  
As oft as thou from palnced fayth dost wrie.  
When these are ouerblowne: in trauell thou  
Wilt craue of hir, of baron to be well  
And some releast, and haue thy throwes abridgde.  
Which she will heare, and rolling in hir minde,  
Will aske, who was the siellie infants Sire:  
Thou wilt auow. She knowes thy best vntrue.  
Thou wilt protest, and binde with sacred othe:  
But she wottes wel thou canst the Gods beguile.

It nothing toucheth me: yet greater hoe  
 I haue, and carefull is my heart of thy  
 Indaungred life, that now in perill stands.  
 Why lately did thy doubtfull parents mourne,  
 For thy distresse, whom thou thy crime concealdest?  
 And why are they vnwitting of thy guilt?  
 Cydip, thy deedes deserue no shame at all.  
 Display in order thine acquaintance first  
 With me, as to Dian thou didst thy rites:  
 And how, when first (if well thou didst attende)  
 I saw thy face, I stayd, and gaue the gaze,  
 Viewing with staring eyes thy comely coise,  
 And whilst I mused thereat (a sicker signe  
 Of frensie) from my backe my besture slid.  
 And after, how by hap (thou wottst not howe)  
 A rolling Apple trillde, with lynnes ingraude  
 Thereon, which were by subtile sleight deuised:  
 Which being read by thee, in presence of  
 The sacred Goddess, bound thy fayth in bande,  
 Which, cause Diana heard, must not be sipt,  
 And to the fine she may the writing know,  
 As earst thou didst, so reade the same againe.  
 Wised (will she say) with my good will, to him  
 With whom I bliseful Gods haue thee choyned,  
 Let be my sonne, whom thou to spouse hast tane,  
 Who so it be, shall like me, for he earst  
 Hath stode in Dians grace. Thy mother thus  
 Will say, if so that she thy mother bee.

# Acontius

If who, and what I am, she make demaunde,  
 Let hir beholde, and she shall well perceiue  
 That well for thee Diana hath puruayde.  
 The famous Ile (where the Coritian Nymphes  
 Did lodge of yore, inuironde with the Sea  
 Egæum,) Crea cleaped is the soyle  
 Where I was bred: and (if thou doe account  
 Of Gentils blood) my Grandfires were of fame.  
 And we are wealtheie eke, our maners are  
 Not fraught w<sup>th</sup> shameful crimes, suppose ther w<sup>er</sup>  
 Pought else: yet loue hath shackled vs yfeare.  
 Unsworne thou mightst selected such a spouse,  
 And neuer forst, with such a husbände wed.  
 This in my dreame, Phoebe the Archeresse,  
 And Loue, awaked, did will me wryte to thee:  
 Of whom th'ones darts haue thirled erst my hart,  
 Beware least th'others shafts doe thee annoy.  
 Our healthes are ioynde in one: Rue on thy selfe  
 And me: why dost thou stagger both to ease?  
 Which if befall, when blasted Trumpe shal soude,  
 And Delos be with yolded bloude imbude;  
 The golden Image of the blissefull fruite  
 Shall stande aloft, with cause in myter graunde.

Acontius, by the Apples forme, records

Th'insculped lines to haue bene brought to passe.

But least thy weakened limmes, and feeble corpe,  
 My ouer long Epistle should molest:  
 To fine I may in wonted maner ende,  
 Aconce thy friend, biddes thee (Cydis) adue.

# The Argument of the

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## xxj. Epistle, entituled

Cydippe to Acontius.

WHEN Cydip saw hir furious fits increase,  
And fretting Feuer growe to worse disease,  
Then thought she verily that no release  
Was to be had, vnlesse she mought appease  
Dianas wrath: wherfore she thought it best  
To stand vnto hir former plighted best.

Then tooke she pen in hand, then gan she write  
These following lines to Aconce, making shewe  
That she would yeelde, and bannish rigour quite,  
And paye the det to him that she did owe:  
Craving his helpe in peasing Goddesse yre,  
That she to healeb the sooner might asyre.





# The.xxj.Epistle.

## *Cydippe to Acontius.*

**A** Fright in silence I thy lines suruayde,  
Least I vnwares my tongue to witnes shulde  
Haue calde the Gods, and for records appealde.  
I deeme thou wouldest haue boorded me againe  
With craft, hadst I not thought in iudging mind  
One best (as thou confest) to haue suffisde.  
He had I betwde thy lines, and letters sent  
But that I thought the yrefull Goddess wraith  
By duresse woulde to furdre rage increast.  
For all that I can doe, though incense I  
To Dian offer, yet she friends the more  
Than reason willes she should: and as thou cranst  
Credit to winne; so she with mindefull wraith  
Vpon my corse for thee a wzoken is.  
So stiffely scarce by Hippolyte she stode.  
But she a virgin, rather should haue showane  
Fauor vnto a sely maidens yeares:  
Which to abridge, least she doe long I feare.  
For why the cause of this my languor lurkes  
And hidden lies by phisicke not recorde,  
So meager am I wore, so leane and bare,  
As scarce I had suffising force to wzite,  
With leaning on mine elbow able scarce  
My pined limmes, and carcasle pale to rasse.



# Cydicpe to Acontius. 142

How dread I least beside my Belldame Purce,  
 Some one discerie our entercomonyng.  
 Tofoze the gate shee sittes, to askers how  
 fare (that I maye write) she saies I sleepe.  
 But when within a space suspected is  
 Excessiue sleepe, and slumber ouerlong,  
 And such she sees repaire whom to debarre  
 Were duresse: then she spits and giues a hemme,  
 A feygned signe that some is at the doze.  
 I leaue my lines vnperfit then for hast,  
 And to my bosome thrust the scrolle erstone  
 forthwith in speede I plie the same againe,  
 And set my hand and penne to former taske.  
 Which thing how irksome toyle it was to me,  
 Thy selfe mayst well discerne, and be the iudge.  
 Which thou in faith, hast passing yll deserude.  
 But thy merites and iust deserued hire  
 By ruthfull clemencie shall far surmount.  
 By thee, vn certaine of dyspayred health,  
 So oft by thy disceit I haue, and yet  
 Endure tormenting fittes and troublous tene.  
 This is the good my vaunted beawtie gaines  
 So oft extolde by thee aboue the starres.  
 It more annoyes thee to haue likte so well,  
 If in thy sight I had deformed bene,  
 Which rather I could wishe my blamed corps  
 In neede of Whisicks helpe had neuer stode.  
 Now being praisde, I mourne by your disorde  
 Betrayde?

# Cydippe

Betrayde : my proper good doth forge my woes,  
Whilst thou dost scoorne to yeelde : and he repines  
To lose his roome, or be in second place,  
Thou barr'st his wish, and he doth hinder thine,  
I like a shippe am tost, whome Boreas blast  
Into the Chanell drives, but surge and tide  
Repelles to shoze, from deeper sworde againe.  
And of my Parents when the wished day  
Arrives, excessive heates my limmes besiedge.  
And at the cruell mariage day, my doyes  
In yrefull rage Proserpina doth shake.  
I blush & dreade (though guiltlesse in my minde)  
Least I by ought haue stirr'd the Gods to wrath.  
Some pleade it commes by hap, and some surmise  
This man to be dislikte of heavenly powers,  
And fame of thee hath also hir repozte :  
Some deeme it done by my inchauntments eke :  
The cause is hid : my hurtes too plaine appeare.  
We wage a restless warre and endlesse strife :  
But I meane while am she that hide the smart.  
I nowe will say as I was wonte of yore,  
By louing if thou thus annoy thy loue,  
Howe wouldst thou hurt by hate the hated thing :  
If whome thou loue thou hurte, go loue thy foe,  
Wish me full yll to fare, and save my life.  
Or now of hoped spouse thou hast no carke,  
Whom vnderfode, thou ruthlesse lett'st to pine :  
Or if in vaine thou to the Goddesse sue,

To me why dost thou so auant thy selfe  
 That standest nought in Dians grace at all :  
 Say what thou wilt, thou wilt not swage hir yre,  
 I deane am out of thought : thou canst not, thou  
 appeale the Goddesse, thou art quite forgot.  
 O? woulde I neuer had, or not as then  
 Delos (that is in ironde with the sea,  
 Eggun) knowne : a haplesse Ile to me.  
 Tho was my shippe to surging Chanell brought  
 Anlucky, sinister was the hours  
 And herein I hope to take the cursed seas.  
 How set I forth my wote : from Threshhold with  
 What wote went I : or to my painted Bark  
 With what bylucke wote did I repaire :  
 Yet twise with froward windes my ship recoyde,  
 And made retour to shore : but oh I lie,  
 That winde was blissefull and no froward gale:  
 A blessed blast that brought me back to bay,  
 And went about to barre my haplesse course.  
 And would it had contended with my sayles,  
 And stode in longer strife, and greater warre.  
 But folly is the sickle windes to blame.  
 Howde with the place his fame, and fresh repozt,  
 To Delos I my hastie voyage hope :  
 And in a nimble Bark did passe the sound.  
 How oft did I controll the sluggish Mares,  
 Complaining that the sayle clothes did not stroue,  
 But flagging slow, not stut with glad some gale :  
 Powe

# Cydippe

Polwe Mycone, Tenos and Andros I  
 Had past, and Delos was discoverde plaine,  
 Which when I scide as farre. Ile whie (q I)  
 Dost thou me flee: Where yet (as earst thou did)  
 Dost thou in largie seas and Chanell robe  
 Aye flæting to and fro: I came to lande  
 When daye was put to flight, and Phœbus ga  
 His wearie stædes from purple wheeles discharg  
 Which when he had to wonted rising brought,  
 Againe at mozne (my mother giuing charge)  
 My comely tresses were in order laide,  
 And frised locks in brauest maner trimnde.  
 Hir self bespangde my hands with curious gēmes  
 And purde my haire with golde: hir selfe appld  
 Unto my shoulders besture passing fine.  
 Then yssuing out, to Rulers of the Ile  
 And sacred Gods incense with wine we gaue.  
 And whilst my mother with hir bowed bloud  
 The Altar staines, and Bowels broils on coales.  
 In ranges casting fume to loftie skies  
 The busie carefull Purce led mee about  
 From place to place, from Church to sacred Fane  
 In Doxches now I passe, now musing at  
 The giftes of kings, and sundrie lightes I salue.  
 Then gasing on the Altars made with homes  
 And tre, gainst which the wandring Goddesse at  
 Hir time of bearing childe did rest hir coxle:  
 And what beside (so) I ne all to minde

Can call, or lawfull is I saw, to tell  
 Was to be seene in daintie Delos tho.  
 Whilst I (Aconce) of these so straungie sightes  
 Was taking helpe: thou me perhaps discridste:  
 Who for so simple was, and boyde of fraude,  
 Did sitting seeme to be entrapt of thee.  
 By steppes I came into a stately Church  
 Where Dian was: might anie place more safe  
 Or sicker be, than where the Goddesse stode;  
 To soe my feete the trilling Apple came  
 Gliding on pauerd ground whereas I sate,  
 Hauing this verse ingraue. (Aye me well nigh  
 I had to thee another best ymade)  
 Which Weldaime Purce toke vp, & said (beholde)  
 Where I thy craft (O noble Poet) red.  
 The name of marriage redde, blushing I felt  
 By chaunged cheekes to glowe with sodeine flash.  
 In bolome fired fast mine eyes I held.  
 Mine eyes that workers were of thine intent.  
 Unthriste, why doste thou ioy: what glory hast  
 Thou gainde: what praise shalt thou (a mā)atchiue  
 By craft one helie virgin to deuoure:  
 Not I in armour cladde, with Dollare stode  
 As ventrous Penthesilea did at Troie;  
 No Belt with Amazonian gold beset  
 Thou me hast rest, as Queene Hippolyte was  
 Why leaptst thou so for ioye: in that thy wordes  
 Haue solue me beguilde, and I by dole

And

# Cydippe

And subtile sleight, a sly Pympe was faire :  
Cydip an Apple toke, Atlanta did  
The lyke : another Hippomenes now thou art,  
More better were it if thou hadst bene thrall  
Unto the boy, who hath by thy report  
(I wote not well) what flaming fierie brands  
After the guise of honest wightes (by fraude  
Not to fordoe thy hope) I rather was  
To bene intreated, than by craft intrapt.  
Why thou ne me displaydst in time of sute,  
Such things as I in thee should haue helike :  
Why rather to enforce, than to perswade  
We didst thou chouse, if thy condition redde  
By me, had powre to make the bargaine sure :  
What now to thee auailles the former othe,  
And Goddesse prest, for true recorde appeale  
With tongue: it is the minde that makes the bea  
(Wherewith I neuer sware) it onely addes  
Faith to the words, and makes the stable othe.  
It is pretended mynde, and purpose set  
That bindes the bargain sure : no band auailles,  
Nor is of force without consenting thought.  
If so it were my will to iohne with thee,  
Then spare thou not to claime thy marriage right.  
But if I spake the worde and meant it not,  
The forcelesse words, & nothing else thou gainst.  
I sware not, but pronounst the wordes of othe.  
I must not so select thee for my spouse.

Galle



Guile other so, certes if that be good  
 And take effect, the rich mans wealth bereaue,  
 Procure that Princes sweare that thou shalt haue  
 Their Scepters, & their soueraigne seates possesse,  
 And let be thine what so the world enioyth.  
 In faith thou dost surpassse Diana farre,  
 If that thy letters haue in them inrolde  
 Such present Goodhead, and awayling powre.  
 Yet when I haue thus sayd, and flatte affirme  
 Me not to be thy spouse, and pleaded haue  
 My promesse in best forme that euer I may;  
 I graunt, I dread Dianas yrefull wyath,  
 Deeming fro thence my grieful pangues to come,  
 That plague my wretched coyle & limmes tozmet.  
 For why, as oft as spousals are adrest,  
 Languish my limmes ransackt w<sup>th</sup> deadly tene:  
 Thrise Hymens clamour coming to mine eares  
 Fled from my chamber dore, and did assart.  
 Scarce could he make th<sup>e</sup> infused flame to flash,  
 Scarce would the stirred bronds & faggots burne.  
 Oft sithe his head furnisht with garlands gay,  
 Annoynted dropt, and off his Scarlet Robe  
 And costly vesture was in hand to d<sup>o</sup>n.  
 When he approcht the dore, and wayling saue,  
 With flowing teares and feare of grieu<sup>o</sup>us death,  
 And other such abhorring his attyre:  
 Straight from his forehead he the garlands flong,  
 And from his perfumde locks the Dile did wzing.

T. J.

Shaming



# Cydippe

Shaming with mirth amidstes so sad a route  
To rush, his garments hue his face distainde.  
But miser I with Feuers am attachte,  
And scie with burning fittes: my vestures are  
More weightie than they shoulde weighty be.  
Upon my cheekes I see my parents shew  
Their deare teares and saltish bryne for woe,  
And stead of marriage wād, deaths beyond appeares.  
Thou Goddesse that in quiuers dost reioyce,  
And bended bow, fauor a sickly pymph,  
And lende me now thy skilfull brothers helpe,  
To ridde my corse of this my bering smart.  
Tis shame for thee that he abandons grieve,  
And thou dost seeke the title of my death.  
Where I vnwares approached haue the place,  
Whilst I didst bathe thy chaste full limmes in fowd:  
Haue I, of all the Gods thy Altars left  
And ouerpass withouten sacrifice?  
O: did my Dame thy Lady mother scozne?  
I not aguilt, saue that I periure radde,  
And skilfull was an vnlucke verse.  
Do thou (vnlesse thy loue be fayned) cast  
Incense for me into the flaming fire.  
The handes that hurt, let them my help procure.  
Why she that creates that I behight to thee  
Am not thy spouse, makes that I can not be?  
Hope wel thou mayst, whilst yet I liue and breathe:  
But cruell why bereues she me my life,

And

And thee dispoiles of thy well hoped boone:  
 Surmise not him whose wife I am assignde  
 And lotted spouse, my pained limmes to touch,  
 And feele with griping hand. Certes he sittes  
 Him downe by me, as lawfull is to doe,  
 Binding my couche to be a Maidens lodge.  
 And I wote nere what he doth iudge of me,  
 For oft (the cause vnknowne) he baynes his bzeast  
 With showres of trickling teares: Not ouerholde  
 He coyres me, and doth seldome kisse among,  
 Whispering with fearfull voice, that I am his.  
 He maruaile I if he discerie my minde,  
 That do my selfe so openly bewray.  
 When he repaires, I wzie me round about,  
 And vse no wordes, but winking faine to sleepe,  
 Shonning his fist, that would me gladly touch.  
 He mournes & dralwes his sighes frō silent bzeast,  
 And not aguilting hath my high disdaine.  
 More iustly thou, that laughste at my distresse,  
 And pleasure takste therin (If I could speake  
 And vse my tongue) shouldst my yll will acquire,  
 And haue my hate, that such a Panther pight,  
 By letter leaue, and licence thou dost craue  
 To see my wretched plight, and feebled corse:  
 Farre off thou makste abode, and yet annoyst.  
 I not a little meruailde that thy name  
 Acontius was: in deede thou hast an edge.  
 So sharpe, as farre can lende a lurching wound.

# Cydippe

I scarce am yet recured of the hurt,  
We like a Dart, thy lynes haue scarde alowfe.  
Why wouldest thou hither come : a wretched cozle  
(Thy double spoyle committed) mayst thou see.  
My fleshe is false alway, my colour fled  
And bloudlesse is my face, a semblaunt hue  
(As I remember) had the subtile fruite.  
In visage wan, no scarlet redde appeares.  
Of Marble picture becom but of late  
Such is the forme : Such is the siluers hue  
At bankets that with chilly water toucht  
In Basen cast, is pale for deadly colde.  
If now thou sauest me, thou wouldest quite denie  
We earste with eye of thine to haue bene scene,  
And say : by Arte and subtile sleight, in sooth  
She not deserude to bene atchiude of me :  
Sending me backe (for feare I should by othe  
In marriage shorke with thee) my plighted Vell :  
Desirous that Diana would forget  
And cleane put from hir thought the bargain made,  
Procuring eke perhaps contrarie othe  
And quite repugnant to my former vow,  
Sending a nouell verse for me to bew.  
Yet naythelesse (as thou hast longed earst)  
I would thou sauest thy miser spouses plight,  
And limmes with languor passingly opprest.  
(Aconce) more harder than the stubborne Steele  
Though be thy ruthlesse breast, yet pardon thou

In my behalfe wouldst purchase me I know.  
 To shew the meane how I may be recurre  
 And come by health againe. At Delphos is  
 A God sozespeaking things that are to come,  
 Displaying future fates, his counsell seeke.  
 He eke (as whispering fame doth tie) complains  
 Of one (I wote nere whom) that broken hath  
 And scoznde a promise made before record.  
 This both the God, the Prophet, and my verse  
 Declare, thy vowe doth want no verse his ayde  
 Such fauoꝝ how shouldst thou procure : vnlesse  
 Some letter late deuise by thee, the haulte  
 And stately Gods had tane : Since thou doste stand  
 In grace and fauoꝝ of the Gods so great,  
 I will ensue the name of heavenly powres,  
 And willing yeld my hands vnto thy Best.  
 Vnto my dame by my vnswitting tongue  
 Of plighted promise I haue made a sholv :  
 She down to ground hir blushing countnance cast.  
 Loke what remaines be thine the care and charge,  
 More than a virgin should (in that my hand  
 Drazde not to write these lines to thee) I did.  
 Now long inough my sickly corse with quill  
 Molestes is, my pained hand denies  
 A farther dutie : What remaines there now,  
 (Haue that I long to lincke my selfe with thee)  
 For these my lines, but thee to bid adue :



The Argument of the  
replie to the first Epi-  
stle, entituled *Vlysses*  
to *Penelope*.

**V**Llysses hauing throughly scand  
The earnest verse his wife did write:  
Thought good and needefull out of hand  
Hir louing letters to requite:  
What so she did obiect to him,  
The Greeke reanswerde very trim.

He quittes himselfe of all such blame  
As by his wife imputed was:  
He telles his worthie feates of fame,  
And perils that he chaunst to passe,  
And how the Prophet willde the Squire  
In beggars habite to retire,  
And that his wife alone should knowe  
Hir husband that disguisde him soe.



Vlysses Replie to Pe-  
nelopes Epistle.

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**S**to Vlysses miser wight  
god hap at length hath brought  
The louing lines (Penelope)  
thy hand in tables wrought.  
I knewe thy friendly fist at first  
and tokens passing well :  
They were a comfourt to my woes,  
and did my sorowes quell.  
Thou blamest me of retchlesse slouth,  
moze better were perhaps  
To linger, than to wyle my woes,  
and tell thee afterclaps.  
Greece blande me not for that ywis,  
when I a furie sainde,  
And made as though I had bene madde  
with thee to haue remainde.  
The earnest loue to thee (swete heart)  
and to thy bed I bare,  
Procure me tho so like a madde  
and Bedlam wight to fare.  
Thou wouldst not haue me wyle a whitt,  
but hasten home a pace :  
Lo, when I thinke to come, my sayles  
the froward winde doe chase.

L.iiij.

3



# Vlysses replie Ayl IV

I loyter not in Troie, a Towne  
of Greekish Gyzles desire:

For Troie is now to cynders come,  
suppressed is hir pride.

Deiphobus is slaine, with sterne  
Hector, and Asius eke:

And who so else did breede thy feare  
is conquerd by a Greeke.

I scape the Thzarian furious fights,  
and hauing Rhesus slaine,  
Upon the captiue chiualls came  
into my tents againe.

And safe from Pallas sacred Church  
I stole, and did conuay

The fatall Relique of the Towne  
Palladium away.

For in the horse his hollow wombe  
and bellie I adzard:

Although Cassandra (Troians) cryde  
burne, burne, as she were mad.

Burne, in this fayned timber frame  
the wily Greekes doe lurke:

That seeke this day poore Troians fall  
and latter bane to worke.

Achylles honour of his grane  
and Tombe was like to lack;

Had I to Thetis not conuayd  
Achylles on my back.



He did the Greekes (I thanke them) grutch  
 With prayse my paynes to pay;  
 I had the armour of the corps  
 that I had tane away.  
 But what auayles it : now t'is drownde,  
 I haue no? shippe yleft,  
 No? Wates aline : the Swallowing Goult  
 hath euery whit bereft.  
 Thy onely loue, that part hath tane  
 with me of all my paine,  
 As onely fellow of my fates,  
 doth aye with me remaine.  
 Not rauening Sillas watwghing whelpes  
 could foze him to depart,  
 He yet Charybdis churlish Chanell  
 plucke him from my heart.  
 Not fierce Antiphates, no? yet  
 Parthenope the trull,  
 With swéete deceptfull Syrens songs  
 from me this loue could pull.  
 Not Circe, no? Calypso though  
 by Magick Arte they wrought,  
 And th'one to bring me to hir bent,  
 by meane of marriage thought.  
 I had them both by p?omisse bounde  
 that they would take away  
 My mortall twiss, and teach me to  
 king Plutos Court the way

But

## Vlysses replicon

But I, not forcing of their gifts  
did loue my wedlocke best :  
Although perhaps in seeking thee  
I shall be soze distrest.  
But thou perchaunce such daintie dames  
surnaying in my wite :  
Impaciently wilt reade the reast,  
and be in choler quite.  
What I with Circe had to doe  
or sayre Calypso, thee  
Will aye procure a (fearefull wench)  
in doubtfull dumps to bee.  
In sayth when I Antinous name,  
and Polybus did reade,  
With Medon; I amazed was,  
and overcome with dreade.  
Amid so many lustie Laddes,  
and Tossipots to be chaste :  
Alas, what should I thinke herein ?  
I am full soze agaste.  
Why, if thou shed thy teares so fast,  
should any leake thy face :  
What : haue not yet those drierie droppes  
beate beautie out of place :  
Beside, thou hast behight to wed,  
when twist is all ysponne :  
And all in feare thou dost vntwist  
as fast as thou begonne.

A god decepte. But take god heede  
 least whilst with such a wile  
 Thou doe thy luters eyes deceyue,  
 thy selfe thou not beguile,  
 Ah (Polyphem) I rather wist  
 within thy denne to haue  
 bene murthred, and my wooll dayes  
 yfinisht with the graue :  
 Yet rather had I conquerde, and  
 of Thracian sworde bene slaine,  
 That time the wandring Barges did  
 in Iliaron remaine :  
 O that I had the greedie salues  
 replenisht with my blood,  
 Of hungrie belhounds, when I went  
 downe to the Stygian flood.  
 Where I (thou wrotte not of it) saue  
 my mother, well at ease  
 That was when I departed from  
 thy coast, and toke the seas.  
 He tolde me of the house his eulls :  
 and thise she fled me fro,  
 As I with reaching armes did catch  
 more newes of hir to know.  
 Sir Protefilaus I discribe,  
 that forcing not a pinne  
 The Prophets wordes, to sing the flame  
 in Troie did begin.

271 Vlysses replie 01

A happie and a blessed man,  
 for with hym went his wife  
 With laughing brookes: that for his sake  
 forsooke hir lothsome life.  
 For Lachesis the Goddesse had  
 hir twill not throughly sponne;  
 It did hir good into hir spoule  
 befoze hir time to ronne.  
 I saw (but oh with sorrowing teares  
 that gush't on epyther cheek)  
 Duke Agamemnon lately slaine,  
 a thyse renowned Greke.  
 He neuer toke that hurt at Troie;  
 vntoucht he went his way  
 Through spiteful Nauplius secret mines;  
 that in Euboea lay.  
 But what did that auaille the wight;  
 for when he surely thought  
 Returnd to pay his due to Ioue,  
 this beastly death he cought.  
 This was the guerdon Helen had  
 prouided for the man,  
 In steade of better present when  
 she with the stranger ran.  
 Ah, how could I reioyce to see  
 sir Hectors sister, and  
 his wife among the other thralls  
 and Teucrian truls to stand?

I could

could the aged Hecuba had  
 and vsed hir in bed,  
 That thy mistrustfull minde I wrought  
 beguilde, and ielous hee,  
 That would haue thought thy husband had  
 of no such peace ben sped.  
 he gaue the first abodement sell  
 that on my ships should light:  
 At home there I salve, not with hir partes  
 and wonted members dight.  
 hir bitter plaintes and wofull cries  
 a howling did purslew:  
 he was become a very Curre  
 in euery part to beu.  
 Dame Thetis musing at the sight,  
 turmoyle the quiet flood:  
 And Aeole gaue his blustering winds  
 in charge to blow a god.  
 From that time miser I was driuen  
 to wander in the seas,  
 And follow euery flood and flaw,  
 too cruell things to please.  
 But if Tyresias be as true  
 in telling of god haps,  
 As earst he was in making shew  
 of euill forepassed claps:  
 Now mysaduenturs are ypast  
 by land and solowing waue.

I hope

## Vlysses replie

I hope I shall retire to Greece,  
 some better lucke to haue.  
 Now Pallas undertaken hath  
 as fellowing Fate to mee,  
 To safe conduct me to the lodge  
 where I doe long to bee.  
 I neuer saw hir from the tyme  
 of Troies latter wack,  
 Till now the wronged Goddesse hath  
 from anger bene alack.  
 What so Oenides did, it lights  
 vpon vs all alike:  
 Upon the Greekes from man to boy  
 reuengement shee did seeke.  
 Not thee (good Diomed) shee sparde  
 whose Armour knowen was:  
 Shee hath enforst thee Miser eke  
 through many broyles to passe.  
 For him that Telamon begat  
 vpon a captiue Lasse:  
 For him that with a thousande ships  
 to wreake his wrong did passe.  
 Plisthenides, thou were yblest,  
 what fortune so befell:  
 For aye thy wedlock went with thee,  
 whom thou didst loue so well.  
 And whether windes did breede thy stay,  
 or surging seas annoide;

Thou

Thou didst by meane of mutuall lone  
incroching cares auoide.  
Noz blustering blastes, noz troublous tide  
from kissing thee dismayde :  
With linching armes thou his imbrasse,  
and neuer wert afrayde.  
Oh that I might not wander so,  
(sweete wench) thou wouldst procure  
The surge seeme calme, with thee I should  
no deadly smart endure.  
No sooner I had tydings that  
Telemach was aliue,  
But that the newes forpassest griefes  
from gladsome minde did driue.  
Whose going againe by tossing flouds  
in weake and rotten Bark,  
To Pylos and to Sparta, did  
reduce my former carck.  
That loue deserues no thancke in deeds  
wherein such perill is :  
And when you let him go to sea  
you did not well ywis.  
But all the houle will be at last,  
the Prophet sayd I shoulde  
At length imbrace thy friendly corse  
as I had done of olde.  
Whom thou alone shalt know, but then  
take heede and well beware,

That



## Vlyffes replie

That other by your gesture learne  
not, why so glad you are.

I must not deale with force of hande  
or as an open foe ::

The Prophet sayd that to foretell

Apollo bid him soe.

I shall perhappes deuise the time,  
to be a wroken fitte,

With bow in hande to rushe me in  
when they at tables sitte.

And then perchaunce they maruell will  
me hatefull man to see :

Oh Gods, when will that day come on  
and pleasant houre bee,

Wherein I may renue againe  
the swæte delights ypast :

And thou begin to reposseste  
thy louing spouse at last :



# The Argument of the 153 *replie to the seconde*

Epistle, entituled

*Demophoon to Phyllis.*

**H**erein his treason and delay  
Demophoon minded to deface,

That had ybenc so long away,  
from friendly Phyllis noble grace:

Somtime vpon his Countrie men  
the lingring Louer layes the blame:

On perillous passage now and then,  
and lacke of winde he cast the same,

But last in spite of waue and winde  
he made hir promise to reuare,

And so he did, in hope to finde  
the Queene as when he did depart:

But oh, impacient of hir panges,  
that she had for hir guest sustainde,

In Almon tree good Phyllis hanges,  
and this was all the Hostesse gainder



# Demophoons Replie to Phyllis Epistle.

**E**uen from his countrie soyle  
Demophoon writes to thee:  
His coutry (Phyllis) that he mindes  
thy gratefull gift to bee.

Demophoon is not linkt  
with anye nouell Lasse;  
But not so happy as with thee  
acquainted well he was.

Duke Theseus, of whom  
thou euer stoodest in awe,  
(Which made perhaps thy flame the more)  
to be thy father lawe:

(A shamefull thing for me  
to suffer such a deede)

By cruell foe was rest his reigne:  
this was olde age his merde.

Euen he that whileome had  
Amazons courage quailde,

A mate for Hercules that so  
in armour had preuailde,

Euen he that Mynos made  
a father of a foe:

Amazde to see his monstrous Beast  
by valiance conquerde foe.

# to Phyllis. 154

I am accusde to bene  
 the cause of his etile,  
 My brother layes it to my charge,  
 I must not pleade the while.  
 Whilst thou (or he) didst sonde  
 on Phyllis, and didst trauele  
 By earnest sute vnto thy wife  
 a foraine wench to haue,  
 The slipper time did passe  
 with hastie foote alway  
 Thy loytring was the cause that thou  
 doste see this dolefull day.  
 Thou moughtst perhaps at first  
 this wicked stir haue stayde  
 At least, though matters had bene past,  
 thou moughtst haue bene an ayde.  
 But Rhodopeian reigne  
 I better did esteeme  
 And of a Pymph, whom better than  
 hir Scepter I did deeme.  
 Then Athamas gins to chaufey  
 and thundring words bestowes  
 And Ethra harpes vpon the same,  
 a crooked pære God knowes.  
 She sayth my lingring was  
 th'occasion that hir sonne  
 Could not shut vp his mothers eyes  
 as dutie was to donne.

Al. ff.

I can

## Demophoons replic

I can not it denie  
they both exclamde a good,  
And cride on me when that my ship  
rode on the Thracian flood.  
Demophoon (q they)  
why stayste thou lingering so :  
The wind doth serue : home to thy Gods,  
and natie countrie go.  
Let Phyllis mytro? be  
whom thou dost loue so well :  
She fancies thee, but loth she is  
fo? thee hir Realme to sell.  
She craues thee to retire,  
thy iourney mate to bee  
She scozns : more than thy raigne she wates  
hir barbarous soyle we see.  
But I in silence would  
amid their braules (I minde)  
A thousand thanks bestow atonce  
vpon the blustering winde.  
And when I should depart,  
embracing Phyllis harde,  
I ioyde with all my heart to see  
how dashing waters warrde.  
He would I feare the same  
before my Sire to vaunt :  
Fo? by thy merites I attainde  
my libertie I graunt.

Thou

Thou must of force confesse  
 that with no skely heart  
 I went my way, noz in post haste  
 thy countrie did depart.  
 I sobbde, and weeping thee  
 to solace made a staye,  
 When to forgo thy friendly shewe  
 was come the fured daye.  
 I clambe the Thracian Barke,  
 and toke my shippe in deede:  
 When Phyllis bid it should not o-  
 uerhastely procede.  
 Forgiue since I confesse,  
 your selfe remember well  
 King Mynos daughter: in your brest,  
 that auncient loue doth dwell.  
 As often as my Sire  
 to skieward lookes: he sayes,  
 She whilome was my louing wench  
 that hath those glistring rayes.  
 God Bacchus bid him leaue,  
 and yeld him vp the maide:  
 But he (goodman) sustaines the blame,  
 they say he hir betraide.  
 By his example I  
 a persuarde man am thought:  
 He doste thou (cruell Phyllis) aske  
 the cause mine absence brought.

## Demophoons replie

Be t thinkest thou it ynough,  
Oz able to requight  
My former fault, that I am not  
in loue with any wight.  
Why (Phyllis) hast thou not  
heard of the cruell fate  
Of Theseus Pallace: of his house:  
and lamentable state:  
Hast thou not tidings that  
my fathers death I waile:  
A farther grieve than fathers fall  
Demophoon doth assaile.  
Not of Hippolyts happe:  
hee miserable man  
Fell headlong from the fearefull steeles  
that downe the Mountaine ran.  
I seeke not to excuse  
my lingring, though there bee  
A thousand cares that heape my hoe,  
I aske a space of thee,  
Let me oz ere I come  
lay Theseus in his graue,  
And see that he who was my Hys  
his buriall rights may haue.  
Giue space and leaue I pray,  
not like a traytour I  
Absent me: than thy soyle I knowe  
not safer where to lye.

Since



Since Troie went to wrack,  
 and battayles byrle did stay,  
 What ease so ere I felt at sea  
 or other where? I say  
 I had it all in Thrace,  
 (yet there I found some grieve)  
 That onely soyle vnto my woes  
 was succour and reliefe.  
 And is, if thou be one,  
 and be not moude awhight,  
 That now I haue a stately house  
 so Castle lyke in sight:  
 For that my fathers haps  
 or mothers shamefull fate,  
 Or these my yll successses cause  
 thy fancie to rebate.  
 What if I went to Troie,  
 in mariage linckt with thee?  
 And thou thy husband waging warre  
 full ten yeares space shouldst see:  
 Thou hearste Vlysses wife  
 what honour she hath got:  
 A myrrour she became, for that  
 she liude withouten blot.  
 Who (by report) deuise  
 a charitable wise  
 In spinning: where wothall hir in-  
 stant Suters to beguile.

## Demophoonsreple

For whatsoeuer she  
by day in sight had brought:  
At night the selfe same twisted string  
from threed to woll she brought.  
But Phyllis you doe feare  
your suters wilbe gone  
That profferde wedlocke earst in Thrace:  
canste thou with any one,  
Or haste thou heart to matche  
thy selfe in bridely band?  
What? will not feare of broken Vell  
thy shamefull act withstand?  
O Lorde how thou wilt blush,  
O Lorde how thou wilt shame,  
When thou shalt be to my sailes alone  
and know they be the same?  
Thou then wilt blame thy rashe  
complaint (but all to late)  
And saye: Demophoon was to me  
a true and faithfull mate.  
Demophoon is retirede  
that Southren blast abide,  
And cruell tempest, whilst vpon  
the solowing seas he slide.  
Ah why in such post haste  
did I this blame deuise?  
I broken haue my plighted Vell,  
which makes my heart agrise.

But

But (oh) go forward so  
more rather than to mee  
(Sweete Phyllis) greater griefe and care  
should chaunce againe by thee.

What Gibbet (oh) is that  
that thou doste manace so  
Unto thy selfe, and forward fate  
to worke thy wassellfull woe:

The Gods y<sup>e</sup> in this soyle doe dwell  
are ouerhold I trowe.

I pray thee spare, and cause  
no more defame to spring  
From out our race: whose traitrous crime  
too lowde a Bell doth ring.

Ariadne may excuse  
my father, since hir lotte  
Was party cause shee was forlozne.  
Who me maye iustly blotte:

Now selfe same windes my words  
that did my sayles conuaye:  
I would returne with all my heart  
but haue good cause to staye.



77 The Argument of the  
replie to the first Epistle,

entituled Paris  
to Oenone.

**T**He lynes that Oenon sent  
When Paris had perswade,  
And saw thereby she ment  
That she was quite refusde,  
Of him that had conuayde from Greece  
Faيرة Helena that passing peece:

He wrote in this effect,  
And flat at first gan tell,  
That when he did reiect  
The Nymph, he did not well:  
But therewithall he laide the blame  
On Cupid that procure the same.

He makcs hir open shewe,  
How stately was the stroke,  
Of blinded Cupids bow,  
And how he brought to yoke  
Both man and God, and did not let  
To say that destinies so had set.



## Epistle.

**S** lawefull is thy plaint;  
 (O Pymph) as I confesse,  
 My hand doth hunte for currant termes  
 my meaning to expresse.

It hunts and can not finde,

I feele my guilt so gret:

I would recant, but (oh) the same

my nouell loue doth let.

My conscience me condempnies

if thou not angrie bee

Therewith: but what: in cause I knowe

thou mayst not match with me.

For me whome thou dost blame,

Cupido to his reigne

Hath forst to yelde: anothers pray

even so I now remaine.

Thou were my wedlock first,

I graunt it true to bee,

That I in greenish yeares my loue

and sayth behight to thee.

He was I then so proude

as in your letters you

Obiected me: ne I my selfe

king Priams now ye knew.

Deiphobus

821 Paris replie

Deiphobus not I

no? Hector thought to bee  
My brothers, when I fed my flock  
in Ida Mount with thee.

Not Hecuba I knewe  
but by a mothers name :

And thou didst well deserue to haue  
hir eye to bene thy dame.

But Loue from Reason swarues,  
thy selfe shalt iudge the case :

For thou art wrongde, and hauing wrong  
dost loue me naythelasse.

And whereas Panes thee,  
and Satyrs did desire :

Thou shouldest their loue, and eye in minde  
dost keepe thy former fire.

Beside, this latter loue  
was furthzed by the fate :

My sister eke Cassandra saue  
of future things the state.

Not I as then had heard  
the brute of Helens name :

Be to myne eares by hir report  
the Greekish tumult came.

You see that all is true,  
my guilte doth sole remaine :

And to request your pardon I  
in humble wise am saine.

Wichin

Within thy powze doth reast  
the doome of life and death :

Pow binde me thine for evermore  
by sauing of my bzeath.

Thou weptst (I minde it well)  
and yet thou sangst withall :

And sayd, God shilde that no such euill  
at any time befall.

Po, though his deedes deserue,  
and euerie thing beside:

Pet Oenon I to worke his bane  
will neuer be discorde.

O pardon: selfesame loue  
that forgoe this fraude to thee,

Made me to thinke herein not halfe  
so many feares to bee.

What God doth strike the stroke :  
sometime into a Bull

He Loue conuerts, into a fowle  
sometime to coy his trull.

Pot Helen now in earth  
so passing goodly dame

Hath bene, (a wench by nature made  
to set my bzeast in flame.)

Had not the mightie Ioue  
become a Swanne in sight :

What earst a golden shattering showze  
on Danaes lappe did light.



## Paris repleie

A fained fowle sometime  
in I da mount did soze:  
Sometime amidst Agenors neate  
in foyme of Bull did roze.  
Alcydes who would think  
the valiant man to haue  
sat at dissaite: Loue did make  
him twissen like a slaue.  
Againe the man was seene  
in Ioles garment clad:  
And she the haire Lions case  
vpon hir shoulders had.  
And Oenon thou (I minde)  
(I touche my selfe to me)  
The God Apollo scorndste and didste  
to Paris minde applie.  
Not so? I him excellde?  
but Cupid willde it tholl  
That in such sort his subtil shafts  
in Oenons breast should go.  
What comfort thou thy wrong,  
in that thy riuall shee  
A passing wench, and daughter brans  
to Ioue is knowne to bee.  
But that she came of Ioue  
it moues me not a mite:  
But (oh) hir face is passing faire,  
'tis it that worles the spite.

And

And (M) I wish that I  
 a skillesse iudge had bin,  
 When to contend for beauties pride  
 the Ladies did begin.  
 For then not Iunos yre  
 nor Pallas wrathfull brest  
 Shoulde hurt me ought, for liking of  
 the Ladie Venus best.  
 She Cupids flames deuides,  
 and franckly fire on those  
 (By even and odde, by quick and slowe)  
 on whome she list bestowes.  
 Yet neither she hir selfe  
 those weapons could auoyde:  
 The bow she bare for other, hath  
 hir proper breast annoyde.  
 For halting Vulcan grutcht  
 when he by fortune found  
 The warlike God and hir in bedde,  
 and caused to resound  
 His wofull plaint before the Gods,  
 and Ioue that saw them bound.  
 And mightie Mauors now  
 laments and lowres as fast:  
 For she hath fled this soyle, and of  
 Anchises is imbass.  
 Nowe wholly she delights  
 Anchises eye to leake:

## Paris repleie

To him alone she closely clings,  
and giues the reast the gleske.  
What wonder was that she  
should haue the powre to ayde  
Whose egall flames of loue, whose fire  
poore Paris hat; assayde?  
Whome Menelaus wrongde  
doth loue, I fancide well  
Not wrongde at all: beside the matcht  
with one wrongde neare a dell.  
And I perciepue it plaine  
that for this rape there arre  
Reuenger Greekes with weakefull shippes  
to bid the Troians warre.  
The goodnesse of the cause  
(I nothing doubt) will bee  
Alloved: to forcen Dukes to fight  
hir features are we see.  
If me you not beleue,  
beholde the chieftaine Greekes  
In Armour: I must holde hir fast  
whom they so sorely seekes.  
But if you stand in hope  
by force to wrest my will,  
Why cease your hearbes and Pagike verse?  
where is thy wonted skill?  
For in Apollos Arte  
thou canst as much as she

That

That is the best, the truest dreames  
of Hecate thou dost see.

I well remember thou  
hast set the Moone abacke :

And stayde the starres, and dimde the day,  
with duske and cloudie blacke.

I fed the frowning Bulles,  
and marueld much to see

Amid the Herde by Oenons charmes  
the Lyons tame to bee.

Of Xanthus what should I,  
or Simoys now report ?

Or tell how both those streames were stayde  
by thee in monstrous sorte ?

Thy Sire him selfe, in feare  
his daughter farde amisse,

Amid his waters albetwitcht  
would often stay ywis.

Nowe (Oenon) here is place,  
doe what thou canst by skill :

Or quench thy flames, or cleane put out  
my byande that blazeth still.

FINIS.

23

070112-0

1. Turned in all island  
 2. Turned in all island  
 3. Turned in all island



ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥

## ¶ The Translator to the cap- tious sort of Sycophants.

**T**he Ploughman hopes in recompence of toyle,  
And winters trauaile past, to reape the graine  
That he (goodman) hath sownen on his soyle,  
Wyth great encrease of crop and goodly graine:  
And reason good why so he should in deede,  
For he thereon long earst bestowde his seede.

The fearefull Fisher man that castes his Nette  
In hauen mouth, and layes his bayted hookes,  
Doth trust at length by happie hap to get  
Such store of fishe as may suffice the Cookes,  
And Caters eke, and bring him in the mucke  
That ventred life in hope of happie lucke :

If Ploughman then and Fisher gape for gaynes,  
And hope assuredly to haue the same,  
To quite there troublous toyles, and dayly paynes  
Endurde ere they could bring their seates to frame:  
Why should not such as climbe the craggie Mount  
Where Muses wonne, of learned hyre account :

And looke for laude at least at learned handes,"  
That knowe the cares of vnder taken woorkes,  
And wote full well how hie Perusallus standes  
With stately steppes, where Poetes Lawrell lurkes :  
A haughtie hill that euerie wight must clime  
Ere he attaine with Poets pen to rime.

For though the thing but slender be in sight,  
And vaine to beue of curious carping skull,

# The Translator

In mother tongue a forraine speech to write ;  
Yet he shall finde he hath a Crow to pill,  
That undertakes with well agreeing stile  
Of English verse, to rub the Romaine stile.

Denises of the language diners are,  
Well couched wordes, and featly forged phrase,  
Eche string in tune, no ragged ryme doth iarre,  
With figures fraught their booke in euery place :  
So that it is a worke of prayle to cause  
A Romaine borne to speake with English iawess.

which lande I leaue, and prayle to paynfull men  
That haue with mightly sweate of busie browe  
Set out their workes of fame with forwarde pen :  
For this my Muse I would account ynowe  
To scape the spitefull Joyles chiding chaps,  
That (like a Curre) eche willing writer snaps.

So I might go vntoucht of Homus traine,  
And neuer feele the force of enuious Hate,  
Sufficed me, well quitted were my payne,  
I might be thought a man of luckie fate.  
But, oh, it can not be, the best of all  
(That Homer hight) to nipping nayles was thral.

But let those Snakes, and beastly Tippers broode  
(I meane the spitefull Spider, Homus mate)  
When they haue done, recoumpt their gotten good,  
They gaine ywis but scozne and lothsome hate :  
Wherefore departe the racke thou Curre (I say)  
And let the lustie Courser champe the hay.

If thou thy selfe for lumpish idle life  
No leysure hast to take in hande the like,

But



## to the captious Reader.

But keepe thy Cough : put by that cankered knife  
Wherewith thou wouldst art the good to strike.  
Let other presse in place to purchase fame,  
For vertues sake that woorkes to winne a name.

Discerne their deedes, when all their toyle is done,  
Say thou thy worst, when they haue done their best:  
Condemne them not or ere thou hast begon  
To bewe their woorkes, but ouerreade the rest:  
That done, let eche sustaine his earned meede,  
This were the way to purchase loue in deede.



# Faultes escaped.

Leafe. Side. Line. Faultes.				Correction.
4	1	19	cratching	catching
4	1	20	t'impeache	t'impayze
10	2	17	that	there
Ibid.	2	21	determinde	resolude
Ibid.	2	28	hostes	hostesse
14	1	1	losses	hurtes
16	1	9	goste	gostes
30	2	13	inrage	inragde
37	1	21	Tanaes	Tanays
45	2	9	Semois	Simoyes
75	1	15	pwas	I was
77	2	1	complaint	complaintes
81	1	15	vnfittig is, semely	fittig is, vnsemely
90	2	11	Nector	Nectar
93	2	22	heard	hard
101	1	20	all all	at all
102	2	14	like me	likte me
112	1	12	wouldst	would
113	1	5	doppes	dropes
119	2	3	refrainde	restraunde
Ibid	Ibid	14	my	me
Ibid.	Ibid	15	he soone	his sonne
123	1	10	then	that
131	2	4	my	our
Ibid.	Ibid.	27	happier	happer
134	2	9	fore	for
136	1	1	withstay	withsay
Ibid.	Ibid.	14	sedde	saide
144	2	17	tougue	tongue
145	2	21	was an	was in an

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